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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

SEQUENCE

A. L. Rowse

I—Night and Shadow

THE quiet glow of fire
Within the room,
Suppresses all desire
To ordered gloom;

Save where the flicker-falls
Of candlelight
Upon the further walls
Meet with the night.

Beyond, are veils that mark
The sky and sea:
Illimitable dark,
Eternity.

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II — The Shadows on the Glass

WHEN far into the night I sit and work,
Within a dim room where the shadows lurk,

Still and black before me as a pond
A window is, and the deeper night beyond:

Shade of another world although it be,
The shapes of friendlier things I often see.

For there upon the mirrored deeps of space
Are the homely signs of this my chosen place:

A polished surface lit in kindly glow,
The tongues of firelight dancing in a row.

On shelf and cupboard; and in far background,
The great doors that may move, and with no sound.

Myself looks at me from the darkened glass
And holds my eyes whenever they would pass:

And if a shadow now should wake and stir
This room to movement, and my heart to fear. . . .

A sudden flash of the eyes, as a bird takes cover,
The moment broken and the dread is over.

The room resumes its quiet homeliness,
And nothing stirs in the night's lone distances.

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III — Sonnet in Illness

For my brother in Australia and my sister in America

THESE many days now have I been sick at heart,
Bearing the burden of my wonted pain.
In all the play of life I have no part:
And yet the hours creep forward to the noon,
And soon will evening come and the day's wane.
Now in this garden of my dream I hear
The sound of children playing in the sun,
The voices of the children that we were.

I had not thought to find in life again
Those far-off, most secret, unforgotten ways
We went together in the untroubled days:
You have your sorrows, I my sufferings
And only the opiate dreams of former things
For comfort in the loneliness of pain.

IV — Before Spring

I RAN into the garden: for there
The air was cool, and morning crystal-clear.
The winter sun a brave show made
Of throwing summer patterns in the glade.

And from their haunts among the trees
The nymphs and tritons and the Naiades,
Fantastic figures in the shade,
Unto the fountain silent music played.

Above the dovecote in the snow
Two mating doves went wheeling to and fro,
Their bodies gleaming in the sun.
And over the silent town a clock struck one.

I ran into the garden, where
A pale reflection of a summer day
Upon the still pools mirror lay:
The dawn of Spring was waiting for me there.

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V — Replication

INTO a room I came and found these flowers,
Three roses that were stars, but one a flame:
Now will they light the dim and ghostly hours
When difficult life is an uncertain game.

And when they come to die, for roses must,
They will bequeath their memories to this place,
Mingling the scent of gardens in their dust,
And in their death, the shadow of your face.

VI — Knowledge

I COME into my room to find
Somebody waiting for me there;
Who it can be I may not know
That stands so quietly by the chair:

Some face I have not seen in life,
Nor ever comes to me in dream;
And yet I know him who he is,
Though all the sentient world should seem

Dust of an iridescent Time,
And all the castles of the mind
Should crumble into nothingness
Like motes behind a faded blind:

Still would he be and I not know,
Still would he wait until I came. . . .
Then, gazing in unfathomed space
I meet his eyes and know his name.

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CAN A RICH MAN BE CONVICTED?

YES, says Mr. Train. But the fact is not always apparent, because rich men are not so plentiful as poor ones and are subject to fewer temptations to crime. Although up to the time of trial a rich man has a great advantage over a poor one, once he is brought before a jury all his money and expensive lawyers avail him nothing.

NO, says Mr. Sinclair. Rich men can and do buy protection — sometimes before they have had the pleasure of committing their crimes and when they are merely contemplating them. "Jury-fixing" is common, usually safe, and connived at by many lawyers of standing. Americans don't want to convict wealthy malefactors anyhow. They aspire rather to join their ranks.

I — THE STIGMA OF WEALTH

ARTHUR TRAIN

LET me answer this rather disingenuous question by asking another: "Can any man be convicted?" I am aware that the Editor of THE FORUM is not looking for an exposition of the virtues or the failings of criminal justice in the United States. He is asking what is known as a "provocative" question. Such questions are apt to be as ambiguous as provoking, and one of its not least provoking aspects is that the question in question obviously does not mean precisely what it says and must be recast by the answerer at his peril.

The perspicacious Editor naturally seeks to capitalize the present and perennial public disgust at the sight of a rich malefactor (kindly observe that I do not at this present date of writing use the word "criminal") apparently riding roughshod over the laws and putting his fingers to his nose at the processes of the courts. In the hortatory tone affected by learned publicists, the Editor turns upon me, his selected victim, and demands, "What have you to say about that? Is it not a fact that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor?" Of course he knows, as everyone does, that rich men have been sent to jail from the days of "Boss" Tweed to those of Abe Hummel, Henry Siegel, and Charles W. Morse. (I mention only a few of the procession from my own bailiwick to Blackwell's Island, Atlanta, and that town upon the Hudson euphemistically rechristened Ossining).

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Now I know that our Editor is as wise as he is just and (I hope) generous. Hence I have less temerity in telling him what he means. "Can a rich man be convicted?" being interpreted in the light of reason should read: "Granted that criminal jurisprudence as a science is foggy and criminal procedure antiquated, clumsy, and inadequate, what are the chances, all other things being equal, of bringing to justice a rich man who has committed a crime, as compared with a poor man."

Before attempting to answer the precise question under the spotlight let me attempt, by parable and otherwise, to illuminate it indirectly by calling attention to certain considerations that might otherwise be overlooked.

The total number of persons convicted of crime — whether these involve moral turpitude, such as murder and forgery, or are merely *mala prohibita*, like walking upon the grass or selling gimcracks without a license, is infinitesimal in comparison with the number of those who commit them — certainly less than a fraction of one per cent. Yet that tiny prick of the lance of justice is enough to make the whole body politic sit up, even if it does not make it walk exactly straight.

The fact, which nobody will deny, that fewer rich men are convicted of crime than poor men has, of course, no significance whatever. There are fewer of them. If all the persons who commit crimes in the City of New York in a single day were rounded up, the natural percentage of rich to poor among them would be certainly no greater than among the entire population. It would be small. So would be that of Scotchmen to Italians. Yet it would not occur to anybody, I assume, to ask whether or not a Scotchman could be convicted. In like manner, it would be found that the percentage of persons who had committed homicide was insignificant compared with those who had been guilty of larceny. This would not lead us to infer that murderers cannot be convicted. We know that convictions for murder occur almost every week. The answer to a prospective big game hunter's suppositious "Can I shoot an *Ovis Poli* or a Greater Koodoo?" would naturally be framed to depend not only upon the hunter's skill, but upon — and perhaps chiefly — the prevalence of the animal.

Lastly, at the very outset of our own inquiry, we are confronted by the unpalatable but highly relevant fact that not only — in spite of the publicity that shapes their ends — is the ratio of rich to poor exceedingly small, but that unquestionably the percent-

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age of criminals, meaning thereby those who are not merely "undesirable citizens," skunks, or sinners but who have violated some criminal statute, is infinitely smaller among the rich than among the poor. The comfortable rich man, surrounded as he is by every safeguard to his life and property, has far less temptation to commit sordid or violent crimes than his less fortunate compatriots. He can get what he wants by drawing a check, without hazarding jail. Batteries, assaults, petty thefts, rapes, manslaughters, and frequently murders are the concomitants of crowded living.

The rich man, generally speaking, has no need to commit crime. He can buy, where the tramp must steal. He can loot a corporate treasury or defraud a minority of stockholders out of their equity without necessarily committing any crime, if shrewdly (I was almost going to say "properly") advised. The meanest malefactor who ever lived was not necessarily a criminal. You can calmly let your neighbor's baby crawl in front of an on-coming trolley car and be wholly guiltless of criminality in the technical sense. Roosevelt chose his words well when he coined the phrase "malefactors of great wealth." He said he was "going after" them, yes — but he never boasted that he would "*convict*" them. The nearest he ever got to it was to force the retirement of Senator Foraker. Charles Evans Hughes, who won his legal spurs in the Insurance Investigation, left New York County strewn with ruined reputations, but nobody went to jail for the simple reason that the district attorney, eager as he was to do so, could find no criminal statutes which had been violated.

It was with profound intuitive wisdom that the little girl, asked in Sunday school, "What must one do to be forgiven?" answered — "Sin." To convict a rich man you must first find one who has committed a crime. The ordinary wealthy citizen has no call to burglary, arson, or homicide. His evil deeds consist of sins of the flesh and sharp financial transactions which usually are within the law. Of course, you cannot convict a rich man for doing something which the law allows, any more than you can convict a poor man for an offense against morals or decency which "if it isn't a crime, ought to be." There is a world of misapprehension and loose speech about what are termed "evasions" of the law. From the point of view of criminal jurisprudence there is no such thing as an "evasion." The act complained of is either a crime or it isn't a crime.

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As Mr. Justice Holmes pointed out in Bullen vs. Wisconsin (240 U. S. 625, at p. 630), "We do not speak of evasion because, when the law draws a line, a case is on one side of it or the other and, if on the safe side, is none the worse legally that a party has availed himself to the full extent of what the law permits. When an act is condemned as an evasion what is meant is that it is on the wrong side of the line indicated by the policy if not by the mere letter of the law."

The "moral equivalent" of larceny is not necessarily the legal equivalent to larceny. You cannot send a man to jail — and if I may be permitted to say so, you should not *want* to send a man to jail — unless it has been shown beyond a reasonable doubt to the satisfaction of twelve jurymen that he has *transgressed* the line drawn by the law. Otherwise none of us — yourself included — would be safe.

All of which may seem to the informed reader very old stuff. Concededly it is, but it is worth bearing in mind. For who of us has not joined in the general outcry when some rich and notorious evildoer has sidestepped the prison entrance? Yet while we may lament the impossibility of punishing moral offenses which stink in the nostrils of all honest men and women and perhaps cry to Heaven, we must not forget that it would be surprising indeed if a rich man found it necessary to violate a criminal statute when the ablest and most highly paid attorneys in the United States are at his beck to tell him how otherwise he may accomplish the same result. The most infamous railroad wrecker of the last century never asked his lawyers but one question. "Don't tell me what I can do or can't do!" he used to say. "I know what I can do a damn sight better than you do. — What I want to know is, *can they lock me up for it?*"

For the sake of clarity, then, let me repeat that not only are very few men, either rich or poor, convicted at all, but also that the rich have less incentive to commit ordinary crimes than the poor and usually do not find it necessary to transgress the criminal statutes to accomplish ends which may be no less worthy of condemnation than if they did.

And now, having cleared away some psychological underbrush, I am prepared to give a direct and emphatic answer to the question, "Can a rich man be convicted?" It is "Yes!" I utter it enthusiastically and as loudly as pen can ring on paper. But although it is loud and ringing, it is a "yes" with an equally

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emphatic "if" attached. Rich men can be convicted (and are) beyond a doubt, but until they are actually brought to the bar of justice they have many and great advantages over poor and inconspicuous offenders against the law — the same advantages that they have almost everywhere else.

In the first place they enjoy a certain immunity so far as minor offenses are concerned, analogous to the "privilege" of aristocracy. There are many reasons for this, not the least being the natural disinclination of an officer of the law to "start something" in a case which may possibly involve him in difficulty and which, if left alone, may and probably will take care of itself. The policeman who lives in the aroma of politics is reluctant to interfere with persons of influence. He is loath, as he expresses it, to "take a chance on getting in Dutch" with anybody likely to make trouble for him either then or later. This fear of supposed "influence" is something very real. "Say! Don't you know who that guy is? Go easy!" is a phrase not so uncommon as it might well be. The wealthy jazz hound who gets into a scrap in a cabaret is bundled home in a taxi, while the "wop" who indulges in a rumpus lands in the "cooler." Prosperous citizens are not arrested "on suspicion" as are their humbler brothers, nor are Park Avenue poker parties, however drunk, wild, and disorderly, usually raided.

When it comes to crimes involving actual moral turpitude the rich man's advantages over the poor man are equally marked. The first of these lies in his greater ability to "square" those whom he has wronged. The idea of a crime's being an offense against the public is historically of comparatively recent origin. In the not remote past it was regarded rather simply as an injury to the victim and his relatives which could naturally be compounded for money. There was no difference made between willful and accidental acts. The question was one of damage. Human beings varied in value, in accordance with their station. Thus the Code of Hammurabi (King of Babylon about 2250 B.C.) provided that "if a man strike another man of his own rank, he shall pay one mana of silver," and "if a freeman strike a freeman he shall pay ten shekels of silver." Among the primitive Germans, from whom many of our Anglo-Saxon institutions were derived, there was no conception of an abstract breach of the peace. The folk-laws dealt with private "offenses" merely and contained provisions fixing the amount of damages (*compositio*) which were

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called in cases of homicide *weregildum* and *werigilt* (meaning "man money" or "man price") and calculated with regard to the importance of the part of the body injured or lost and also to the rank of the party injured. A trace of this inherited disposition to view crimes as private injuries is to be found in the English practice of allowing private counsel to conduct criminal prosecutions.

Many people even to-day find it difficult to understand the technical difference between a civil action for damages and a criminal prosecution for the same act. It is in fact not unnatural that in some instances all parties, including even the district attorney himself, should feel justified in uniting in a common effort to seek the rehabilitation of the injured rather than the exaction of the uttermost retribution from the guilty. In the case of embezzlement of funds of poor people who, if the thief goes to prison for the limit, may recover nothing, it may well seem hard that those who have lost the savings of a lifetime should be compelled to give up all hope of getting them back "in order that justice may be done."

It is unquestionably a fact that in the overwhelming majority of criminal prosecutions the machinery of the criminal law is set in motion, not because the complainants have the public weal at heart, but because they wish either to satisfy their desire for revenge or to compel the defendant to make restitution. If the defendant can pay — particularly if he can be made to pay "with interest"— they quickly lose their enthusiasm. If an indictment has already been found, the complainant and his witnesses can frequently be induced to go away, "forget," or "find that they were mistaken." In the flood of criminal cases that congest our courts, judges and prosecutors are often more glad than not to find that injured parties are willing to "let their cases drop." In all this the rich man has a palpable advantage over the poor man, who either has no money to make good the damage that he has caused or, if he did have any, has probably turned it over to some shyster lawyer, more of a thief than himself.

The natural human inclination to "hush things up" also militates markedly in favor of the person able to pay for it, although in the case of the rich it often involves a heavy penalty of blackmail.

On the other hand, among the poor, there is an equivalent tendency to view the processes of the law with suspicion and all officers of the law as natural enemies, which works similarly in

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favor of the criminal. The outlaw — even if the commoner sort of crook be not — is almost always looked upon as something of a hero. All of us entertain a furtive sympathy for an escaped convict which in part is due to soft-heartedness, the sporting instinct, that leads us to wish him "a run for his money," and our inherent conviction that so-called justice is anything but "just" in the sense of being "equal." Among our Italian population the *omerta* (that conspiracy of silence which envelopes all crimes of violence) makes the procurement of evidence difficult. The East Side gangster dies with his lips tight shut. These are but aspects of a universal distrust of and distaste for criminal process. Nobody wants a policeman around if he can help it.

If a rich man cannot buy judges and jurymen (and after a quarter of a century in the courts I have absolute confidence in the honesty of the bench and have never known of the bribery of a talesman) he nevertheless enjoys a greater opportunity than a poor man to "pull off" complainants, "spirit away" witnesses, "get rid" of evidence and invoke delay. It is practically impossible to force a defendant indicted for a major crime, who has able counsel, to an immediate trial. Often he can obstruct the prosecution for so long a period that public interest (and hence often the district attorney's interest) has subsided and the evidence become stale. His lawyer, who perhaps reads this article, will at once reply: "That is as it should be. No defendant should be tried in the midst of public clamor against him." However true this may be, the poor man faces the music as soon as the prosecutor can yank him to the bar.

But once the rich criminal has exhausted his dilatory tactics and at last faces the grim twelve who are to pass upon the evidence against him, how far will his money continue his advantage over the poor man? It is true that he can employ the most adroit and most eloquent of legal gladiators, and be sure that no point in his defense will be overlooked, while the poor man often has to be content with counsel "assigned by the court," students just out of the law school, or briefless barristers of little or no ability. Yet the mere presence of a phalanx of formidable attorneys often tends to create in the minds of the jury an impression of guilt. The very fact that with the guidance of his lawyers the rich man can go the very limit — to the uttermost rim of the precipice — without violating any criminal law makes it all the more easy to convict him when through arrogance or carelessness he crosses the line.

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For fifteen years I was actively engaged in the pleasant pastime of defending men charged with crime (all innocent, of course!) and of sending the guilty to jail. During that time I had a fairly good opportunity to form an estimate of the practical value to a guilty man of high-priced counsel. My conclusion was that on the whole they were a detriment. Their very ability to avail themselves of every technicality prejudiced the defendant in the eyes of the jury. One of the most distinguished of New York trial lawyers, who had many malefactors of wealth for clients, made his reputation through the brilliant conduct of cases which he lost. This attorney had a monopoly of millionaires, who, in spite of his acknowledged ability and his reputed knowledge of the law (and of the judge) usually were convicted. Yet his professional shadow never seemed to grow less. The operations were successful, as it were, but the patients died. Probably, he was retained chiefly in desperate cases. They were undoubtedly those he desired, for the greater the jeopardy undoubtedly the greater was his fee. But desperate or not, his rich clients generally went to jail.

My own feeling is that money or representation by able and adroit counsel is a great advantage on the purely procedural side of cases and but a small advantage on the human side; and that, where a man is clearly guilty of a crime, delay rarely saves him. In fact, after trying many hundreds of cases and watching countless others, I have a rather shamefaced feeling that practically the same results would be obtained if there were no lawyers at all. I think juries in criminal cases usually find defendants guilty when they are convinced that they ought to be convicted, acquit them when in doubt, discount most of the talk of the lawyers, and follow the judge's instructions except when he is in conflict with their common sense — and all this without much regard to anything but the evidence, save where they are moved by sympathy, which is less often in the case of the rich than of the poor.

Personally, if I had committed a crime, I would rather face the jury as a poor man than a rich one, provided in the latter case my mere wealth could not be made an argument in my favor. It would be difficult, I think, to convict Henry Ford of pocketpicking or John D. Rockefeller of breaking and entering. Juries, being drawn from the great mass of the people, are as a rule no respecters of persons, suspect the Park Avenue district of loose morals, and would take a secret satisfaction in jugging a millionaire. If it were a sex crime he wouldn't have a chance.

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Juries have a deeply grounded prejudice against policemen, clergymen's sons, lawyers, rich men, and all supposed hypocrites and wasters in general, which goes far toward equalizing the technical advantages afforded by wealth in the preliminary skirmishes before the battle and in the ability of counsel. Once the wealthy wretch, pale and haggard and flanked by his rotund and suave attorneys, actually stands at the bar of justice, the jury are apt to be convinced that he must be guilty because he is there at all. Time and again the rich defendant who has postponed the day of atonement does so only to plead guilty or commit suicide in the end. These gruesome finales are often overlooked. I even go so far as to assert a belief that the percentage of rich men convicted who stand trial, is greater than that of poor men. Can rich men be convicted? Of course they can be! To ask a disingenuous question myself, will my opponent name a single rich man guilty of crime who has not been convicted of it?

II — JUSTICE — BOUGHT AND PAID FOR

UPTON SINCLAIR

BEFORE a rich man can be convicted of a crime, he must commit a crime. I shall therefore have to deal at length with that part of Mr. Train's article which questions whether the rich as a general rule ever commit crimes — and when I say crimes, I mean crimes, not near-crimes or ought-to-be crimes. I agree with Mr. Train that rich men do not commit petty crimes. Henry Ford does not pick pockets and John D. does not break and enter — not in the physical sense. They don't have to. The crimes of rich men are committed wholesale. They are successful crimes because the criminals make certain of success before they begin; and also because the bigger the crime, the less the possibility that it can be punished.

I will make this sober statement: I do not believe that, under our present social system, a single profession or business can be conducted on a large scale without the commission of crime. I can think of very few in which I have not had leading practitioners

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admit the fact to me, supporting their statements with numerous stories of what has been done by their rivals — and sometimes by themselves.

Where shall we begin? Let's take the most respectable business in America, banking. I don't ask you to take my word; but listen to a former Comptroller of the Currency, John Skelton Williams, in an official report:

> Sworn reports, made by the banks themselves, show that on Sept. 2, 1915, 2743 national banks, out of a total of 7613, were guilty of usury. This at a time when the Federal Reserve banks were offering money freely to national banks in every part of the country at rates varying from 3½ to 5%.

Mr. Williams went on to give scores of examples — such as Oklahoma, where the legal rate was six per cent, and harassed farmers were paying an average of forty per cent, with some cases as high as twenty-four hundred per cent. Were any of those self-confessed banker-criminals sent to jail? No, they got rid of Comptroller Williams instead, and someone was put in office who would let the bankers break the law for profit. Yet Mr. Train says they don't pick pockets!

What next? Shall we take the running of railways, steam and electric? What percentage of the franchises of such concerns has been obtained without the bribery of legislatures, boards of aldermen, city councils, and political parties? Does Mr. Train estimate that one per cent has been honestly obtained? If so, I think he is an optimist. What are lobbyists for, anyhow? And why should a street-railway magnate expect to get something for nothing? He doesn't. A score of cases flit through my mind, but I will tell only one, an anecdote of James B. Dill, author of *Dill on Corporations*, and up to his death the highest paid lawyer in New York. He told me how he was traveling to Trenton with a supereminent legal light, who mentioned that he was going in the interest of a great railroad — with fifty new one-thousand-dollar bills in his suit-case. When Dill rebuked him, he grinned and said, "How do I know but that I might have to buy my lunch?" How, indeed! And if he bought that, of course it was no crime.

Dill told me his first experience in the law. He began in the legal department of another railroad, dealing with accident cases. His superior gave him a list of the judges of New York State, saying, "Have cases brought before any of the names that are checked. Those are OUR judges." Mr. Train says that he has

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Springfield, Missouri

"absolute confidence in the honesty of the bench." Dill said to me, "There are twenty-two judges of the Supreme Court in this state, and nineteen of them are owned. I can say to each, 'I know whose man you are and what you did for it,' and not one will deny." Dill is dead now, but I wrote that during his life, and he allowed me to.

Mr. Train says that he has never known of the bribery of a talesman! Well, on November eighteenth last, I spent an evening with a very famous criminal lawyer, who has tried notorious cases all the way from Boston to Seattle, and he said, "There is only one way that great reputations are made in our criminal law and that is by fixing juries and framing witnesses. Either you play the game that way, or you drop out." I happened to be particularly interested in the witness-framing business just then, and I asked a prominent lawyer in Boston about it. He gave a full description of the methods. The very respectable lawyers have the "framing" done by the little fellows in the office, so that the big ones can stay respectable.

Just now I am writing about Boston, so I have it on the tip of my thoughts. What does it cost to kill a man in Boston? It depends, of course, on how rich he is. A year or two ago, when an Italian went to the big legal fixer of Boston to ask the price, he was told about three thousand dollars. Feeling he could afford the luxury of at least one murder, he went out, shot down his man in broad daylight, and was arrested with the smoking pistol in his hand. He was out of jail in a couple of months and all right. It was a matter of the lawyer's paying the money to the right official, who was the recognized go-between. (And let me add that the men who told me about conditions in Boston almost always added that of course they were bad, but nothing like so bad as in New York.)

Or shall I mention bootlegging? Shall I state the established schedules for bootleggers in Boston — I mean what they pay the police? Or shall I come to New York, and tell about the restaurant proprietor who, desiring to cut out wine and "go straight," was forbidden by the police to do it? Or about the roadhouse proprietor up the Hudson who hires the state police to let him sell liquor and to raid his rival? (Bootleggers are rich men, you know.) Or how about all the bankers and others who put up the money to finance large liquor operations? They know what they are doing, and is it not conspiracy? I ask the question because I am not a lawyer.

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Come over here to Southern California, where I studied the oil game and put it into a book. As a result of two years' hard work, talking with every kind of person who knows the game, I state that big oil operators keep a fund for influencing officials — from the policeman on the beat to the members of our national Cabinet. The average oil man thinks no more of paying for a public privilege than he thinks of tipping a bell boy.

Or let us take waterpower. That is the great, live, growing interest which is now occupied in keeping democratic government hamstrung in America. I haven't the figures, but they will come out some day in an investigation by Congress; and I'll make my prophecy now, that during the coming year twenty or thirty million dollars will be spent in bribery, perjury, intrigue, and slander to bring our national heritage of waterpower into the hands of private interests upon their own terms. Just keep your eye on Washington this winter, and ask yourself whether the locust swarms of lobbyists are sent there because of their beautiful eyes.

Remember that when our Congress is bought, every person who knowingly takes part in the procedure is guilty of conspiracy. Speaking strictly and legally, the corporation heads and great bankers who put up the money are criminals; but you can't prove it and that is why rich criminals cannot be sent to jail.

Mr. Train says that if you rounded up all the criminals in New York, there would be no undue proportion of rich. Well, last month I was talking with a federal judge who has his offices in the financial district of a certain American city — I won't name it, because the conversation was confidential. He waved his arm and said, "Sinclair, there are more criminals within three hundred yards of this place than there are in all the jails of the state." Later on, I happened to ask him why certain lawyers stayed on the executive committee of the bar association. "Because," said the judge, "they know that while they are there they can never be sent to jail."

A few days later I repeated these remarks to a justice of the United States Supreme Court, who remarked, "Both statements are the literal truth."

A woman friend of mine, talking the other day with a great lawyer, a millionaire many times over, made some remark about the estate her husband had left her. Whereupon the great lawyer said: "Hang on to your money. Nobody respects anything else,

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and if you lose it, that is the end of you." Harvard and State Street and Beacon Hill had taught him that attitude, which today runs from the tip top of our Brahmin culture to the poor shopgirl who goes to the movies and dreams herself a millionaire's daughter, able to command the love of a romantic male doll dressed like a tailor's advertisement. Mr. Train thinks that juries are prejudiced against rich men; and it begins to dawn on me why he thinks so. He is living in the old days of twenty years ago, when we had some muckrakers in America who persuaded some people that it was possible for the rich to do wrong. But now movies have come — also radio — and the rich are gods.

There is a radio going in the next room while I write. It is near midnight, and I can hear the ballroom of our most fashionable Los Angeles hotel.

The orchestra is so drunk that the music staggers, and the announcer is so drunk that he thinks it is funny — as he tells about the movie queens who are dancing there. He calls them to the microphone, and the movie queens are drunk too. America — young America — is listening. An hour or two ago they were giving a howling prize-fight, and young America was listening to that. An hour earlier, they were telling the latest news about a nineteen-year old boy who kidnapped a twelve-year old girl and cut up her body in a bathtub to get fifteen hundred dollars. That is horrible; but who stops to think about the frantic, drunken mammon-worship of screen and radio, that made the mind of that wretched boy?

When this same young America serves on juries, what does it think about? About punishing a rich man? No, it thinks about getting "an automobile longer than this block" — to quote the juror in the Harry Sinclair case. It is thinking about shooting craps to celebrate its good luck, as the Doheny jury did. And the same is true of the police, the officials, the newspapermen, and the jailers. Here in Los Angeles the criminals put up the money and walk right out. There are a thousand ways to do it, all over the country. See how Harry Thaw did it! See how Remus has just done it! See how Leopold and Loeb are going to do it.

I will put the thing into an axiom: when you have what everybody else wants, you are in position to get what *you* want. And one more axiom: the reason we can't send our rich criminals to jail is that we don't want to — we want to join them.

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MACHEDRUC

HENRI DUVERNOIS

Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

"WHAT'S your name?"

"Machedruc."

The police-sergeant looked up. Difficult to believe the owner of such a name innocent, especially when it belonged to a brute with a crumpled up face, pointed ears, and formidable jaws. In addition, the man was clothed in shapeless trousers and a sort of cloak made of some material resembling a coarse drugget.

"As the lady describes someone quite different, it's possible you didn't steal the purse; but you must try to get something more nearly approaching trousers, you know. Your legs show through the holes. Now you can clear out."

And Machedruc cleared out with a grunt of satisfaction. Why should he have taken a purse? He lived alone and did not drink; the water from the public fountain sufficed. Besides, he had so little imagination that the idea of thieving never entered his head. Moreover, he had no quickness either of body or mind, and his whole appearance put folks on their guard. His journey through life was confined to its blind alleys, and it dragged along with never-ceasing weariness. Thieves were not so badly dressed. He was only a Parisian vagabond who knew nothing of Paris except certain haunts—places where you can sink down on a

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bench to munch questionable food, or where you can give way to slothfulness and sleep.

"Look out there, vermin!"

Just missed by a motor car, Machedruc hurried on. Finding himself for once in the rue de la Paix, he had been arrested in a street row — a lady had discovered that she had been robbed of her purse. He was returning now toward those squalid by-streets impregnated with villainous odors, at the end of which were meagre traces of green fields. The scene was in harmony with his ragged figure; he was hardly noticeable notwithstanding his beggar's rags, his wallet, and his gnarled stick.

But as he walked, a feeling of exhaustion overcame him. His visit to the police station had given him the shudder of a wild beast which has known for some moments the agony of being caged. He was hungry, thirsty, hot, and his feet pained him.

Then it came into his head to go into a museum. There he would find rest and coolness. Ever since he had been seized by the collar he had meditated on certain problems. They had no right to arrest him; he had a right to go into the museum because the museum was free to everyone. The wrong he had suffered gave him an inkling of his rights. He went in.

At first he would have liked to stretch himself in the shadow of an Egyptian sarcophagus and go to sleep. But people had no right to sleep on benches or in public libraries or in squares or in museums. That he well knew. Besides, he could sleep as he walked along. And he found himself up in a picture gallery, less pleasant, it was true, than the shady ground floor, but there was not a soul but himself. He sat down and forced himself to keep his eyes open so that he should keep well within his rights. And for the first time in his life he looked at a picture.

It was an eighteenth century portrait. It depicted a young girl with softly smiling lips, cruel eyes, and ingenuous brow; her bodice was of crimson silk; a simple riband bound her hair; her whole being told of the sweetness of life, the joys of youth; and Machedruc conceived the happy idea of blowing her a kiss. Only he did not know how; his uncouth lips encountered his clenched fist. To look seemed to him a new kind of game. He had never looked at anything, he had never wanted to look at anything, neither windows ablaze with light nor jewelers' shop-fronts, nor glitter of coin on the counters of money-changers, nor women; he had seen nothing but the way he went and his feet that stumbled

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along. Then came the thought of stealing — the instinct of the child that takes what it wants. There was no pause. He took down the picture, put it under his cloak, and walked out calmly.

The museum seemed to sleep in the summer drowsiness and no attendant interfered with the vagabond. Outside, he picked up some paper and wrapped his prize in it. Not for a moment did he think of making money out of his capture. No, he felt vaguely the need of this painted face, and he took it. But where was he to put it? He went and bought the evening papers, sold them, and took a garret in a miserable lodging house. When he had shut himself in, he took down the looking-glass that was on the wall, and hung the picture in its place. Then he pulled out of his pocket a flask of brandy and commenced to drink. When he had drunk until he had lost his breath, he took a piece of chalk and added a mustache to the picture. This seemed to him so tremendously funny that he laughed — he who had never laughed. Then leaving his bed intact, he lay down on the floor and went off suddenly into a deep sleep.

He did not wake until about five in the morning, when the sunrise woke him, a light that danced in its youthful joy; and the man who usually at that hour shrank from the threatening fist of the police, had the sensation of being caressed. At first he just felt glad to be alone and in a room. Then he shrank within himself. This wild beast, shaggy, rugged, with blood-shot eyes and dishevelled hair was himself, himself seen in the looking-glass which he had removed the day before to hang up the picture.

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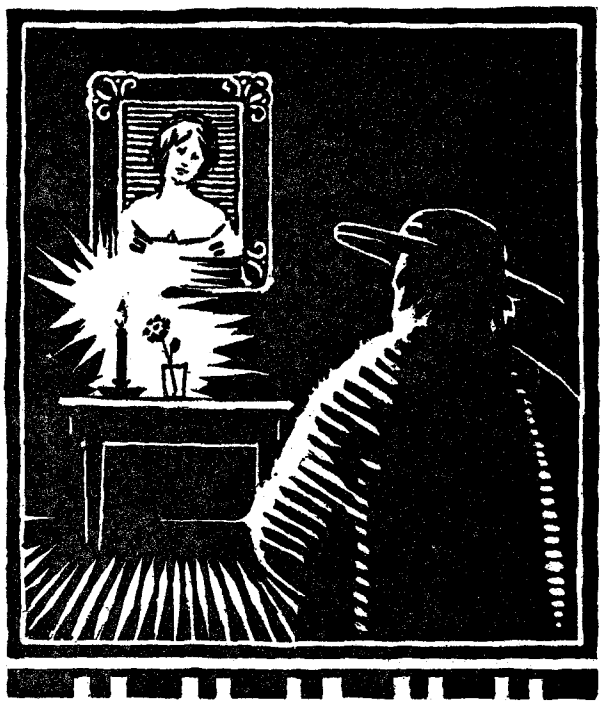

His picture! He said good-day to it, disturbed by some strange feeling, a sort of pleasurable sadness. The young girl smiled at him beneath her mustache. Touched with penitence, he took a cloth and wiped away the chalk.

"There, my beauty," he muttered heavily, "your face is clean now!"

Then he sat on the bed and looked at her again. It was as if his eyes were thirsty, and the sight of that fair young flesh gave him drink. There was no need for the light that flooded the room — the picture itself illuminated it. Then Machedruc began to make signs to her, nodding his head.

"She is answering me!" he said.

And really she seemed to answer him. Other women fled at his approach, but this one smiled on him; she smiled on him alone, on no other, because he had carried her away, because she was his own. It was true she smiled on him with a little disdain; but when love tumbles on a poor wretch, it tumbles from a great height. Machedruc knew what joy was, and pride. His joy came from his new faculty of looking, his pride from the new experience of being looked at.

"She is looking at me," he said.

He sought in some dim, unknown past for tender words, words of deep emotion which would express love.

"Saucy slut!" he murmured, with unutterable tenderness.

Meanwhile he found that he had come to the end of his money, and he went out to get food and drink for the day. He came back at ten that evening with five three-frank pieces jingling in his

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pocket, like a cheerful workman who brings home his wages to his wife. More than that, he had had a shave and his hair cut. He stood before the glass and was astonished to find himself looking young. In spite of his twisted jaw, he had a modest, frank look because of his eyes, which were of the deepest blue.

He put his candle before the portrait and thought vaguely of the illumined altars that are seen when church doors are open. Fairyland, something hitherto impossible, had come into his life. He felt the necessity of hearing his own voice so as to be sure that it was not a dream.

"She keeps looking at me!" he said. He sidled to the left, came back again, sidled to the right. The eyes followed him.

"I'm going dotty now!" he groaned, clasping his feeble head in his hands. That night he lay down before the picture, lost in admiration, until the candle flickered out; and in the darkness he still saw, more dazzling than ever, the virgin bosom of the Unknown, her delicate wrists, her lips.

Machedruc's life was perforce one of chastity: he would have terrified the wildest woman. Of too fierce an aspect to awaken pity, he went his way with lowered head and clenched fists. People scattered at his approach. He had not had the least idea of gentleness or of kindness. Sometimes, however, he had spoken to women. It was at night, when it rained, in low places. The darkness half-hid his unsightliness and wretchedness, wrapping them in a sort of winding sheet, and the women had said:

"Keep clear of him, the bully!"

He protested his harmlessness: he was not a bully; he was not even a beggar. His trade — good God! — his trade was to go his way and take what offered. No one gave him of their charity, because those who ask for it do not usually carry a cudgel bristling with spiky knobs. And even those women did not offer him the contemptible, inestimable charity which would have rendered him less miserable. They would not have touched his hand. While the girl in the picture! He was always apostrophizing her with ecstatic phrases: "My little pretty, you have put your ribband in your hair, you have put on your beautiful bodice. It is clear you are glad to be here. You know it is all yours, this room!"

He sold his papers every day, not as newsdealers do who are satisfied with a profit sufficient to pay for their bread and for their room at night, but with feverish alacrity that astonished himself. He was becoming ambitious; he did his own cleaning up,

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and swept out his room with desperate zeal. At the foot of the picture an artificial cornflower bloomed naïvely in a tumbler.

But hard times were coming. They were the consequences of a bad fall, and Machedruc, with a crippled leg, could not work. His savings melted away, the lodging house keeper turned him out of his room. And one fine day he found himself again in the street with the picture under his arm. "Where am I to put it?" he meditated. One could not take so sweet a thing as this, his friend, to a night-shelter or some foul den where drunken hiccoughs . . .

Then he felt an immense pity for his "little pretty." No, he could not let her share his lot; he would give her the surroundings of a brilliant hall, with polished floor and glittering walls. He went back to the museum, found the picture-room empty, and quickly hung up the portrait in the place which was still vacant.

"There, my pretty, rest at your ease," he said. "Good-by."

He did not shed tears, for one must have known what happiness is to do that; but he felt the agony of loneliness. He did not know where to go now, with his leg hurting him badly. He could not stay there anyhow; people don't stay in a cemetery, and he felt as if he were there to bury a dead person. He must look at her one last time, passionately, his soul in his hungry gaze — look, till some mist of sorrowfulness should veil the cruel eyes. . . .

"Come, my fine fellow," said an attendant approaching, "move along; this is not the time of year for you; you will find it pleasanter outside. Yes, I know, you're looking at the pictures, but the thing that puzzles me is what the devil you can see in them!"

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SHALL THEY GO TO SUNDAY SCHOOL?

MONTGOMERY MAJOR

MUCH has been written and more preached concerning this ungodly younger generation of to-day. Amid novels and sermons filled with scorn and admonition, it is something of a relief to discover even one book in which there is an endeavor to understand rather than reprove. It is time, perhaps, for youth to make an answer to these accusations. We of the younger generation are as much at fault as our elders. They have not endeavored to understand our viewpoint, but we have not attempted to make them comprehend. If you say that this generation is reckless, hasty, rash, and unorthodox, I must agree; but if you denounce it as irreligious, thoughtless, or sinful, I must politely beg to differ. Unorthodox it is, but certainly not thoughtless.

There was a time when the Bible was a sealed book of enigmas, and only a chosen few were permitted to solve its mysteries and translate its teachings to the many. Youth did not think, for that was the task of pastors. To-day the shackles of conventionalized creeds are being shattered. Youth thinks, often unwisely, frequently crudely, yet it thinks.

But what does youth think? There are very few who have attempted to answer that question, very few who have even asked it. But that question cannot be ignored if the Church is to be the force it should be in the lives of those who will create the future. For the Church is losing the young people! Foolish young

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people? No, foolish Church! Youth marches on, and it behooves the Church to keep step or be lost like any straggler and sluggard.

There is, of course, blame for both. The Church is too conservative, youth too progressive; one too hesitant, the other too impetuous. Yet the fact remains that youth lacks an established and formulated religion solely because the Church has failed to provide one sufficiently logical and liberal to interest and attract the normally intelligent young people of to-day. It is our contention that we have not deserted the Church but that the Church has driven us from its shelter and abandoned us. We are well aware of the fact that we need a religion, and it is the Church's duty to provide us with one in which we can believe. If the Church fails us, then we can justly say that it is not Christian, for it is not going into all the world and preaching the gospel to every living creature.

But even more important than presenting to us a faith that we can accept is the duty of presenting a faith to those of the next generation, now in the Sunday school, that they can believe. Most of us are already lost to the Church forever, and so will they be lost if the Sunday school does not change. That the Sunday school can be a menace to religious belief and faith may seem a novel or unwarranted assertion, yet it is undoubtedly true. Higher education and modern scientific conceptions have most unjustly received the blame for youth's hostility to the Church. College does crystallize the inchoate doubts of young people, or, at least, it serves to provide the inwardly rebellious with excuses and arguments for that rebellion; but the prime cause of revolt against the established faith arises in the Sunday school, and in the Sunday school, if anywhere, it must be met and remedied.

There is, and always has been, an erroneous idea that children do not question religion, based doubtless upon the fact that they do not openly avow their doubts and questions, due also to the implicit faith which a certain number always possess. Yet it is unwise to judge, from the spoken faith of a few, what the silent many believe. Children do doubt and question very early in life. From their own observations and deductions they form those doubts while yet untouched by the controversies of their elders; and modern education has been unjustly condemned for what it, perhaps, encourages but certainly does not commence.

Children, even children of seven and eight, are possessed of

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unusual powers of observation and an uncanny gift for logic — facts so well known that they are part of a novelist's common tools in plot-building. All who have dealt intimately with children should be able to testify to the validity of this statement. These gifts the Church has been content to ignore in its average Sunday school work, considering, perhaps, that it is its duty to teach and not reason, and that it is the child's duty to believe and not question.

The deleterious effect of contradictory teachings upon the faith of children deserves an essay, since it is a subject completely neglected by teachers' guides though it is of primal importance in religious pedagogy. The fact that two Christians can dispute religious interpretations and yet both remain Christians of excellent standing is a paradox which has confused many adults, and it is no wonder that it baffles and troubles children. Thus, when it is the misfortune of a Sunday school class to receive at various times religious training from two teachers who interpret the Bible and their creed diversely, the resulting atheism and agnosticism of the more intelligent members of the class is not surprising. If these pupils had remained unshaken in their belief, then the result would have been surprising.

It is difficult enough for children to understand how there can be so many denominations, each of individual and different creed, all professing faith in the same God and Bible, and all apparently right. In the days when Baptist believed Methodist damned, Catholic believed Protestant doomed, it was not so difficult to account for denominations. All save the church of your choice were wrong and damned. Now that it is conceded no one is damned, they offer a difficult problem for childish minds to solve; and when these children discover that even members of their own church and denomination are inharmonious in their beliefs and that each Sunday school teacher deduces a different meaning from each lesson, they arrive at the conclusion that since so many respected and respectable people differ, none of them knows what he is talking about. Nor is this conclusion illogical and surprising, when we consider the conditions which gave it birth.

Once the child has arrived at this decision, although he may attend Sunday school until he is old enough successfully to defy his parents' wishes, the injury is done; and all the teaching and preaching of the years between his first insistent doubt and his obstinate revolt are futile, for they will not avail to alter his

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opinions one iota. The child has decided to dislike religion and he will stubbornly abide by that decision despite argument, lesson, or command. He has become that most obdurate of listeners, the mentally unreceptive.

Children are critical, and their doubts must be met and satisfied, their criticism invited and refuted, their questions requested and answered. It is not enough to teach, the teaching must be sustained by inquiry and concrete fact. It is not enough to say "do" or "believe." It is necessary to explain why. Teach the Bible as an inspired Book devoid of error, if you must, but do not fail to admit that its interpreters are liable to error.

Of no less importance than consistency in teaching is the basis of teaching, for religious belief instilled into the child's mind upon a fallacious principle is not lasting in the face of modern religious agitation. It is criminal to teach children to believe that the foundation of all Christianity is to be found in the miracles and the Virgin Birth of Christ. It is an invitation to agnosticism to teach that Jehovah actually spoke in an audible and intelligible voice of thunder and that Moses actually saw God visibly upon Mount Sinai. It is folly to say that God's spirit, clothed as a cloud of smoke by day and as a luminous pillar of fire by night, guided the Israelites across the desert; and then proclaim that Christianity rests upon these and other miraculous signs and events and that shorn of these there is, and can be, no Christian religion. The child soon begins to query why these phenomena are not recurrent in our day, why their own minister cannot cure the blind or call down manna from Heaven. They want to see a miracle, and no one can blame them.

When they learn that no one can satisfy their curiosity, they begin to think that their teachers are not good Christians. If they were, they would be able to walk upon the waters and turn water into wine. Good Christians, they argue, should be able to do whatever the apostles could. And what else can they believe? Later, when they begin to study the laws of the universe which are in direct contradiction to the miracles and learn to apply their common sense, which ridicules them, they cease to believe. For their religion, based upon miracles, has been destroyed along with their faith in those miracles. As for those who were never impressed by Biblical tales of marvels at all, since they seemed only vague fairy stories of a distant age, can a faith built upon such perishable trivialities remain?

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Not long ago I had a discussion upon religious subjects with a rather liberal young Catholic, and we conversed quite amiably about the vicarious sacrifice and other controversial points, without heat or animosity. We simply did not agree. But when we approached the doctrine of transubstantiation — which I despise for its mediæval absurdity — and when I endeavored aggressively to show him why he should not believe that the bread and wine at communion actually became the body and blood of Christ, he refused after the first round of arguments to continue the discussion. He admitted that he was afraid I might convince him that transubstantiation was a foolish relic of antiquated theology; and that if I did, his religion would be destroyed. He had been wrongly taught; and sooner or later, someone will break past the barrier of his faith and convince him. When that occurs, he is lost to the Church and Christianity forever. He has had his religion based on a wrong foundation.

Consider a child taught that the Bible is the true and inerrant word of God, delivered to us as His complete and final mandate and revelation. He reads that Joshua stopped the movement of the sun — then he goes to school and learns that the earth moves around the sun. Is the child to be blamed if his faith is shaken? It is no wonder that he begins to doubt the whole fabric of a faith whose precepts scholars cannot harmonize.

Children must not be asked to believe blindly what it is impossible for their elders to believe without much philosophy and interpretation. They must be taught that religion is a progressive and culminative spiritual endeavor for betterment and must be shown how the whole conception of God and religion has progressed and improved through the Old Testament into the New. It must be explained to them that the ancient Biblical cosmology is not God's but the accepted belief of the time. They must learn that the "angry God" of Isaiah is in reality only a misinterpretation of the "merciful Father" of Jesus. They must not be taught to believe in Christianity because of the miracles, but, if you will, in the miracles because of Christianity.

In the critical period of adolescence a grave danger lies in presenting Christianity sentimentally. No one resents sentimentality quite so quickly as a child, and no one so instinctively realizes its weakness as an argument and as an appeal. There are children to whom the idea of being God's little lambs appeals, but those who are destined to force themselves into the notice

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of the world seldom belongs to that group. I presume that the Church desires to hold in its membership the creative leaders, and these, as children, are almost always the ones who grow surfeited with the idea of being God's little lambs, who would much rather be naughty than good. The perfect little ladies and gentlemen are easier to deal with and more acceptable to the lovers of the characterless; but, although the meek may inherit the earth, the strong and aggressive will make it worth inheriting, and of these are the naughty children.

Children love the saccharine, but only in candy; it appeals to their palates but not to their minds. And so it is wise to confine sugar to deserts and eliminate it from Sunday school lessons.

It is obviously unwise to preach a gospel of fire and brimstone to children of an age which is too apt to inquire curiously where hell is and expect it to be located geographically. The cosmology of Milton, the theology of Jonathan Edwards sufficed for their day and time, but in our day their theories appear mythical and fabulous even to a child. Once it was safe enough to make congregations tremble before the awful picture of "sinners in the hands of an angry God." But to-day our enlightened children are not to be coerced by threats of hypothetical punishment. They are not afraid of a damnation the nature of which they cannot conceive.

Modern Sunday school training, even under the best conditions, is not vital, is illogical, is absurd, is reactionary, and is futile. Religion must be vital and necessary in its presentation to hold people who will themselves deal in vital and necessary problems. Religion must be impressively valuable and earnestly progressive. It is the duty of the Sunday school to teach religion so that it shall be. Children should be taught sanely and quietly; they should be reasoned with and not commanded. Do not think them devoid of reasoning powers. Do not tell them to believe because they ought to believe. Tell them to believe because there is a valid reason for belief.

Their religion should be based upon the teachings of Jesus, so that if the miracles and the Virgin Birth and the attendant theological hodgepodge crumble, they have their faith unshaken. They should not be bullied by threats of hell or bribed by promise of heaven. Remember this final admonition: You can always drive young people out of the Church by careless teaching, but you cannot drive them into it!

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THE DECLINE OF ARISTOCRACY

ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P.

SCIENTIFICALLY speaking, it must be the ambition of every nation to be governed by an aristocracy — that is to say, by the best of its citizens. But as there are no means of discovering with any certainty who the best are, this purely abstract interpretation of aristocracy must be set aside and the popular meaning of the word substituted. Aristocracy has come to mean a titled class of nobility with their descendants, distinguished not by ability, moral superiority, or intellectual eminence, but by their birth — which is not always synonymous with what is loosely known as superior breeding.

Although titles may be conferred originally for merit and achievement and are a form of public recognition of special capacity, as time passes their hereditary character enlists into the ranks of the aristocracy people whose sole claim to distinction is that they are descended from the original holder of the title. When titles are conferred, as they have been increasingly in the last hundred and fifty years in Great Britain, for exclusively political considerations or frankly as an exchange for a lump sum of money, the claim of the recipient to a specially privileged position in the machine of government becomes very difficult to defend.

Nowhere in the world, except in England and perhaps in Spain and Roumania, is any claim made by a titled aristocracy for class privileges and constitutional prerogatives. In France the aristocracy of the royalist and empire periods have long disappeared and the remnant lurks only in the backwaters of society. In Germany they vanished with the monarchies. In Russia they have fled the country. Elsewhere they have ceased to exist except as isolated units, clinging to ancient titles.

The rise of democracy — that is to say, the gradual participation of the people, directly and indirectly, in the business of government, and the breaking down of the barriers which hitherto have prevented individual men and women from reaching the highest posts in legislation or administration — must necessarily involve the decline of a privileged class. It may be brought about by a revolution, the establishment of a republic, or some other national upheaval. It may be brought about by a natural

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evolution through which the rapid strengthening of democratic elements leads to the deterioration and gradual exclusion of all interests inimical to their full development. Great Britain affords an interesting illustration of the latter method. The change began as far back as 1832, when, by the Reform Bill, the House of Commons was freed from its abject dependence on the House of Lords — the stronghold of British aristocracy.

At the end of the eighteenth century, more than three hundred members of the House of Commons were virtually returned by the influence of a hundred and sixty persons — landowners and borough-mongers, most of them members of the House of Lords. A table drawn up in 1816 states that out of a House of six hundred and fifty-eight members, three hundred were nominated by peers, and one hundred and seventy-one by commoners. In 1827 the number of members nominated by the borough-mongers was close on three hundred. By the provisions of the Reform Bill not only was the franchise extended, but fifty-six rotten boroughs were swept away.

Outside Parliament the Reform Bill had inaugurated the political enfranchisement and emancipation of the people, and this, once begun, was destined to proceed further. The introduction of free education served more than anything, and is still serving, to create a self-conscious democracy fully alive to its great responsibilities, for knowledge means self-confidence and strength.

To some extent, the House of Commons, which had become free and independent, reflected in its membership the changes in social and industrial development; with the result that there was a decline in aristocratic membership and a corresponding increase in middle-class and working-class representation.

Meanwhile the middle-class members constituted a formidable acquisition to the House. Their training and equipment were of a far more serious kind than that to which the House had hitherto been accustomed. Soon they captured the majority of posts in the Government itself, and even in the Conservative Party, with its aristocratic traditions, their services were found to be indispensable. Lastly, the working class gradually gained a foothold in the House. At first a few trade unionists came in as Liberals; but a Labor movement was formed, gained ground rapidly, and ultimately in 1906 an independent party of Labor representatives found a place in the new House of Commons, and came into existence as an organized political force.

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But while these extremely significant changes were taking place in the Commons, the House of Lords, unlike any other institution in the whole country, remained unchanged and quite unaffected by outside circumstances. Its stagnation and immobility naturally made it increasingly hostile to democratic advance. The number of Liberal peers, or peers who could remain Liberal under social pressure, gradually diminished. Since the Reform Bill two hundred and fifty-three peers were created by Liberal Prime Ministers alone, and yet in 1911 a bare seventy could be found who, as Liberals, would support a Liberal Government.

The House of Lords, which continued primarily to be a great agrarian institution, increased its Tory majority and the number of Liberals dwindled. Consequently the friction between the two Chambers, caused by an ever-widening diversity of aim and interest, became more frequent. As early as 1846 Peel admitted that it was "no easy task to ensure the harmonious and united action of an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons."

Friction between the two houses continued throughout the nineteenth century, arising, as Mr. Gladstone put it, from "differences of conviction, differences of prepossession, differences of mental habits, and differences of fundamental tendency." When, in 1909, the House of Lords went so far as to reject a budget, the movement which had been gathering headway for almost a century crystallized in a bill which passed the following year, abolishing the absolute veto of the Lords while reserving to them their powers of revision and delay.

Exit the Aristocrat

The Great War suspended all domestic controversies. But in 1923 Labor representation in the House of Commons rose to an unprecedented number, and with the gradual disappearance of the Liberal Party, the Labor Party has become the second largest political party in the state. Even in the Conservative ranks the percentage of aristocrats has grown smaller, and in the more specialized business of politics very few of the old nobility have been found competent to distinguish themselves in the arena.

The old method by which the great public schools furnished the statesmen of Great Britain and held the administration of government as their special preserve has disappeared. The busi-

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ness man, the local administrator, the specialist in social and economic problems have competed successfully and ousted the aristocrat. Even in the House of Lords the lawyers, business magnates, and retired officials take a greater share in debate than the representatives of the old aristocratic families. The House of Lords nevertheless has swollen in numbers and comprises over seven hundred members, only a small proportion of whom attend to parliamentary business.

While from the point of view of legislation and administration the aristocracy have lost much of their power and influence, and while they themselves resent being swamped by the influx of newly created peers who have no claim whatever to distinction of birth, they are able to continue to exercise a subtle but nevertheless distinct pressure by means of social influence. Their share in making and administering laws may be small, but their capacity to influence those in authority and to guide and deflect the trend of opinion is by no means negligible. As a caste fighting for privilege and power, their day is over. As a corporate body detaching themselves from the common herd, there is no place for them in a growing democracy.

Individually, however, they may retain a sense of obligation for public service and may be distinguished by characteristics of high-minded and disinterested altruism, which will always be valuable assets in public life. The tendency to specialize and professionalize politics may produce a greater percentage of place hunters and demagogues, and the aristocrat's readiness to serve and reluctance to profit are qualities which we can ill afford to lose. Moreover the true-born aristocrat, titled or untitled, has as healthy a hatred of the plutocrat as any exploited working man could wish to have. While the latter regards the plutocrat as an enemy, the aristocrat regards him as a usurper.

If then the aristocrat, abandoning all claim to special privileges and renouncing the traditional prerogatives of his order, will take his place on an equal footing with others and share in the corporate effort for an improved society — not as an aristocrat but as a citizen — his assistance will be welcomed and his qualities appreciated. But so long as an attempt is made to restore power and erect pedestals for a special class, they are bound to be washed by the growing wave of democracy into a backwater. The absurdity of hereditary titles is likely to be felt more strongly as time passes. Their continued existence keeps up the

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delusion that there are specially distinguished people to whom reverence is due and privileges should be accorded, and makes a centre of attraction for snobbish adulation and flattery.

Any reform of the House of Lords would certainly discard the hereditary principle as the sole basis of membership. Hereditary titles would then become honors still more meaningless than they are at present. But any administration which undertakes the reform of the second chamber will find it a formidable task. The consent of the Lords themselves must be obtained for it and there is still a lack of general agreement, even in the Conservative Party, as to the best way of proceeding, because, from the electoral point of view, any change which strengthens the powers of the second chamber will be very unpopular. So hereditary titles are likely to remain for the present. Nevertheless, their abolition would be a benefit to the aristocrat as well as to everyone else.

The day of labels is past. Proved merit must take the place of inherited distinctions so that the best, the fittest, the most competent may be chosen from the mass who can all secure equal opportunities for proving their merit. By this means, a real aristocracy in the strict sense of the word may one day be discovered. But even in countries where the aristocracy of birth has been dethroned, this ideal has not been reached by any means. The complete rise of a true democracy is not dependent alone on the decline and fall of the aristocracy.

But as democratic ideas advance, the aristocratic tradition must necessarily fade away — not the personal tradition which a few still hold, of disinterested public service and scrupulously honorable dealing — but the class tradition which accords special advantages to a titled herd of nondescript, undistinguished people who have no claim whatever to the respect and subservience of the common people.

Enter the Plutocrat

In the United States, where aristocratic titles have never been established, they consequently excite more interest and curiosity than if they had existed and been discarded. But Americans, relieved of an aristocracy, are finding themselves confronted with the growing power of an untitled plutocracy which may cause more trouble than a titled aristocracy, whose power — in the natural course of events — must inevitably wane. Thus, while the aristocracy is losing its hold, the plutocracy is gaining ground.

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When they can, rich business men marry aristocrats so that they may acquire social prestige, and in other ways they endeavor to make their way into high society. Extravagance, ostentation, and the manufacture of luxuries have increased. The new plutocrats constitute a far more vulnerable target for attack than ever the aristocrats did. Socialists are not the only ones who recognize that the very rich man is an anomaly in any properly constituted society. Expenditure of vast sums on personal luxuries and individual aggrandizement at other people's expense are antisocial acts, and they cannot be defended against the attack of people who merely demand a decent life.

In the modern world, where the spread of education has made the masses conscious of their rights and responsibilities, there is less room for plutocrats than for aristocrats. The money standard as the basis of a social system is repudiated. Keen conflict must eventually arise. Sympathy for the millionaire will hardly be found in any quarter. Neither birth nor money can justify domination. If supermen are to be thrown up, they must justify their claim on intellectual or moral grounds. The press and the mob are capricious in their preferences, but the common sense of the people in the more democratically governed countries is suspicious of the superman, mistrustful of the demagogue, and intolerant of the dictator. At the same time it is ready to recognize genius, although even here fashion may vitiate the standard.

Privileges of any kind are not in harmony with the spirit of democracy. This does not mean a repudiation of the idea of individual preëminence, but rather a conviction that greater equality of opportunity will allow a finer and more respected type of preëminence to emerge. We are beginning to suspect that many of our "great men" of the past reached their pedestals through privileges; we want our leaders of the future to be revered on account of their qualities. Kings and Emperors, Lords, Barons, and Conquerors were all very well in a world peopled by ignorant, servile, unself-conscious masses. The serfs and slaves, the mob and rabble are giving place to disciplined workers and enlightened people. Science is making the change more sudden. But it is a change — a vast change — of which we who are participating in it can only detect and appreciate a few of the symptoms.

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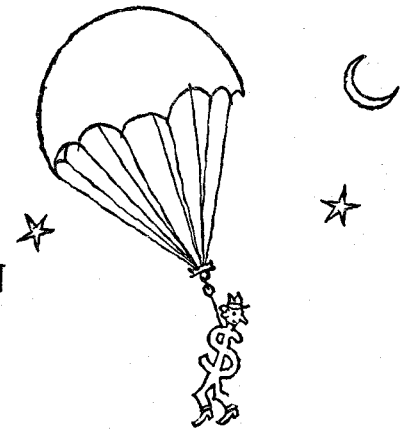

NERVOUS LIQUIDATION

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

Forum Table Talk

THERE are various sorts of careers among the wizards of finance. Some of them work their way up by slow and painful degrees from the bottom, others attain fortune at a single bound. My career has been the quick kind. Only a few months ago I knew nothing about the stock market. In fact, I knew even less than I do now. I never read the financial pages of the newspapers. Whenever the men about me dropped into conversation about the remarkable rise in American Bread or the pressure exerted by the bears upon the leading rails, I seized the opportunity to be alone with my thoughts. This sort of talk meant nothing to me. I hadn't the slightest notion of how a bear exerts pressure upon a rail or of what happens to the rail when he does it. I could distinguish between stocks and bonds, but debentures were beyond me; and at the mention of amortization and sinking funds and time money I felt myself plunged into a fog.

But that was before I began commuting from New Canaan. It's a long ride from New Canaan to the Grand Central: long enough to read clear through the latest torso murder, to arrive at the items beginning, "Speculation for the advance was resumed yesterday on a broad scale, and the bulls, encouraged by the increased exports of steel filings, pushed several favorites to new highs," and to sit and wonder what a favorite thinks about when a bull is pushing it to a new high. I began to enjoy puzzling out the dramas of this strange new world into which the financial pages led me. "SHORTS ARE SQUEEZED AS MOTORS CLIMB STEADILY": what was this, I would ask myself, if not a naughty romance of the open road, depicting the temptations of the limousine and the moral perils faced by the younger generation?

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"RUBBERS ARE HEAVY AS LIQUIDATION PROGRESSES" — was this a weather report, a dispatch from the flooded area, or the deathbed confession of an overshoe manufacturer?

Very cautiously I now began to join in the give-and-take with which my fellow commuters whiled away the weary hour of travel.

"What do you think of American Suction?" one of them would ask another.

"Nothing better," the other would reply.

"Why?" I would put in timidly.

"They're earning between fourteen and fifteen dollars a year now," he would say to me, "so naturally there's a chance that they'll split up."

"This is terrible," I would say to myself. "What a perfect example of the demoralizing influence of money on mankind! Here is a group of fine fellows, men of ample reserve (hadn't someone said that they had an ample reserve?), apparently gentlemen of the old school, who no sooner begin to earn fifteen dollars a year than they are at each other's throats, snatching at each other's dollar bills and calling each other names! A dreadful picture. But," I would think, "let us look at the bright side of things. Here am I earning much more than fifteen dollars a year and at peace with mankind.

"Can't anything be done to patch things up?" I would say aloud.

But no one heard me. My friends were all discussing the split-up eagerly. They seemed to think they might profit by it in some way. "Buzzards," thought I. "And such nice fellows at home. That's what Wall Street does to a man. Can *I* learn about finance without losing my early ideals?"

The talk would go on.

"Do you think the market will hold up, Bill?" one of the men would ask. "Isn't it in danger of getting top-heavy? Look at Steel, for instance."

"Yes," Bill would reply. "But look at money. There's the thing to watch. Money's so easy — "

"What!" I would burst out, "do *you* think it's easy?"

"Certainly it is," he would say. "Three and a half. It went down yesterday."

"Oh," I would reply, my mind in a whirl, "I didn't see it go." And I would hide behind my paper again and look long and fixedly at Steel.

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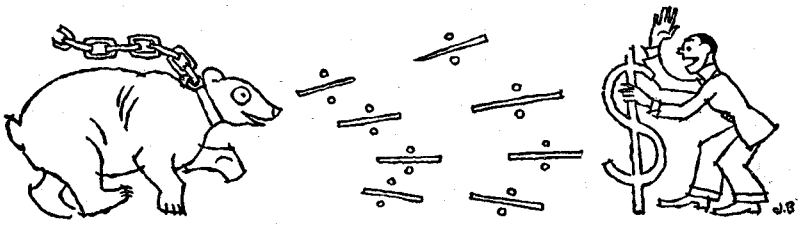

At last, however, I began to get the hang of things. I got to the point where I began to look with an almost learned eye upon figures such as those of brokers' loans. I wasn't quite sure who loaned them the money or what it was for, but my own small experience in loaning money to brokers was enough to convince me that this was a thing to be done sparingly, if at all; and when I read that the weekly increase in the amount of the loans was "causing some uneasiness," I felt uneasy too.

"I don't like it," I would say to myself. "You can't be too careful with brokers. Twenty-one million dollars more this week! Is there no such thing as caution? Are we rushing headlong to disaster?"

I began to watch car-loadings, too. Here, apparently, was something altogether different from brokers' loans. Apparently car-loadings were all to the good. Nobody asked what the cars were loaded with. It might be sawdust for all any one cared. Nobody asked whether they were ever unloaded. You could dump the stuff in the river and nobody would know the difference. All you had to say was that more cars were loaded this week than last, and the financial community rushed out and bought U. S. Angel Cake and Associated Roller Bearings in a frenzy of optimism, confident that prosperity was advancing.

So I became more expert in the lore of the market. And presently it was worse than that. For as I listened to my friends I could not help hearing that some of them were making money. Not only brokers and bankers and that sort of people. No indeed. There was Doctor Speed, who had apparently cleaned up more than he could make out of a stroke of good fortune like a dozen cases of measles by buying New Jersey Bottle Opener at 76 and selling it at 98. It seemed that Doctor Speed had been tipped off that an unusual number of bottles would require opening during the year, had got in at the right moment, and somewhat later had been tipped off that the bottles were mostly opened; and now he rode up to the houses of sickness in a new car. There was Tilton,

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the novelist, who had made five hundred dollars in a week by getting a timely tip that U. S. Monkey Wrench was going to get a grip on International Tweezers. All sorts of people were doing it: poets, editors, architects — the sort of people you never in the world associate with making money. My own palm began to itch.

I sold my holdings in General Gaspipe (nine shares) to clear the way for a big speculative stroke. I waited for the perfect moment. At last a morning came when I felt in my bones that everything was all right. They had been courteous but firm with the brokers who came round looking for spending money, and car after car was being filled to the gunwales with sawdust or what you will. I went to Jim Rogers's office and said to Jim, in a low, impressive voice, that I wanted to buy ten shares of General Utility. At the market? Yes, at the market, I signed the blank. I walked out again, mopping my forehead. The die was cast.

That was on a Tuesday. I had bought ten shares at 129½.

By Wednesday night General Utility had gone up to 134. I had a paper profit of forty-five dollars already. Think of it: forty-five dollars! You could buy twenty-two and a half two-dollar neckties with that! I was elated. And here I had been going on for years wasting this cool business acumen of mine. I grabbed the newspapers and whipped them open to the stock page as if there were no such things as torso murders for men of financial vision like J. P. Morgan and myself.

By Thursday noon I had worked myself up to such a pitch that I actually bought a paper on the way to luncheon. It had the eleven o'clock prices in it. Well, well! General Utility was at 138¼! Four points more — that made twenty more neckties this morning! It was almost too much. After all, you can't wear more than one necktie at a time. What about socks? At least they come in pairs. I nearly telephoned home to my wife to go ahead and buy that new ice box.

All afternoon my excitement continued, though I worked at the office just like ordinary people. That night I bought two papers.

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I settled down in the train to digest the good news at my leisure.

Did I say good news? This is what I saw:

"Stocks Break Sharply in Boiling Market" —

My eye ran horrified down to the sentence: "General Utility, after a brief rise at the opening, was one of the chief sufferers, dropping to 131 for a net loss of over three points."

I gasped. I read on. The break had come at 11:30. A whole hour before I had sat down to lunch dreaming of neckties and ice boxes! And ever since then they had been selling General Utility as though it had the plague.

All that night I tossed on my bed. One half of my mind kept saying, "You poor nut, General Utility is a good investment. Even if it goes down you are all right. Don't worry about a little flurry like this. In fact, you aren't worrying at all, are you? Didn't you drink too much coffee to-night? What, no coffee? Well, then, it's that cider that's keeping you awake. Less cider another time. And now let's think of something else."

Meanwhile the other side of my mind replied, "You know perfectly well that stocks have been too high for a long time. You've said so yourself. The big smash was coming and now it's on. The wise thing for a canny fellow like you is to get out. Just walk coolly into Jim's office to-morrow and sell. A boiling market is no place for you, my boy. Now go to sleep. Don't let that cider keep you awake."

Friday morning I sold. As early as I could, to avoid the deluge. Yes, I said, I'd like to have the check for my profit mailed to me. Check! Did they think they were humorists? It was as likely as not to be a bill.

With a long sigh of relief I shook the dust of brokerdom from my feet.

That night I opened my paper with a new sensation. I was going to read all about the disaster that I had so astutely avoided.

This is what I read:

"Stocks rallied vigorously to-day after the slump of yesterday, and several of the leaders, including Steel, General Motors, and General Utility, registered substantial gains. There was some nervous liquidation at the outset but —"

Nervous liquidation! That was me.

The next day I got my check. I had made a profit of eleven dollars and eighty-eight cents.

All that worry for eleven dollars and eighty-eight cents! I told

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myself that hereafter I would stick to my job. This Wall Street game was a terrible game. No wonder it broke men.

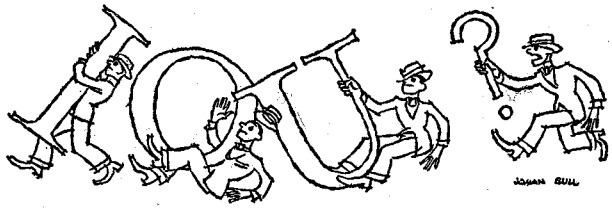
"Worry over business," said I to myself, "is the curse of American life. Imagine men who might have leisure and energy for art and love, wracking their hearts out in a boiling market that might at any moment sweep every necktie and sock away and leave them with eleven dollars and eighty-eight cents!"

Me for art and love. I was through. But then I had an afterthought.

"Here I am," thought I, "retiring from the market with a profit; small, to be sure, but not to be ignored. I shall always be able to say that I have never lost yet. Few are the men in Wall Street who can say that."

So I retired with proper dignity. I hardly look at the financial pages now. I just glance at them — and note that General Gaspipe, which I sold to make my coup in General Utility, is still going up.

By the way, what *are* debentures, anyhow?



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CHARACTER AND COLLEGE EDUCATION

IRWIN EDMAN

Forum Education Series — V

A CONSIDERATION of the original function of the American college throws light on what is still to-day its peculiar, privileged — and neglected — business. The original New England colleges were founded primarily to train ministers, the accredited shepherds of character in those early days. Those student ancestors of ours were expected to emerge disciplined spirits as well as informed minds. The theological intention, the clerical atmosphere have gradually if incompletely faded from college halls. But there has remained among literate Americans the sense that there is a moral justification for the four years a boy or girl spends at college.

The American faith in college education has rested in no small measure on the assumption that a college education, like a religion seriously believed in or a philosophy seriously accepted, makes a difference in one's "way of life." Nobody has ever honestly contended that four years could turn a high school graduate into a scholar. But generations of American parents have believed that four years at college would make a difference in that complex amalgam of manners, controlling ideas, and habitual emotions that go to make up what we call character.

One hesitates a little to use the term "moral influence." It connotes too much pietistic unction and traditional fraud. Neither the parents of college students nor the students themselves wish, in the old sense, to be "made good." And the colleges — many of them merely feeders to the professional schools, many of them glorified trade schools — are quite content to let problems of character and morals in the old sense go unregarded. But students, nevertheless, do find their characters affected by their being at college. Willy-nilly, for good or ill, college does make a moral difference, a subtle and pervasive change in the way a youth will lead his life.

Indeed, the colleges often affect character where, as institutions, they are least conscious of doing so. They may do it primarily through setting a certain tone or manner, which may be nothing more than an accent or a lifelong habit of nonchalance or

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disdain. There are colleges which, by the sheer quietude and beauty of their surroundings, leave an intimate and permanent impress, a *memoria sacra* that becomes a calm, retrospective refuge for graduates in the later chaos of their lives. There are institutions, like some of the universities in the Middle West, where "playing the game" becomes the civic habit of a lifetime. Such influences of place or tradition cannot be willed. In these respects — and quite advisedly — colleges trust to luck concerning the imprint they make on their students.

A second incidental but important way in which colleges affect the formation of character is through the obvious presence of character or characters on their faculties. It is often forgotten that teaching is communication by contagion; and in the "mystical contact of the classroom" a student often learns more from his professor than the mere subject taught. He imbibes a temper of life, an approach to all being that outruns the confines of any subject, and is more nicely effective than any express ethical teaching. Almost nobody can define what constitutes a good teacher, but every college possesses them and students are quick and certain to detect them. From them emanates a certain spiritual essence; their intellectual habits and personal qualities are powerful suggestions of definitive ways of life to students whose imaginations are still more impressible than their reason.

There is, of course, a third and more deliberate way in which colleges, almost from their foundation, have sought to affect and control the direction of their students' characters. I do not refer to police regulation of students' leisure; except for flagrant violations of decency and order, that has almost passed away. But the colleges have persisted in the assumption that theory does affect practice, and that deliberate courses in ethics will modify conduct. For the most part, such courses are ineffective for a reason that Aristotle pointed out in his *Ethics* two thousand years ago. It is not theory but habit that governs human conduct; and no amount of study of the admirable moral ideas of Immanuel Kant or John Stuart Mill will solve the human conflicts or integrate the adolescent chaos of the undergraduate soul. As the late Stuart Sherman once remarked, ethical instruction is left to elderly professors who happen to be more interested in the theory of Aristotle than in the living issues which confront their students; while the undergraduate's actual image of the good life comes from his companions and from novels by authors in their undisciplined

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twenties. The first leaves them cold; the second leaves them agitated and blind.

College administrators, and teachers interested in their students no less than in their subjects, have felt that the moral problems of students are still a chief business of the college. This is clearly so, because, in a broad sense, these problems are the students' chief occupation during college years — at least among that group of students who have any reason to be at college at all. Often, in lecturing to undergraduates on Spinoza or Kant, one wonders what is passing through their heads. What are they thinking about — when they *are* thinking? During some conference concerning an essay or a bibliography, what they are thinking about will occasionally appear. It is not Spinoza or Kant. It is the problem of finding some integration, some moral resolution in a world of inner confusion. It is to find out what one is, or what one ought to be.

Why Students Fail

A student may be failing in a course; half an hour's conversation sometimes brings to light that he is failing for reasons that have little to do with the course and much to do with himself. A nervous breakdown, a sudden, erratic withdrawal from college, or the ghastly melodrama of a suicide sometimes force those in authority to recognize that here, in extreme form, are the elements of unrest and unhappiness that in less urgent guise are facing most students.

If it is the business of a college to do anything at all, that business certainly includes the function of enabling students, before they have quit its precincts, to find some peace in their own souls and some steadying adjustment to their world. It is very rare on a campus to find genuinely vicious or depraved characters. But it is equally rare to find character at all, in that definitive sense in which one speaks of the character of a writer or a composer — character in the sense of a clear direction, a personality with a centre, edge, sturdiness, and depth. Indeed, one may say that in so far as the colleges have succeeded in enabling students to approach a unification and clarification of themselves — in so far, in a word, as they have enabled them to achieve a character — they have performed the chief of their functions.

As long as they proceed on the assumption that they are dealing with disembodied intelligence, separately measurable by tests,

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and not the complete and perturbed psyche of groping and disordered youth, the colleges will be machines of instruction rather than centres of education. It is pathetic to observe undergraduates going four years through college without receiving any help whatsoever in understanding those conflicts and disorders which render them so often lost souls, and lost irrevocably. It is pathetic to observe and stupid to condone or continue.

There are, it appears to the writer, three directions in which the colleges may come to be more genuinely effective in making students at home with themselves and with their world. The first of these is a clearer understanding, a required clearer understanding, on the part of college teachers and administrators of the nature of those issues and conflicts which disintegrate so many undergraduates. The second is the presence on a college campus of a trained psychiatrist to whom cases of nervous or psychical disintegration could be referred. The third is the provision of lecture and seminar courses in morals which would come to grips with the human issues that are actually moral issues to students, instead of treating them to the traditional casuistry of academic moralists.

There can be no true education until educators come to understand those elements which properly controlled go to make, undisciplined go to destroy, any unification of personality among students. In the better secondary schools there is infinitely more understanding of contemporary psychology and psychiatry than is to be found among any but the smallest proportion of college instructors. In secondary schools it is realized that the chief business of a teacher is teaching. In colleges, especially in those that form parts of universities, the exact status of a professor is never clear. He is supposed to be a scholar who incidentally earns his salary by giving collegiate instruction.

It does not matter that most of his time is taken up with the duties of teaching, nor that his primary gifts are in that direction, nor that he has a genuine interest in his students. On the other hand, it does not matter if he has no gifts for teaching at all, if he begrudges the time it takes from his studies as time given to "pushing the perambulator." Those who are fit material for college teaching and those who simply endure it and whom students simply endure, are both engaged in dealing with undergraduates. Comparatively few members of college faculties know or care what their students are thinking about or troubled about, or how they "get that way." Those who do care — the "professional

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fathers" — weep and wish with the troubled boys rather than understand them.

William James coined the phrase, "the sick soul." Disordered soul would be a better name for that undergraduate psychic chaos which it is the business of college deans and teachers to understand. The disorder arises from several disillusions and detachments which the student suffers upon coming to college.

One emotional snag which often comes to light in a student's personal problems is his family. At college, for the first time physically and psychologically distant from his family, he either has all his childhood standards removed or is haunted by them. He is busy either rebelling against his family or being obsessed by it and by the moral fixations of his childhood. The result is a complex agony of spirit which accounts for the thousand manifestations of uneasiness and restlessness in the life of the undergraduate. He is trying to become a self-sustaining adult in place of a psychically dependent child. He is trying to substitute standards of his own — which he has not yet found — for those imposed upon him by the milieu of the home. With the passing of the familiar childish morality often go the religious sanctions (for all practical purposes associated with the training and traditions of his home).

Disillusioned Sophomores

Nor is this all. At the same time that he is being released from these moral criteria, he undergoes two awakenings — one sexual, the other intellectual. Without too much exaggeration one can say that the former is the basis of his romantic idealism, the latter of his skepticism and despair. Sex in its reverberant forms opens to him the whole rhapsodic landscape of love and rapture, of mysticism and poetry, confused as these are by physical promptings which he at once cherishes and distrusts. His intellectual awakening is responsible for all that tumult of futilitarian cynicism which colors and inflates so much of undergraduate poetry and conversation. This dawning of mind, which leads the student to depression, to irritation, or to tortured parade of unconcern, is indeed better revealed in the way he thinks about his personal problems than in the way he deals with courses, where memory and routine habits of work are generally at a greater premium than his intelligence.

That the dawning of intelligence should lead a youth to depression is natural for several characteristic reasons. It is at col-

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lege that he first becomes acutely aware of the discrepancy between things as he has been taught roseately to believe them, and things as he finds them to be. His adolescent thinking comes in conflict with his adolescent emotions. Just as the conditions of his own nature prompt his young spirit to its most romantic flights, his tyro intelligence informs him that his dreams are wide of the facts. He is irritated at the stupidity of adults who will not order the world after the reasonable heart's desire. His tortured parade of unconcern is the flourish of an idealism a little self-conscious about baring its frustrations to an unfeeling and misunderstanding society.

His skepticism, too, is the fruit of his awakened critical faculties, and it is directed against three objects — against himself, against the nature of things, and against that social world in which he finds himself. It is a commonplace to speak of the "cockiness" of adolescence. Where it is present — and it is present a great deal less than is commonly supposed — it is too often the loud façade of shyness. But often even this façade is lacking, and there is revealed an almost flayed sensitiveness and humility. The undergraduate distrusts himself as a direct result of what college has taught him — the touchstone of excellence from which he feels himself far removed.

He is skeptical of the world of nature. Probably brought up in the warm bath of belief in a providing Providence, he meets the cold shower of modern mechanistic intellectualism. The light goes out in heaven and purpose out of the earth.

There are two outstanding reasons why he comes to distrust the world of man. One, he is shocked to recognize the difference between moral pretension and moral fact in society. Two, he becomes aware that the commercial and social worlds, and even much of that educational world into which he has entered, is shoddy — imposing to look at, but erected upon a foundation of self-deception and hypocrisy. There is something more to be added to all these distrusts, irritations, and depressions. Repressions, arising out of habits and traditions from which he has not succeeded in freeing himself, are responsible for the innocent things he refrains from doing and the cheap things that out of braggadocio he does. All these causes make for disintegration of personality, and in extreme form they lead to nervous breakdown or suicide. In milder manifestations they comprise the stock troubles of undergraduates.

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To paraphrase Matthew Arnold, the undergraduate is weary of himself and sick of asking what he is or what he ought to be; but he is far from inarticulate on either subject. For this very reason there is an intense discrepancy between the things he finds himself thinking about and the things he is expected to think about. He looks about for aid, and at times would accept it from anyone. He may find a little of it among sympathetic instructors; but their help is likely to consist merely in uninformed sentiment.

Colleges that try to do anything more than train disincarnate minds must consider well the possibility of communicating some order to the distracted spirits of those who come to their doors; for out of their chaos order may be made, out of their ferment a clear wine of life. Some have gone too far to be retrieved except under medical care, and it was for these that the second recommendation was made — that of a trained psychiatrist for every college. It is not merely that they may avert an occasional suicide, but that they may help to remove psychic cancers which would otherwise distort the lives of certain students with lifelong mental paralysis.

But there are disorders that have not gone so far and only require that professors understand their students and that students understand themselves. To this end it is necessary that anyone who goes into college teaching be informed in current psychological and psychiatric knowledge. And as William James long ago reminded college administrators, college teachers must be appointed on the basis of their fitness to teach, as well as on the basis of their competence in a subject. No amount of technical knowledge of psychology will compensate for a lack of those elementary virtues — tact, persuasive clarity, and an interest in students as human beings — that are the distinguishing marks of a good teacher.

If students are to understand themselves, a good deal remains to be done which can, I think, be done with some hope of success. Among the chief of these is a new type of course in morals, which would have to be elective to be of any use. Such a course, as I envisage it, would dispense almost completely with a study of traditional and academic distinctions in ethics. It would deal directly and frankly with the conflicts and issues which genuinely preoccupy the college boy and girl. It would resemble the case method in law schools, where consideration of actual instances leads to a study of principles.

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The first effect of such a course — and it had better be a seminar or conference, rather than a course of lectures — would be to destroy a student's feeling that his own problems are unique, isolated, and secret matters. One of the most exquisite pains of adolescence is the desolate feeling that this so devastating unhappiness or uncertainty is a monstrous personal disaster, a strange, unprecedented soliloquy. A course in morals that dealt with the difficulties common to ninety-nine out of a hundred students would do much to give the undergraduate that peace of perspective and that integration which comes from understanding one's own difficulties in the light of the common lot and prospects of men. From the nightmare of personal difficulties the student will learn to enter the daylight of the open world.

Such an enterprise would, it appears to me, work two benefits. It would help to clear up those personal difficulties which cloud and obstruct a student's encounters with his studies. In the second place, those studies would themselves acquire new meaning in his clearer and freer mind. Religion, economics, philosophy would cease to be so many subjects. They would be appreciated as phases of that released and emancipated, disciplined and integrated individuality which is the ultimate aim of all education.

Under some such régime, students might become not simply bachelors of arts, but masters of themselves, clear and untroubled participators in the common adventure of mankind. They would cease to brood vacillatingly on inner tumults and come to look with candor and curiosity on the engaging possibilities of things. It is an experiment worth trying.

Next month, "Fitted for College, But Unfitted for Life," by Dr. Stewart Paton of Yale.

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AN ELEGY WRITTEN NEAR A CITY FREIGHT YARD

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

Drawings by Johan Bull

NOTE

The descendants of the people chronicled in Gray's Elegy came out, many of them, to America. They left the country for the town. They became a part of the working class of the factory district of any great American city.

They never saw the country churchyard with the yew trees' shade and the turf beneath which their rude forefathers slept and are sleeping still.

For them, even death itself took on new forms. And this that follows is their Elegy.

Nor are these verses a parody, but just a transcription of the altered facts of life.

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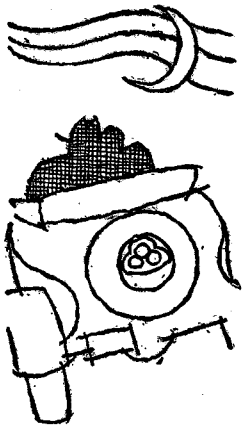
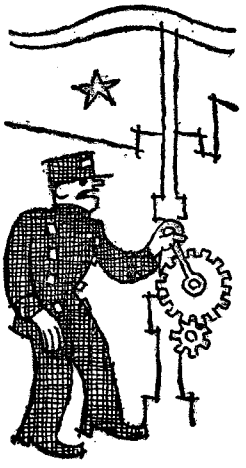
The Factory Whistles blow across the way,
Some Cattle in a Freight Car still I see,
The Employees have finished for the Day,
And there is no one on the street but me.

Now they have lighted the electric Light,
And all the People in the shops have gone,
Except the Cop upon his Beat at night,
And here and there perhaps a Motor Horn.



Save that from yonder little Railway Tower,
The Switchman now and then is heard complain,
When People in a Motor at this Hour
Compel him to lift up his Gates again.

Here on the corner of this Policeman's Beat,
A Funeral Parlor Open Day and Night,
Shows where the decent People of the street,
Have one by one passed out of human sight.



No morning Whistle blowing six o'clock,
No morning trolley clattering down the track,
No morning Milkman whistling round the Block
Shall call them from their Funeral Parlor back;

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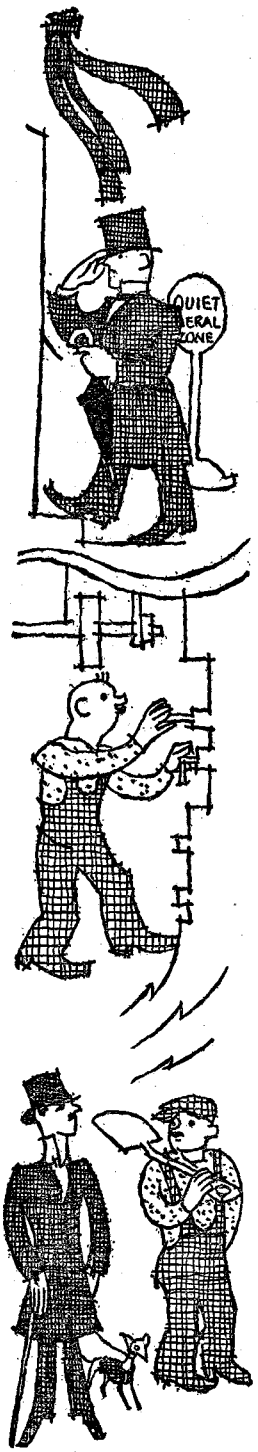

For them no more the Radiator Coil,
Shall warm the Parlor for their coming home,
No busy wife put Coffee on to boil,
No children run to start the Gramophone.

Yet these were Boys who once could hustle hard,
Full time and overtime for six days straight,
They worked in factory and railway yard
Or poured out pig iron into boiler plate.

Let not the People in the Upper Town,
The sort of supercilious social Pup,
The People on the Boulevards look down
On what they did because they were hard up.

The social Column, social Graft and Pull,
And all the high-class Beauty Parlors do —
What does it come to when the Time is full?
The Crematorium awaits them too.

A bang-up Funeral, a Motor Hearse,
A Write-up in the Paper, lots of Space —
What good is that? These Boys are none the worse
Because they only had this little place.

Some Men more full of Brains than you might think,
Have passed perhaps this Undertaker's Wicket,

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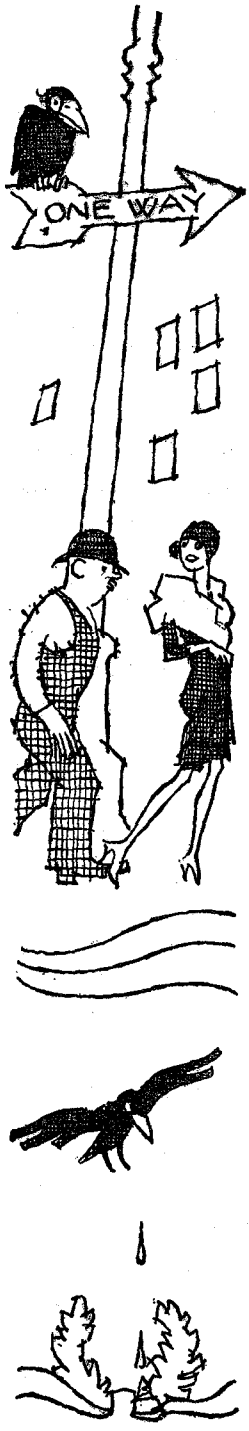

Who might have been elected, but for Drink,
To Congress on the Democratic Ticket.

Here, say, was one who had the mental Range,
But for the Schooling he could not afford,
To make a Fortune on the Stock Exchange —
As big a Man perhaps as Henry Ford.

There's lots of Waste upon a Garbage Pile
That's full of Money, lost or thrown away,
There's Gasoline away beneath the soil
That's never utilized — or so they say.

The trouble was they never went to School,
Or never got enough to make it tell.
Straight Poverty made each one seem a Fool,
And sort of paralyzed his Brains as well.

Of course, you take it on the other hand,
The very Ignorance that made them fail,
The very things they didn't understand
Combined, perhaps, to keep them out of jail.

I'd like to add my Epitaph to theirs,
Just as Gray did with his, to glory 'em,
And promise, when I settle my affairs,
To join them in their Crematorium.

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INTUITION

JAMES HENRY LEUBA

ARCHIMEDES was taking a bath. All at once he had a bright idea — a sudden flash of intuition. Without stopping to pick up his clothes, he leaped up and ran through the streets of Syracuse shouting, "Eureka! I have found it!" Archimedes had discovered the law of floating bodies which bears his name to this day. But how explain his intuition? Was it a revelation from some god? Or did it well up from his own subconscious mind? Professor Leuba offers a convincing, commonsense solution.

WHENEVER we find ourselves in possession of some striking knowledge without knowing how we have come by it, we are tempted to call it an intuition or an inspiration or even a revelation. To say that an item of knowledge is an intuition is for most of us nowadays equivalent to saying either that it comes from above — i. e., from some superhuman Being — or that it wells up from below — i. e., from a subconscious activity. It is, of course, pleasant to believe in the possession of a wonderful source of knowledge, and intuitive power is therefore the boast of many — particularly of those who have little inclination or ability to get the truth by painstaking observation and judicious conclusions. Their claim is a lazy way, and perhaps a not very honest way, of gratifying a natural desire for self-esteem. Thus, intuition has come to be set up as a compensation for stupidity. When, mistakenly no doubt, women are accused of lacking in reasoning ability, they counter by claiming a superior power of intuition.

Of the several classes of experience called intuition, two at least really do express a knowledge not acquired by the person possessing it: instincts and axiomatic propositions. Animals and — in a smaller number of instances — man know instinctively how to do certain life-preserving things without having had to take any trouble learning them. They have inherited the ability to act in these ways. Axiomatic propositions are intuitions of an altogether different sort. The dictionary defines them as propositions known to be true as soon as thought of. Such propositions are found at the root of logical thinking. The statement, "Two things each equal to a third are equal to each other," is immediately acknowledged as true, says the mathematician. It needs no demonstration; it is self-evident.

We shall be concerned neither with the problem of instinct nor with that of self-evident propositions. These sorts of intuitions

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stand clearly apart from the intuitions to be taken up here, and demand another explanation. Neither shall we consider the so-called mystical revelations, even though they have played and still play a great rôle in religious life.* Our main task will be to illustrate and explain scientific inspiration.

We should like to begin, however, with certain pseudo-intuitions which make up the bulk of what currently passes for genuine intuition or inspiration. They provide many a delightful occasion for admiring that form of the miraculous in which something is supposed to be got out of nothing. They come neither from above nor from below, but are, in fact, expressions of a knowledge acquired by the individual himself in an entirely ordinary manner — only, he does not remember how he came by it.

Were you to visit a well kept institution for defective children some Sunday afternoon and ask one of the children whether he has had a good dinner, the chances are that — since it is Sunday — his face would shine with satisfaction and he would say, "First-rate dinner!" Should you push your inquiry further and ask him what he ate for dinner, he might remain speechless for lack of any recollection of what was given him.

Since the boy has altogether forgotten what he has eaten, it might seem that his knowledge of having had a good dinner is rather mysterious. He has knowledge, apparently without any cause for it! That is precisely what most of us call an intuition. The explanation of this commonplace experience is obvious. Here is an imbecile who a few hours ago has eaten a good meal. The pleasure of it was to him — as it would have been to any of us — the main thing. That main experience is still in his mind, but the memory of the dishes which were on the table is gone. It is nothing mysterious and nothing to be proud of. A similar forgetting of causes, while the memory of the effect remains, explains a great many of the experiences usually regarded as more or less marvelous.

Do not many of us call "intuition" the insight we have into the character of a stranger on meeting him for the first time? We should be less proud of this talent did we know how often we are wrong. Nevertheless, it may not be denied that very frequently, in advance of any experience, we know that a person possesses this or that trait.

The explanation of this sagacity can be given by almost any

* For this type of revelation, see the author's *Psychology of Religious Mysticism.*

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one: the stranger produces upon us the same effect as certain other persons *whom we have had a chance to know;* therefore, we feel toward him as toward those other persons. Facial expressions, ways of speech, intonations, connected in our minds — as a result of past experiences — with certain traits of character, again suggest these traits. The peculiar thing is that, frequently, we cannot say with any accuracy what these gestures, intonations, facial expressions are which now suggest to us particular traits of character. But this, after all, is neither remarkable nor mysterious. There is a natural cause for the knowledge.

The formula for "intuition" of this kind is simple. Do not remember how you came by a certain bit of knowledge — forget! Thus, the pudding will seem to have been made without any ingredient. Nothing is easier for human nature than to follow this receipt.

Inspiration in Poets

But it is with another kind of surprising knowledge that I wish to deal more specifically: those flashes of insight which come to the creative mind and are sometimes called "scientific inspiration." There are few beliefs more widespread than that in the passivity of the artist at the supreme creative moment. It is a common saying that he must wait upon "inspiration." That word, so ready upon the tongue in connection with artistic creation, points to the spontaneity, the unexpectedness of this kind of mental production.

There is in Longfellow's *Diary* the following entry: "I wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poems. After which I sat till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when, suddenly it came into my mind to write the 'Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus,' which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me any effort. It did not come into my mind by lines, but by stanzas."

Similarly, George Eliot, who is not suspected of mysticism, declared that in all her best writings there was a "not herself" which took possession of her and made her feel "her own personality to be merely the instrument through which the spirit acted." A parallel affirmation is made by the French novelists, the brothers Goncourt: "It is fate," they say, "which brings to you the initial idea. Then an unknown force, a superior will, a sort of

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compulsion to write commands you and leads your pen; so much so that at times the book you have written does not seem to be your own." Similarly Musset:

> On ne travaille pas, on écoute, on attend:
> C'est comme un inconnu qui vous parle à l'oreille.

A well known saying of Goethe expresses very well this current opinion: "All productivity of the highest kind, every important conception, every discovery, every great thought which bears fruit, is in no one's control, and is beyond every earthly power. Such things are to be regarded as unexpected gifts from above, as pure divine products." The great German was true to the facts in not limiting a revelation to artistic creation, but in extending it to every kind of thought. Science, as well as art, may be a beneficiary of revelation.

Inspiration in Scientists

To begin with, let us quote an instance of scientific discovery showing essential features of inspiration, and yet not far removed from the commonplace. Prince Kropotkin, before becoming an anarchist, had for several years been intensely interested in the physical conformation of Asia. In the course of his labors — I quote from his *Memoirs* — he had "marked on a large-scale map all geological and physical observations that had been made by different travelers and tried to find out what structural lines would answer best to the observed realities." This preparatory work took him over two years. "Then followed months of intense thought in order to find out what the bewildering chaos of scattered observations meant, until one day, all of a sudden, the whole became clear and comprehensible, as if it were illuminated with a flash of light. There are not many joys in human life equal to the joy that comes with the sudden birth of a generalization, illuminating the mind after a long period of patient research." It is this same joy of sudden discovery which moved Archimedes when he ran naked through the streets of Syracuse shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!" after having discovered the principle of specific gravity.

The great French mathematician, Henri Poincaré, provides far more unusual instances of scientific inspiration. He was so familiar with this phenomenon that he affirmed the most striking feature of mathematical discovery to be "apparent sudden illumination." Of the greatest of his discoveries, the *fonctions*

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Fuchsiennes, he wrote: "I had been endeavoring for two weeks to demonstrate that there could exist no function analogous to those I have since called *fonctions Fuchsiennes*. Each day I spent an hour or two at my working table . . . but I came to no solution. One evening against my habit, I drank some black coffee. I could not sleep; ideas crowded in my mind; I felt them knocking against each other, until two of them hung together, as it were, and formed a stable combination. In the morning, I had established the existence of a class of *fonctions Fuchsiennes*. There remained merely to set down the results and that was done in a few hours."

This accomplished, he set about exploring systematically the new domain brought to view by the discovery. In the course of that exploration a problem arose which again stubbornly resisted solution: "My efforts served only to give me a fuller knowledge of the difficulty — that was already something gained. So far, my work was entirely conscious. Thereupon, I left for Mont Valérien, where I was to be during my military service; my preoccupations became therefore very different. One day, as I was crossing the Boulevard, the solution of the difficulty appeared suddenly." He found himself in possession of all the elements for the solution. Nothing remained for him to do but to bring them together and to organize them. This he did, as he says, "at one sitting and without any trouble whatsoever." Of another mathematical discovery, made while out walking, he wrote that it came to him "with the accustomed traits: brevity, suddenness and immediate certitude."

An equally remarkable instance is that of the greatest discovery made by Sir William Rowan Hamilton — the Quaternions. In a letter to Professor P. G. Tait, dated October 15th, 1858, he wrote: "Tomorrow will be the fifteenth birthday of the Quaternions. They started into life, or light, full grown, on the 16th of October, 1843, as I was walking with Lady Hamilton to Dublin, and came up to Brougham Bridge, which my boys have since called the Quaternion Bridge, that is to say, I then and there felt the galvanic circuit of thought close; and the sparks which fell from it were the fundamental equations between i, j, k; exactly such as I have used them ever since. I pulled out on the spot a pocketbook, which still exists, and made an entry on which *at the very moment* I felt that it might be worth my while to expend the labor of at least ten (or perhaps fifteen) years to come. But then is it fair to say that this was because I felt a *problem* to have been at that

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moment solved — an intellectual want relieved — which had haunted me for at least fifteen years before."

Inspirations of scientific value come sometimes — very rarely, indeed — during the dreams of light sleep, just before complete sleep or just before awakening. The distinguished chemist, A. Kekulé, reported two important discoveries made by him under those conditions. He concluded his account with these words, "Let us learn to dream, gentlemen. Then, perhaps, we shall find the truth . . . but let us beware of publishing our dreams before they have been put to the proof by the waking understanding." Yes, beware! because most of the time dream solutions are the merest nonsense. But why are they, on very rare occasions, correct? During sleep, the mind is, after all, still the human mind and can be productive of valuable thoughts. The explanation I shall offer of scientific inspiration during waking hours fits also the instances provided by Kekulé.

Whatever the explanation, the fact itself has to be accepted. In artistic as in scientific discovery — i. e., both in the field of imagination and of rational construction — there come, after periods of mental striving or brooding, fructifying moments, effortless and unexpected, which give the impression of inspiration.

Is Inspiration a Miracle?

A careful examination of these striking scientific revelations yields the following results. (1) They take place only after a period of work; they complete or continue something already begun. (2) When the solution is complex, it does not come to the mind with all the details fully worked out; the key is at hand, but it has still to be used; or, as Poincaré says of the principle that has been given, "Il faut déduire les conséquences." (3) These revelations are rare. (4) Discoveries just as remarkable are made much more frequently in the ordinary way — i. e., in answer, as it seems, to continuous effort. (5) If it is true that the solution of a problem may come unexpectedly and, at times, long after we have ceased to be actively engaged in its consideration, nevertheless there is no satisfactory evidence in support of the assumption commonly made that it ever appears after the person has ceased to be interested in it. On the contrary, the solutions that come in the form of inspiration refer to problems which have not been finally dismissed, which have remained, as it were, in the "back of the mind," ready to force themselves upon the attention.

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Sir William Hamilton states that, during the weeks preceding the revelation, active interest in the problem of Quaternions had revived, and that as he was approaching the bridge, although he was talking "now and then" with Lady Hamilton, yet in his mind "an undercurrent of thought was going on" which suddenly flared up into the memorable equations. When Poincaré remarks that during his military service he was occupied with matters other than mathematical problems, we are not to understand him as affirming that the problem of the *fonctions Fuchsiennes*, with which he had been long and profoundly engaged, never crossed his mind. Lord Kelvin, the great English physicist, said on the occasion of a jubilee address that there had never been a day for the forty years past when he had not thought of the problem of the constitution of ether. (6) Finally, the instances of scientific revelation with which we are acquainted do not seem to transcend the apparent capacity of the persons who get them. These persons are known to have made remarkable discoveries in the ordinary way.

These six traits cast a gray shadow upon the lurid colors in which the phenomenon presents itself at the first glance. Inspiration would lose what it retains of apparent wonder if it were shown that the mental process involved is essentially the same as that of ordinary thinking. If Poincaré had made the discovery of the *fonctions Fuchsiennes* while at his desk, actually working at the problem, no one would speak of inspiration. The discovery would be regarded as the natural result of his great knowledge and of his powerful mind. But the solution came unexpectedly, when not sought for. That — and that alone — earns for it the name of inspiration or revelation. Well, the point I shall try to make now is that all our thinking, good and bad, remarkable and otherwise, is marked by these same traits.

We have said that Goethe was right in including among the "gifts from above" not only poetical thoughts but also thoughts of any sort. He was wrong, however, in limiting these gifts to great and important thoughts. *All* kinds of ideas, and ideas of all degrees of puerility and importance, appear in our minds under the conditions which we have found to be those of revelation. "The Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus," which flowed from Longfellow's pen by stanzas, without effort, does not embody any great thought. Mozart seems to have claimed that all, and not only his remarkable musical compositions, came to him unexpectedly.

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But why look so far for illustrations? Almost every moment of our conscious life provides each of us with facts of the same kind — even if not equally remarkable. Instances of "bright" ideas, of happy thoughts, which offer themselves when we have ceased to seek them and which seem not the reward of effort but gifts from unknown sources, are quite common.

Thinking by Leaps and Bounds

Thought proceeds very much like the formation of the delightful animals we have all seen coming into existence on the moving picture screen. Each part appears separately and jumps into place suddenly. There is no more continuity in thinking than in the formation of that cinematographic picture. The elements of thought appear most irregularly. There are moments when no progress is made; attention relaxes and turns in desultory fashion to other things. Suddenly a new link pops into consciousness and adds itself to the chain. We return then to the problem, and the double process of effort and relaxation repeats itself. The interruptions may be so brief as to be unnoticed, and then, remaining under the impression of the effort, we assume that there has been continuity of thought.

The moments of interrupted attention are filled with nothing at all, or with thoughts and feelings belonging to another topic: we may simply look up, finger our eyeglasses, consult the clock, light a cigarette, and presto! — the idea we had ceased to seek is present. Or, the interruption may be protracted and the task given up for the present. A week or a month later, a useful thought may suddenly and unexpectedly appear and may lead to a speedy solution of the problem.

It is a complete misrepresentation of thought to picture it as proceeding in a straightforward, uninterrupted, flowing movement. Conscious processes are, on the contrary, full of stops, of breaks, and of sudden forward leaps. They are like a fire which seems to go out when blown upon, and which spasmodically flares up again when left to itself. It is often when the unproductivity of effort has compelled us to give up that an illumination surprises us. Old Egyptian wisdom had already reduced the truth involved in these facts to an aphorism: "The archer hitteth the target partly by pulling, partly by letting go; the boatman reacheth the landing partly by pulling, partly by letting go."

We have reached the conclusion that the traits by which in-

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spiration is commonly separated from ordinary, human products — unexpectedness, absence of effort, passivity — are characteristic of all thought. There is no valid reason for separating so called "inspiration" from ordinary thinking; they have not a different nature. Instances such as I have given are merely extremes of the ordinary process of purposive thinking. The differences between startling instances and ordinary productive thinking are merely that in the former the problem is of much importance and that a long time has elapsed between the last definite attention paid to it and the appearance of the solution.

Up to this point we have merely described striking scientific inspirations and shown that what happens is, in essence, identical to what happens in commonplace thinking. We can now advance a little further and give a plausible reason for the appearance of the solution after a long lapse of time. Why does the answer come when we are no longer studying the problem? That it does is a puzzling fact.

When learning any art involving movements — learning to typewrite, for instance — each wrong movement establishes a tendency to repeat itself, and it is well known that if one continues practicing too long without rest, the moment comes when so many errors are made that it is useless to practice longer. Now, it is occasionally observed that after a sufficiently long rest, on resuming practice, it seems that an improvement has taken place. As a matter of fact, improvement after a long rest has been scientifically observed by several psychologists — by W. F. Book in particular. He reports the following observations.

A subject practiced typewriting until he made, during the last ten-minute practices, the average score of 1508 words. After an interval of one year and a half he was tested again, under exactly similar conditions as those prevailing during the practice. The average score was 1611 words. There had taken place an actual increase in skill during the rest interval of one year and a half. How is this to be understood?

The Importance of Forgetting

The explanation may be presented in this simplified way. Suppose that during a practice period one has made the right movement a hundred times and another movement ten times. The right movement is more firmly established than the wrong one; nevertheless, there is a tendency to make the wrong movement,

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and that tendency interferes with the production of the right movement. Now, let a sufficiently long interruption in the practice take place. The moment will come when the tendency to the wrong movement will have died out, while that to the right movement will still be present since it is more firmly established than the former.

Hence, when you return to your practice, after a not too long interval (of course if the interval is long enough, both the right and the wrong tendencies will have disappeared), the chances are that typing will be more perfect and rapid than at any previous time. That improvement has not been the result of effort. It has not necessitated any activity of consciousness or of an alleged subconscious mind. It has taken place while resting!

How we may pass from the above instance of improvement in typewriting during rest to the explanation of scientific inspiration, is not very difficult to see. Thinking, as well as typewriting, involves a bodily mechanism, and particularly the speech mechanism; for, words cannot be dispensed with when we think.

Thinking, like typewriting, involves false moves. Tendencies to wrong movements — speech-thought-movements — are established when thought goes astray. When we go over and over a problem without finding the solution, we make and repeat wrong moves. As the unprofitable thinking is repeated, the production of the right thought becomes increasingly difficult. We all know that under certain circumstances it seems as if the mind had become limited to wrong directions. It explores the same blind alleys. It goes round and round in the same vicious circle. If at such times we let go, thus producing a condition making possible a weakening or a disappearance of the unprofitable thought-movements, we stand a better chance of striking a new path with the return to the problem after a rest. And the new path may be the right path.

Thus we may understand why people of all sorts, and not only the scientist and the poet, are at times surprised by the appearance of fruitful ideas which strenuous efforts had failed to produce. Has the effort been useless? Certainly not. Or, let us rather say that some of the effort was necessary. Had not the problem been carefully examined and all the possible knowledge bearing upon it gathered, the solution would not, so far as the facts can be read, have been secured after relaxation.

Possibly I should repeat that unexpected, remarkable inspira-

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tions are very rare, and that usually a return to the problem does not lead to a solution; wrong movements are again made.

This examination of scientific revelation has disclosed its fundamental identity with the mental processes of ordinary productive thinking. Whatever differences exist are differences of degree and, on the whole, unimportant. We have also obtained what seems to us a satisfactory explanation of the way in which relaxation, passivity, rest, favor the appearance of new thoughts.

It cannot be too much emphasized that an examination of the facts shows that thorough preparation is a necessary condition of the solution of problems by inspiration. The revelation of the *fonctions Fuchsiennes* and of the Quaternions came to great mathematicians who had worked long at the tasks. Poetical inspirations follow the same fundamental law. Poems do not flow out from the pen, and eloquent speeches from the tongue of persons who are not in the habit of thinking poetically or eloquently. The substance of extemporized poems and speeches is dependent upon previously acquired knowledge.

I should like also to draw attention to this interesting fact: a phenomenon which — as much if not more than any other — seems to confirm the now prevalent theory of subconscious thinking, has been explained here without making any use of that theory. Subconscious thinking is no more necessary to explain scientific inspiration than it is to explain the improvement taking place in typewriting after a long interruption of practice. This observation does not, of course, dispose of the theory of subconscious mentation; it merely drives it out from one of its favorite feeding grounds.

I must not close without saying that we have not even mentioned the really fundamental problem of productive, creative thinking. Whence the new thoughts? Whether they appear while we think or when we have just stopped thinking or much later, is, after all, a minor problem. The great problem concerns their production. This, the fundamental problem, remains unsolved. In showing that so-called intuition or inspiration is not something other or something more than ordinary thinking, we have not dissipated the mystery of productive thinking. That mystery is, I surmise, of the same kind as the mystery of creation of vegetal life out of inorganic matter, of animal out of vegetal life, and of human out of animal nature. It is, in short, the mystery of creation.

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CAN ORGANIZATIONS HAVE SOULS?

BURTON ALVA KONKLE

THE slogan, "A corporation has no soul," was almost an axiom in the days of my youth, while to have the question raised as to whether a human being has one was almost unknown. That was in the days when the great corporations were being put under law, like the individual; and before a new psychology, with materialistic methods, was unable to find anything so non-material. Now, since the corporation has become law-abiding, almost more so than the individual, it has begun to give evidence of spiritual qualities so like a soul that one is justified in raising the question, even though so eminent an authority as Mr. Hoover has denied it. Indeed the tendency of the corporation is now to stand up so straight as to lean backward, as is indicated in the widely substituted slogan "The public is always right" for that of an earlier day—"The public be damned." This sounds wonderfully like that spiritual precept about turning the other cheek also, or surrendering one's cloak under certain circumstances, or even loving one's enemies.

Without entering the psychological controversy as to the individual soul, let us for present purposes, define the "soul" as that element in humans which is the organ of spiritual thought, feeling, and action. Immediately there arises a vision of variety and degree in such "souls." The adoption of a new principle, the experience of a new emotion, and the reactions of a course of conduct furnish more unique combinations than the alphabet or ten numerals.

This individual "soul" world is so vast that it is no wonder that when Christian principles came into it those who brought them should have assumed that they applied to individuals alone, not to organizations; or that it has taken nineteen hundred years to see beyond that vast individual "soul" world, into the "soul" world of organization, if any. A corporation president lately said: "'Business is business' is not all; business is also humanity." The cause of this delay is something akin to that of the slowness with which men came to see that an organization of states was something different from a mere collection of states; the new creation, "nation," had a "soul" of its own. An organization of individuals is quite as different from a mere collection of

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individuals; and, one must add, is really a superindividual with like qualities, only larger. The best organizations are beginning to realize this; and it is the chief cause of their being the best.

This similarity between the individual soul and that of the organization is very striking, once one is led to examine it. The gradual adoption of qualities and principles by the individual necessitates continuous progressive organization of them, the result of which we call "character." As a fellow-student with the late John Hyde, I saw him transformed over night from mediocrity into a leading power among us because he changed the relative position of two principles, and he finally became the famous "Praying Hyde of India." The point I wish to emphasize is that character is soul organization — these various elements, in other words, have been unified like an organ.

Now let us turn to that unification of individuals so like an organ that it is called an "organization." At the moment of creation it is nothing but embryo body and equally embryo capacity for spiritual qualities. The directorial body must deliberately adopt every spiritual principle that they wish to have in it; for none will go in that they do not insert. They may do it as a body or by creating a representative with full power, as the Steel Corporation did in the case of Judge Gary. No one will question the fact that this corporation has a soul. The difference is merely difference of process; the result is the same. Judge Gary was the organ that organized the spiritual qualities as well as the material, so that the Steel Corporation is acknowledged to have character of a high order. Of course, Judge Gary might have been head of this corporation and not have been an organ for spiritual qualities, for there is a wide difference between having a good man at the head of a corporation whose personal influence permeates it like a flood of emotion only as long as he lives, and having such a head make himself an organ for putting principles into the corporation in permanent forms, so that whether he lives or dies the soul and character of the organization survives, as is well illustrated in the career of the Pennsylvania Railroad system.

And this providing for a soul is both a matter of recognition that a corporation should have a soul, and even more, a matter of the science and art of organization. The latter may be considered for the moment before turning to the former and fundamental fact. In no country in history have organizations flourished as they now do in the United States, both in themselves and in their

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relations. One of the last generation's chief occupations was in putting them, or such of them as became legal entities, under law; and they are so successful and powerful that the present generation is almost living by them. And yet I have never heard of a university so far recognizing it as to provide a course in the Science and Art of Organization. The only attempt that ever came to my notice was one made by students in a theological seminary in Chicago many years ago under the name "Society for the Study of Organization in Christian Work." What is greatly needed is a textbook on the Science and Art of Organization, and provision for courses in it. For it cannot be assumed rightly that one knows Organization any more than that one "knows" in Mathematics — and yet this assumption is constantly being made.

But if an organization is to have spiritual qualities, they must be provided for by this science and art. A striking illustration of success in this line is the Yellow Cab Company, which reminds me of a Baldwin Locomotive Company's steam hammers that, while they can hammer iron logs into various intricate forms, can also tap a watch crystal and not break it. This cab company, with its great streams of taxis flowing through our streets, has put courtesy and consideration into one corporation so strikingly that it is a marked phenomenon of our time. An organization of any kind should be as much more powerfully spiritual than a spiritual individual, as it is more powerfully material than a single individual. If creators want spiritual qualities in their corporation, they must, by means of that science and art, put them in, provide an organ for them; only the creator of an organization can do it.

Now as to the growing recognition that organizations should have souls. That such recognition is growing there can be no doubt; and the meaning of it is overwhelming, when one considers that the term "Organization" covers not only the multitude of societies, associations, and fraternities — business, social, and otherwise, but countries, states, nations, and even international associations. And when one adds to the term "spiritual" qualities, one comes face to face with the greatest mission field the Christian has ever contemplated, one that we are only beginning to see for the first time in history. The vision of it came to me by accident, while I was making a study of that chief maker and first scientific expounder of our national constitution, James Wilson of Philadelphia. In one of his lectures in 1790 before the College of Philadelphia he made the remarkable statement that "nations ought

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to love one another." To find such an assertion in a treatise so peculiarly scientific and sound struck me as fantastic; and I smiled as many a Christian smiles condescendingly at the command "love your enemies"; theoretically fine, but practically "not so good." Then it began to dawn upon me that Jesus Himself never said such a thing as that, except so far as individuals comprising them were so commanded. I then began a wide correspondence with theological faculties and other scholars to see if any other man had said that. No one of them knew of the statement ever having been made before or since. Then I saw that James Wilson had said for organizations what Jesus had said for individuals; and that the latter undoubtedly expected mankind to see it as implied. And yet James Wilson, in 1790, in an exposition of the new political science expressed in our national Constitution, seems to have been not only the first to say it, but the only one; and the date of it ought to begin a new epoch in the history of mankind and of Christianity. Organizations should have souls and should, according to this great political scientist, "love one another" — developing perhaps the highest type of soul.

SMALL TOWN

YOU wear your rhinestone jewels like a flapper;
Your paint is hard and new.
Your eyes are knowing, and your air too dapper —
Main Street's the street for you!

But in quiet streets and by-ways,
Back from crowded motor highways,
There are lilacs, there are lawns,
There are children free as fauns —

And I wonder,
Which town is really you?

— *Elizabeth Lindsay*

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PYGMIES IN THE EARTH

A Plea for Rural Reconstruction in the South

ELWOOD MEAD

AN intelligent and honest Southern white family was failing to make ends meet. They were "land poor" on a farm of several hundred acres. They were afflicted by the one-crop curse. They raised and sold nothing but cotton. The price of their crop was spent before it was harvested. They lived on corn meal and salt meat, doled out to them on credit by the store-keeper. What happened to this family can be left to the imagination. They were caught in a trap of hard work and poverty, debt and despair. Later, they were persuaded to join a coöperative group. The families in this group worked smaller farms. They learned to diversify their products. In addition to cotton, they had a money crop consisting of a selected variety of vegetables. They kept chickens and a cow. They got rid of three of their four dogs and raised a litter of pigs. Under these changed conditions, the family prospered. The children went to school and learned to use bath tub and tooth brush. They grew bigger, stronger, and healthier than their parents. And they stayed on the land.

This simple illustration points the moral to the whole agricultural question. It enables us to see at the outset that what the farmer most needs is not a subsidy but a new adjustment to the land. In the days of rapid westward expansion, the offer of free homesteads had a constant easing effect upon the agricultural situation. Unsuccessful farmers in the East moved west where land was cheap and of virgin richness. But to-day no more free land is available. The frontier has disappeared. The agricultural problem has entered a new phase; and, as I have already indicated, this phase must be marked by a new adjustment of the farmer to the land. The agricultural problems of previous generations were settled by the automatic and spontaneous workings of westward migration; the problems of agricultural readjustment which face this generation require deliberate and scientific planning with expert supervision.

During the early experiments in reclaiming arid western lands by irrigation, it was found that the selection of settlers was almost as important as studies of the water supply. Much of the

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financial distress of western reclamation was caused by inexperienced beginners who wanted to grow crops like wheat or native hay — crops that required little knowledge and skill and very little work, but from which the return in money (as they later learned) was too low to afford a living and pay irrigation costs. Any new project in land reclamation must, therefore, profit by this experience. Satisfactory results cannot be expected without careful inquiry into the qualifications of settlers.

During the period of westward migration, the selection of settlers depended upon chance and operated in such a way that the unfit were guaranteed a new opportunity to survive, since it was usually the unsuccessful farmer in the East who staked out new claims in the western country. But in the present period of readjustment, the first condition of a stable and permanent rural life is that the new farmer be carefully chosen.

Once this is done, the next step is to work out a thorough economic plan. A crop programme has to be drawn up suited to the climate, soil, and markets. The agricultural programme should not be left to be slowly evolved by settlers coming together from widely separated localities to cope with conditions strange and new. That means costly mistakes and discouragement. Reclamation should be regarded as a problem in rural planning. All the details should be thought out in advance, just as Henry Ford or General Motors plan the activities of one of their great factories.

Congress Takes Action

When this true conception of the problem was explained by the Commissioner of Reclamation at a hearing on the irrigation of western lands before the Senate Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation, a Senator from a Southern state interjected. He said that if the important feature of reclamation was rural planning and the creating of organized farming communities, the South had as much need of it as the West. So when the bill under consideration finally passed, it contained a section authorizing a study of reclamation problems outside of the arid region.

The initial appropriation for this investigation was only $15,000, and it was decided to confine the work to the Southern states. The Governors of these states were asked to recommend tracts of land large enough to be subdivided into not less than one hundred farms, which could be bought at a price farmers could afford to pay. The state authorities were directed to secure land

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having good soil, but which, through neglect or need of clearing or lack of drainage and roads, are now largely unused. Such lands would open the field for a new type of agriculture by bringing in a new group of farmers without displacing old ones.

The problem was studied by the state agricultural colleges, by state development agencies, and last but not least, by the agricultural departments of the Southern railways. Since the inception of this work, these different authorities have coöperated closely with the Federal Bureau of Reclamation.

The public generally has also shown a continuing and active interest in the inquiry. This interest can in part be traced to the fact that industrial development in the South during the last ten years has lured workers away from the farms by offers of good wages in factories and mines. This has made it hard for land owners to obtain and hold tenants, and unprofitable to work farms with hired labor.

Seven states — North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee — have now recommended tracts of land which vary in size from five thousand acres in North Carolina to twenty-five thousand in Alabama. It shows something of the condition of Southern agriculture that thirty tracts of neglected land were considered by the seven governors. The largest of these covered two hundred thousand acres which were once farmed but are now given over to weeds and brush.

Three Wise Men

At the very outset the question arose, whether the benefits of founding model communities would be important enough to call for supervision by the Federal Government. Then, if there was to be Federal supervision, how was the purchase and development of land to be financed?

Early in the investigation, therefore, Secretary Work created a board of three expert advisers on reclamation and rural development, and asked them whether this was properly a national problem. These advisers were Howard Elliott, President of the Board of the Northern Pacific Railway; Daniel C. Roper, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Vice Chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, who — himself a farmer — has been deeply interested in farming in the South; and George Soule, one of the editors of the *New Republic* and a Director of the National Bureau of Economic Research.

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Their report is an enlightening discussion of the economic and social problems of rural life. They advised that the investigation be continued. Their study has made it clear, they said, that there has been a great loss of country population in the South, and that this loss is a symptom of maladjusted agriculture. They pointed out that this holds true not only in the South but in the nation as a whole.

They did not advise any specific programme of development, nor did they determine from what sources the financial support for the experiment should come. They observed, however, that the money should be loaned and not given to settlers, and that the length of time for repayment and the rate of interest should not be determined by current rates of interest, but should be based upon what agriculture could afford to pay.

After considering this report, Congress made additional appropriations, and it is now the task of the Bureau of Reclamation, in coöperation with Southern interests, to work out a programme of development.

The Rural South To-day

Anyone who travels through the South cannot fail to observe the great contrast between the appearance of its towns and its open country. New and great factories, banks, business blocks, and handsome homes show the marvelous transformation at work in its urban life. In contrast to this, one sees in the country unpainted houses, devoid of all conveniences, and tumbled-down farm buildings. Every small tenant owns a motley assortment of chickens and dogs, but few possess improved breeds of cows, hogs, and sheep.

These conditions do not indicate a lack of desire for improvement. They have been brought about in part by the poverty of land owners following the Civil War, and in part by the character of the Negro farm laborer. As a race, the Negro lacks the industry, the thoroughness, and above all, the training necessary to success in growing crops of high acre value. He can grow corn, cotton, and tobacco, because he has been trained to do these things and because the operations are simple and are carried on with cheap and primitive implements.

The absence of farm gardens, of cows and other live stock, makes it necessary for the South to depend upon other sections for a large part of its food supply, both for people and work

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animals. The people who live on the land suffer from a lack of variety in the food they eat, thus decreasing their vitality. The winter hotels of Florida import thousands of carloads of milk annually from Northern states. It could be produced far more cheaply in Alabama and Georgia, but the cotton grower finds milking cows an irksome task. Moreover, an individual dairyman is helpless in a community of cotton farmers. He lacks facilities for shipment, and he cannot produce on one farm a sufficient quantity to make shipping profitable. For that, a community of dairymen is needed.

The climate of the South gives it great opportunities for growing high-priced crops. Its long growing season and the character of the soil are ideal for producing the fruits and vegetables demanded in increasing quantities by the city dweller. The fifteen thousand carloads of lettuce which come yearly to Eastern cities from southern California could be grown in the Southern states from one to two thousand miles nearer these markets. But to do this, there must be carefully trained market gardeners. They cannot be made in a day out of Negroes, white cotton farmers, and tobacco growers.

Religion and the Boll Weevil

Before the Civil War there was a permanent and self-sufficing type of agriculture in this region. All food and feed crops necessary to the land owner were grown on the plantation. Live stock was an important feature and helped to maintain the fertility of the soil. But after the war, a new start had to be made on credit, and to secure credit the farmer had to grow cotton. The local merchant secured his credit from New York, based on cotton, and his credits to the farmers were based on cotton-crop mortgages. Thus necessity forced the farmers to depend upon a single crop. With what money they had they bought corn, hay, meat, and other supplies. The farms ceased to be self-supporting.

Plantations operated by absentee land owners through Negro share croppers and renters were financially successful until the advent of the boll weevil in 1915. Some of the best Negroes had, in the meantime, acquired farms of from fifty to one hundred acres. With the coming of the boll weevil Negroes lost their chief source of income and could not adapt themselves to the changed condition. When the United States Department of Agriculture worked out the calcium arsenate method of boll weevil control,

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many Negroes refused to use it. They believed the Lord had sent the boll weevil for a purpose, and it would be contrary to "His workings" to "poison cotton."

White owners cast about for other crops, but during the Great War many of the share croppers and renters, most of the wage hands, and a few of the skilled land owners were attracted by high wages to the industrial centres of the North, East, and South. They have not returned and the migration continues, affected by the restrictions on immigration which cause city industries to look to the Negro as a source of common labor. In the face of these conditions, large areas have gone out of cultivation.

In North Carolina only seven out of thirty-one million acres are in cultivation. Nearly one-half is farmed by tenants and the percentage of tenancy is increasing. In the five years from 1920 to 1925, the land in farms decreased one and a half million acres. In South Carolina only a little more than one-fourth of the total acreage of the state was cultivated in 1925. Between 1920 and 1925 farm lands decreased nearly two million acres, and in the latter year more than sixty-five per cent of the land in cultivation was worked by tenants. A similar or even larger rural exodus is shown in other Southern states.

Why the Negro Comes North

Statistics do not, however, reveal the full dangers of the situation. As a rule, those who inherited farms have moved to town to engage in professional or business pursuits. They have rented to Negroes or hired white overseers to supervise the work of the Negro share croppers. Though this has enabled them to retain their hold on the land, it has created an unsound and badly organized agriculture. Life on the land has become drab and unhappy, sordid and poverty-stricken. Unless corrective measures are taken, it is not improbable that in time there may evolve out of this depleted and decadent rural life a serflike peasant class to become a drag and a menace to the entire nation, as it was in France before the revolution.

Present conditions are illustrated by the story of a steady, industrious Negro who, several years ago, moved with his family and the necessary work stock and implements into a house on one of the plantations now being considered for an experiment in reclamation. He agreed to pay $150 rent for sixty acres to be planted equally in cotton, peanuts, and corn — or $2.50 an acre. He knew

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nothing about agricultural science. He used little fertilizer on his cotton and none on his peanuts and corn.

A local merchant, who advanced his supplies, allowed him one bushel of meal, sixteen pounds of salt meat, twenty-four pounds of flour, four plugs of tobacco, and one pound of snuff a month. His clothing consisted of overalls, coarse work shoes, cheap gingham dresses for the women — his total clothing bill not exceeding fifty dollars. His doctor and drug bills were paid by the landlord, as is the rule with all colored tenants.

At the end of a year, he had not made enough to pay the rent, and barely enough to pay half of his bills to the merchant. But because he was a good, hard-working darkey, the landlord did not foreclose on his live stock or implements, nor did the merchant press for his unpaid bills. The next year both creditors carried him along, continuing to furnish his land and supplies. He was slightly more prosperous and paid his second year's bills and interest on the deficit of the year before. The third year he paid running expenses and made a small payment on his first year's losses.

Being an industrious tenant, he might, if conditions remained unchanged, stay on this plantation for ten or fifteen years without in that time being able to square his account either with the land owner or with the supply merchant. It is estimated that about twenty-five per cent of tenants' deficits are ultimately written off as a total loss to both landlord and merchant. It is small wonder, therefore, that the more industrious Negroes, faced with these terms of livelihood in the rural South, are leaving the country in response to the lure of high wages in the industrial centres of the North.

Salvation in Coöperation

If conditions in this section are to be changed, if men of intelligence and skill are to return to the farms, the lure must be the ownership of the land. There must be a certainty that they will be placed in a position to follow a different type of farming from that which now prevails, and to live an entirely different life from that of the people now there. The windowless, unpainted, floorless shacks of the Negro renters and laborers must be replaced by comfortable homes. The land must be drained and the brush patches cleared. There must be schools and opportunities for social contact, and the group of people must be large enough to have an independent business and social life.

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The state authorities, the agricultural experts of the railroads, and the division of reclamation economics in the Bureau of Reclamation are now at work trying to visualize what can be made out of the tracts of land already designated for experimental purposes by seven of these Southern states. What should be the size of the farms? What should be the money crops? What investments will have to be made to insure that each of these farms will become a solvent, going concern? Some points have already been agreed upon. The average farm will comprise about one hundred acres. In addition to the money crops, there should be cows, pigs, and chickens to contribute to the food supply and furnish a considerable part of the farm income, and to help maintain and rebuild the fertility of the soil.

Improvements in agriculture, diversification of products, and the growing of a new class of crops can be brought about only through group settlement. The farming community should be large enough to meet the expenses of coöperative organizations, to produce in carload lots, and to employ someone to look after marketing. The community must be large enough to be independent of the prejudices, the opposition, and the reactionary influence of the agricultural methods and social life on surrounding farms. This means a change in agriculture corresponding to the change in other industries which has taken place since the Civil War. Mass production and scientific management have enabled our factories to meet the competition of the world. The farmer, as a relic of the individualistic age, is hopelessly outclassed.

It has been estimated by men familiar with conditions in the South that coöperative farms such as those I have described ought to produce at the end of four years an annual income of nearly $50 an acre. At present the average income in this region is only $19.50 an acre. To be sure, there would be larger expenses on the model farm, and there would be interest and depreciation on the improvements; but all the estimates show a satisfactory margin of profit and a comfortable living income after, say, the first five years.

But the greatest gain to the South and to the nation would come, not from the larger money return, but from the creation of a new social and intellectual life on the land.

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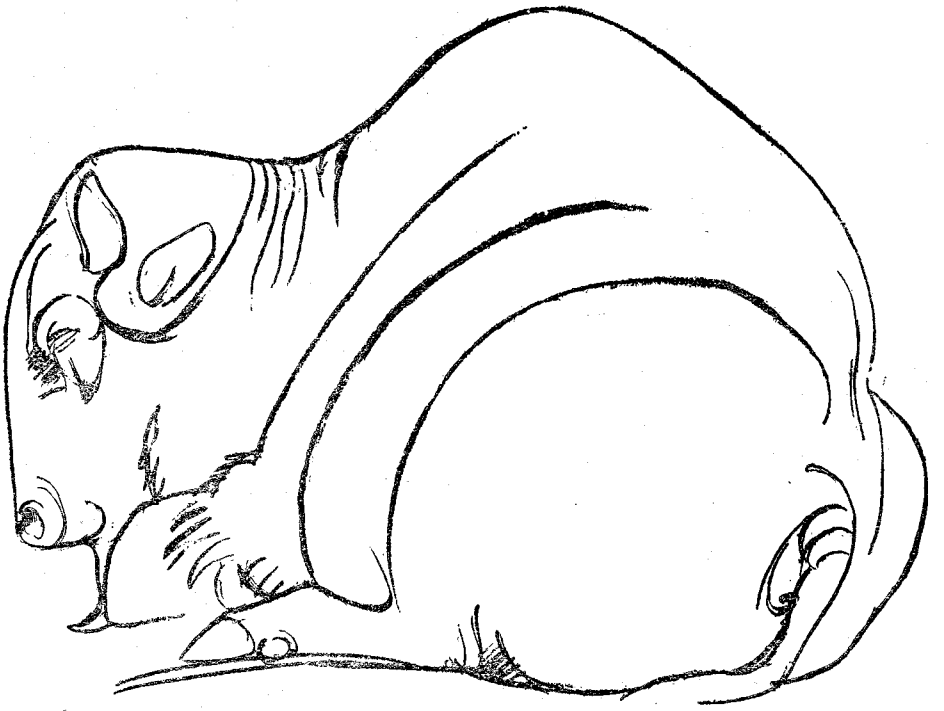

American Bison

A Visit to the Zoo

DRAWINGS FROM LIFE

BY

Silvia Baker

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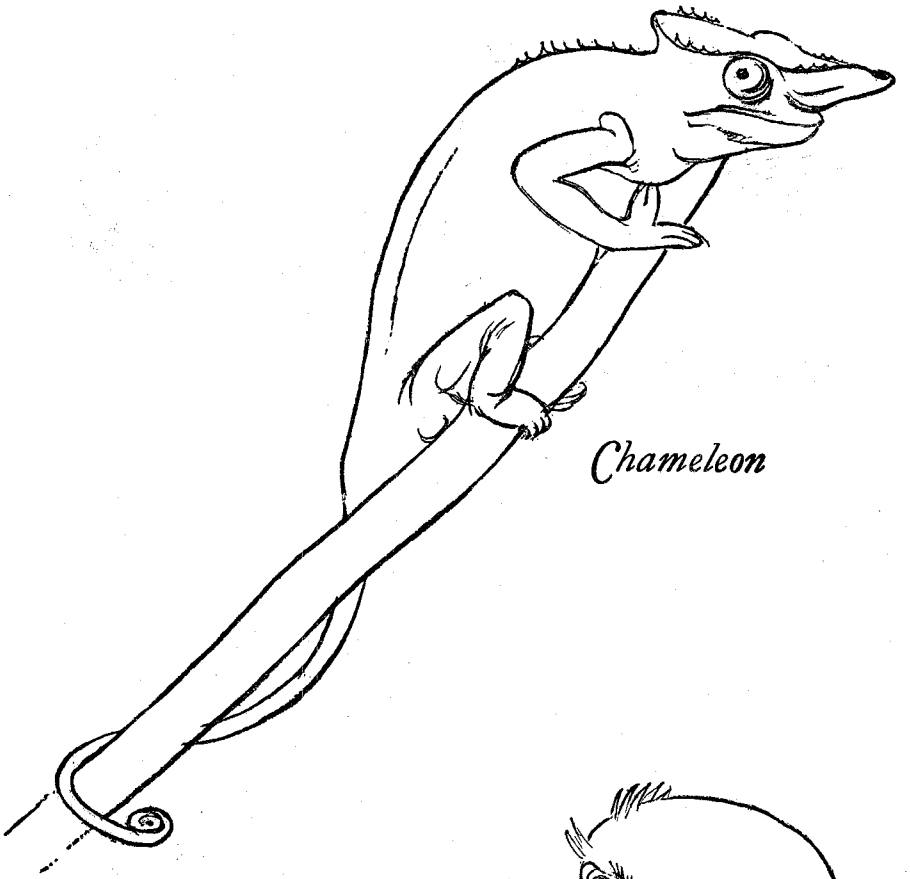
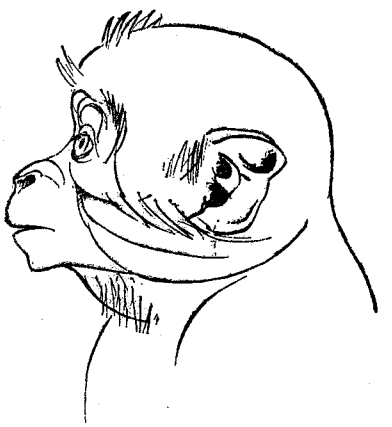


Chameleon



Sooty Mangabey

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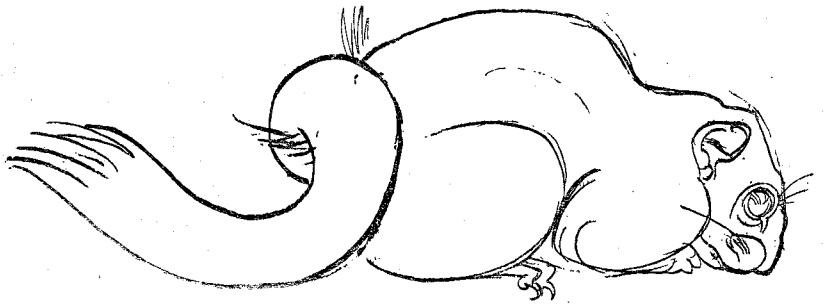
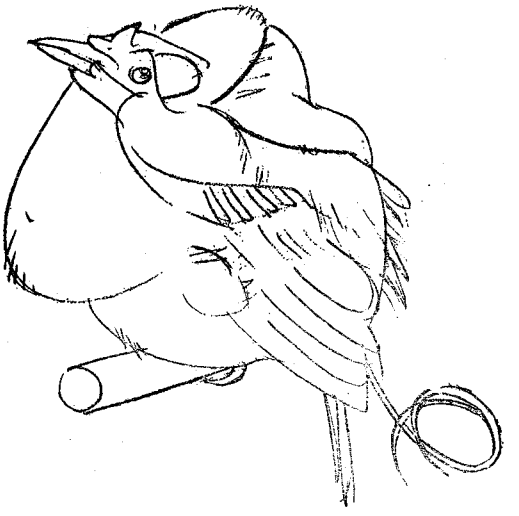


Banded Squirrel



Wilson's Bird of Paradise

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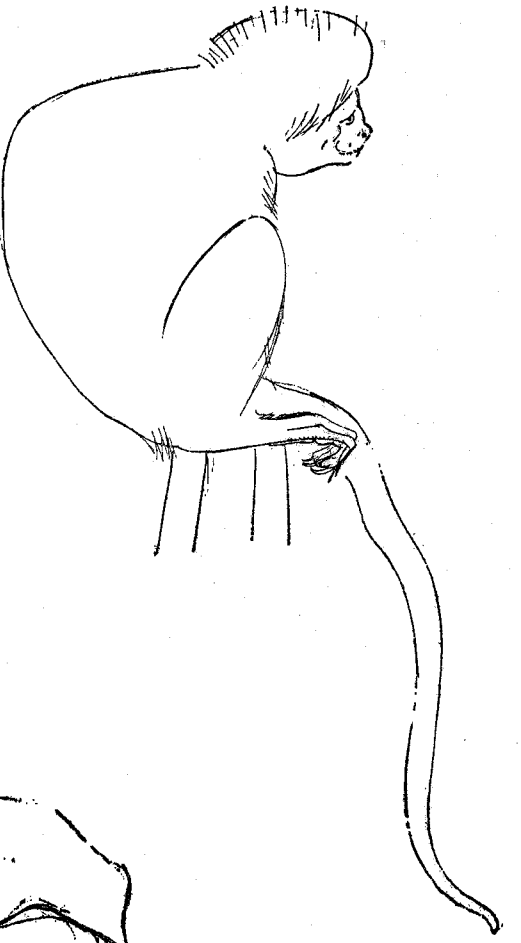

Pinché Marmoset

Galago

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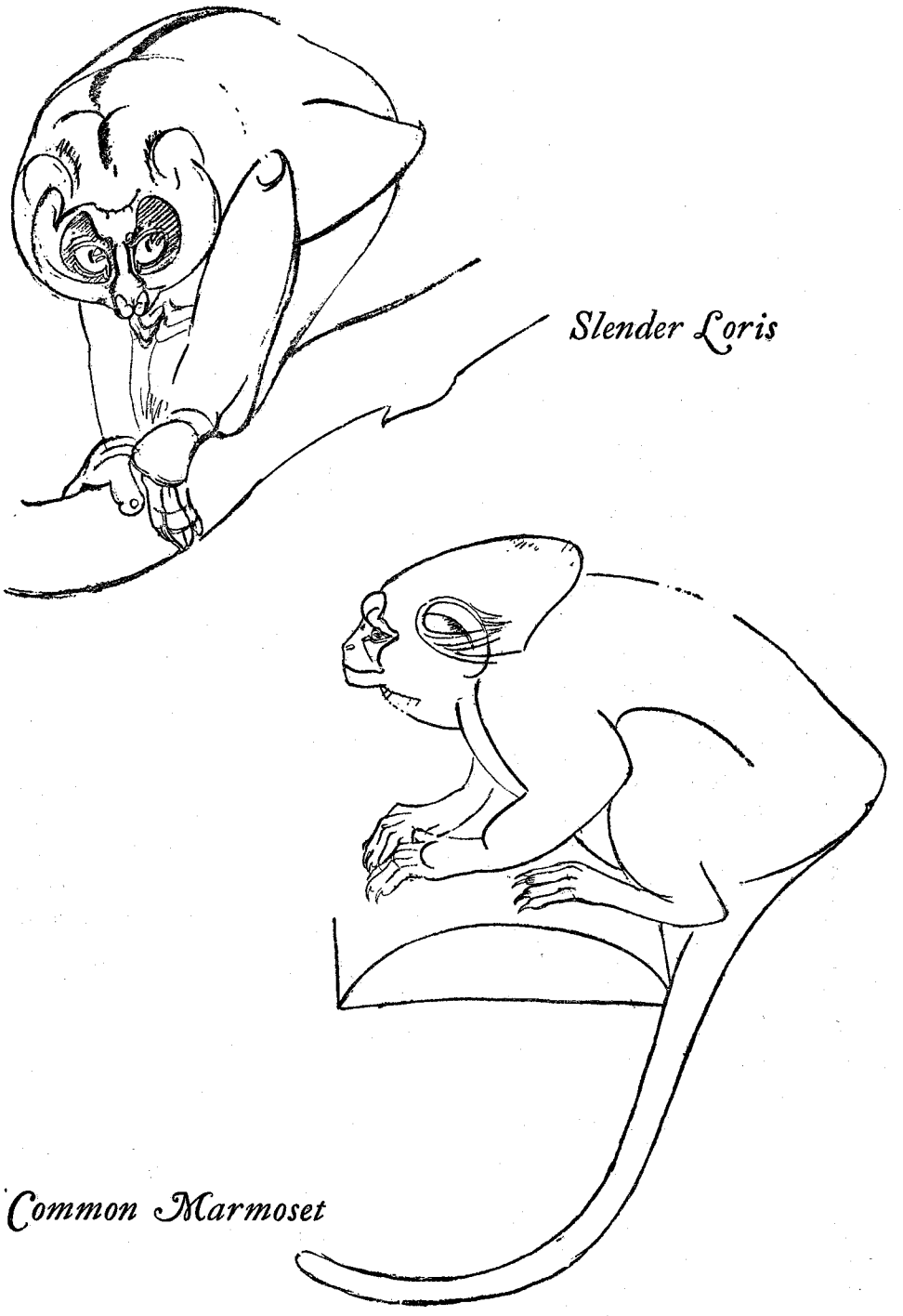

Slender Loris

Common Marmoset

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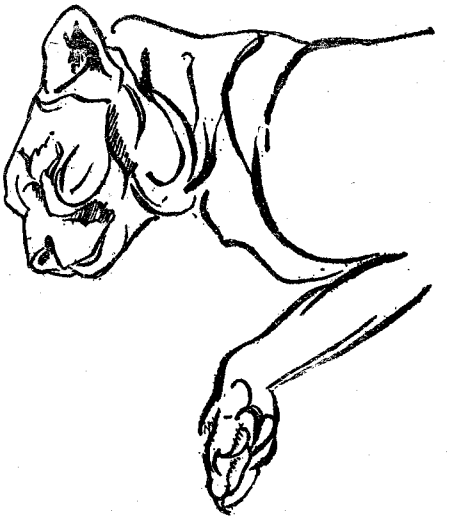
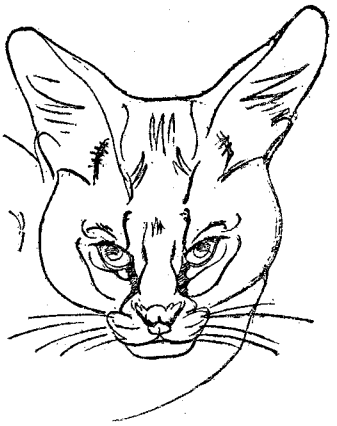


Sleeping Cheetah



Serval Kitten

Hairless Terrier of Indo-China

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REALLY, MY DEAR . . .

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

CHARACTERS: A Poet, A Poem, Four Children, Five Women, known merely as A., B., C., D., E.

TOWARD *the footlights the room is pleasingly furnished as a conventional home, with chairs, rugs, bookcases, a table, and a door L. But about halfway up the stage, a white line is plainly marked across the floor. Beyond this line the stage is bare and everything seems to soften and fade off into vacancy. The back of the stage gives a strange effect of being open into infinite space. A blue backdrop and some delicacy of lighting give the illusion that the whole back wall has been removed, and the room merges imperceptibly into a suffusion of distance in which are undulations and ripples of enchanting blue and green and opal. This shimmering background must give a feeling of pure ether, endless in perspective and alive with transcendent suggestion.*

A little way above the dividing line the Poet sits at a small, plain table, three-quarters averted from the audience. He has sheets of paper in front of him and is staring vacantly at the blue depths of his imagination. At the back, toward the azure emptiness, four children dressed in bright little flimsy draperies are dancing softly and slowly, in circles and to and fro. The pattern of their measure is light, fanciful, thoughtful, and serene.

A. comes in L., straightens furniture, goes up to the white line and, taking care not to touch it, looks vaguely toward the back as though unable to see anything beyond the line. She calls.

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A. John?

At the sound of her voice the children instantly stop dancing, put black cloaks over their gauze kirtles, and come down to their side of the line, where they stand warily at attention, facing her but apparently not seeing her.

A. John, are you there?

POET. (*Without changing his attitude.*) Yes.

A. Is everything all right, dear?

POET. I guess so.

A. May I come in a moment?

He does not reply, but the four children shift their positions, standing two and two to form a passage. She steps gingerly over the line, between the solemn children, who follow her as she goes to him. She speaks tenderly.

John, is she coming this afternoon?

POET. I don't know. How can I tell?

A. Well, I mean, do you feel as if she *might* come?

POET. Yes, I think so.

The children, hearing this, look at each other with faces of pleasure.

A. Oh John, I *do* hope she'll be everything you need —

But as he remains moodily fixed on vacancy she pauses, hesitates a moment, and then returns toward the line. She holds out her hands toward the children as if to cajole them, but they are wary, and when she makes a sudden move to catch one of them the child evades her and skips lightly away. She catches only one of the black cloaks. She looks at it, throws it down sadly, and steps over the line. She sits, takes up a book, and reads.

The children begin marching in file, very softly, round and round the Poet's table, as though on guard. Then they gather by him, one sitting on the table, one leaning over his shoulder, all clustering close while he still keeps the same attitude.

A bell rings. A. goes to the door, L., and greets four ladies who enter, cheerfully voluble. They carry packages.

A. Why, how do you do! What a surprise!

B. I hope we're not interrupting.

C. We simply had to come.

A. I'm glad to see you.

D. My dear, what a cunning home!

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E. We hadn't seen you since the great event.
B. I hope you weren't busy.
A. Not a bit. I was just reading some of John's poetry.
C. I've always been so crazy about his wonderful poetry.
D. I've always wanted to know what it's like to live with a genius.
E. Now you must show us everything.
B. It's wonderful of you to let us come in like this.
C. Where does he work?
A. (*Steering them away from the white line.*) Careful, don't — Here, come and sit down. (*She gets them safely seated, close to the footlights.*)
B. We've brought you some wedding presents.
C. All *useful* things. I think that's so much more sensible.
A. Oh, how nice! — But perhaps it isn't fair for me to take them. You see, we haven't been married.
D. Not been married!
E. My dear!
A. I don't think so. As a matter of fact, I'm really not certain. We've been so happy, I don't remember.
E. You must be mistaken, I read a note in the *Alumnæ Bulletin* about your having been married —
A. Well, perhaps we were. One gets confused about these things. We've been cohabiting anyway.
B. Really, my dear, —
E. It's not the same thing at all. At least, not for the *Alumnæ Bulletin*.
C. (*To D.*) It seems impossible. Everything here looks so nice, so normal.
D. (*To C.*) D'you think we'd better stay?
B. And we took so much trouble picking out the wedding presents!
A. Can't you pretend they're cohabitation presents?
C. People don't give cohabitation presents.
E. Cohabitation is its own reward.
D. I think she'd better have them anyway. It looks better.
B. Certainly.
C. If the *Alumnæ Bulletin* said she was married, no one will ever believe the contrary.
E. Better not give them a chance. Alumnæ are always eager to believe the contrary.

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A. Then perhaps it's worth believing.

B. Don't be perverse, darling. (*Unwrapping parcel.*) Even if you haven't earned them, we've brought you some very choice things.

She exhibits an alarm clock.

A. Oh, lovely! Just what we needed. John and I are *so* drowsy in the mornings, it seems almost impossible to wake up.

D. (*To C.*) She *mustn't* say such things.

C. (*To D.*) Well, it certainly isn't fair to say them to older women.

She turns to A., unwraps and proudly displays a telephone instrument of the Continental type.

There! I do hope you haven't got one already. It's one of the French ones.

A. Adorable! Like they always have on the stage.

C. They're very handy.

A. You can keep on smoking while you talk. Oh, I love it! They make everything sound so Belasco. The commonest appointment sounds like an assignation.

D. (*Giving a toy ice box, which she opens to show a cube of imitation ice, and miniature representations of meats, vegetables, etc.*) Even if you aren't married, my precious, you have to eat.

E. (*Whose gift is a toy baby carriage.*) And even little bastards have to be wheeled about.

A. Darlings! You've thought of everything.

B. One's friends always do.

A. We'll arrange these right away.

She puts the gifts along the dividing line.

This is the bedroom (*Puts alarm clock toward R. side of stage*), this is the living room (*Puts telephone at centre*), the kitchen (*Puts ice box at L.*), and — well, we haven't any nursery, it had better go here for the time being. (*Puts baby carriage beside the alarm clock.*)

C. If you have enough telephones and ice boxes and things around, it's as good as being married. It amounts to the same thing.

The children round the Poet have shown signs of anxiety during the latter part of this conversation. They come down toward the line and look peeringly across it as though in-

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tuitively aware that something is happening which they cannot quite perceive or understand. But they do not yet see the visitors, nor the visitors them.

D. You said you were reading his poetry.

E. What is it, something new?

B. Oh, do read it aloud to us.

C. Poetry is so *intimate*, seems to take you so close to a person's thoughts.

A. It's the new book, hasn't been published yet. There's one thing here I'd love to read you.

D. Oh, do!

B. That would be such a privilege.

A. picks up the book and opens it as if to read aloud from it, the others settle themselves to listen. A.'s lips move as if she is reading to them, but she utters no sound. And after a moment the others rise in a quiet, almost furtive way and begin snooping about. A. lays down the book to watch them. Without wishing to drive the idea in too hard, it is suggested that what follows is the drama that transpires inside their minds while A. is reading aloud to them.

C. (*Rather softly, like a conspirator.*) Now we want to know all about everything.

D. (*Walks along by the white line.*) This is the back wall?

A. That's not a wall, that's the equator. You see, on this side is *my* mind, and over there is John's.

E. How very extraordinary.

B. (*Incredulous.*) That is your husb — that's *his* mind, over there?

A. Yes. Please be careful, don't interrupt him.

C. (*They are peering across the line, as though looking into a mist.*) It looks perfectly blank.

B. Husbands' minds always — I keep forgetting he's *not* a husband.

E. And this is yours? A mind of your own?

A. Of course.

D. Really, my dear, it's most irregular. (*To C.*) For goodness' sake don't let this get into the *Bulletin*.

A. But haven't *you* got one?

D. Certainly not. Not in my own home at any rate. Things got so crowded, I had to fit it up as a nursery.

C. (*Still looking intently across the line.*) I can begin to see —

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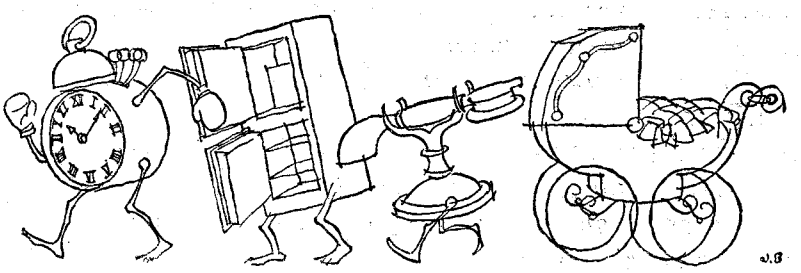

Oh, what lovely creatures! Gracious, have you got children already?

A. Oh, no, those are his Thoughts.

B. What darlings! Oh, I *must* look at them.

She steps across the line. The children run back hastily to the Poet as if to shield him. He looks about vaguely, then concentrates again on his papers while they stand defensively round him.

A. They're rather shy, I'm afraid. — Oh, *please* don't; it's dangerous to go looking into other people's minds.

But in spite of her protest, C. and D. have also crossed the line.

E. (*Looking around the downstage area.*) Haven't *you* any Thoughts?

A. Not real ones. At least John says not. I've got lots of little emotions and instincts and intuitions, but they're awfully well trained. They're invisible.

E. Much safer, I'm sure. (*She also crosses the line. A., with a gesture of defeat, follows her.*)

A. John, darling, I'm so sorry, — they would come in.

The children put on their black cloaks again and come forward demurely, curtsying politely in unison.

CHILDREN (*One after another, to B., C., D., and E., with mechanical politeness.*)

How do you do?
How do you do?
How do you do?
How do you do?

B. Aren't they sweet!

C. Such nice manners!

D. My dear, how well you've trained them!

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E. (*Reaching toward one of the children.*) Sweetheart, won't you come and make friends?

1st CHILD (*Drawing away with dignity.*) I'm not interested.

B. Cunning!

2nd CHILD. What did you come for? We were quite happy.

C. We brought you some toys, darling.

3rd CHILD. We don't want any toys. We have our own.

D. The precious! So independent! — But don't you get lonely?

4th CHILD. We dance.

The children perform a brief little sort of folk dance, making daintily mocking gestures toward the visitors.

E. (*To A., who looks very unhappy.*) What a privilege to come right inside like this. It *is* interesting.

B. It's queer, isn't it. Funny, it doesn't seem furnished.

C. I should think you'd put down some rugs and have some chairs or pictures or bric-a-brac.

A. Oh don't you see, it's *his* mind.

D. But my gracious, you *live* in it, don't you?

A. Not all the time.

E. Goodness, you certainly ought to improve it, fix it up a little.

The visitors walk about inquisitively, the children keeping warily out of reach and between them and the Poet. Each visitor is attended by one child. A. stands and watches them, while the Poet stirs and looks round uneasily from his table.

B. It's so different from what I imagined.

E. (*In a voice of horror.*) Really, my dear, the place is positively dirty. It needs a thorough housecleaning.

C. Oh, I think it's pitiful. Don't you see, they're so poor they can't *afford* to furnish it properly.

D. We must do something to help.

E. Make it look homelike and — oh!

B. What?

E. It's all open at the back!

They look off horrified toward the blue vacancy at the rear.

C. How dreadful.

D. Heavens, that's awfully dangerous.

C. (*To A.*) Darling, your little home is just dear, but do you think it's *wise* to have everything *open* like that?

E. Isn't it terribly draughty?

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B. Now you mustn't mind our making suggestions. You see, we've had more experience.

D. (*Who has been looking off at the rear.*) And so high up, not even a railing, why, it's a perfect abyss.

C. You might fall out any moment.

E. Think of a man keeping his mind open like that. It's outrageous.

B. And look — those — those figures out there —

She points toward the back where a glimpse is had of white forms moving in the blue mist.

C. Gracious. Is *that* the sort of thing he thinks about?

D. But the things poets write — are they real, or just fantasy? I mean — the kind of things — oh, you know — they don't really happen, do they?

E. Oh, how beastly you are. You don't understand.

During these remarks the children have shrunk from the visitors in dismay. They have gone over toward the R. at the rear, where they stand close together as though concealing something. A. is beside the Poet, who now rises to his feet and stands with an air of expectancy. He is only half aware of her, but puts his hand gently on her shoulder.

B. (*Looking toward A.*) Poor dear, I'm so sorry for her.

C. Never mind, we're going to help.

D. We'll make ourselves a kind of committee.

E. I adore committees.

B. What are those — those Thoughts doing over there?

C. They look very guilty.

D. I think they're trying to hide something.

They go over to the group of children.

E. They are! Now, Thoughts, what mischief are you up to?

The children hastily drop their black cloaks over something behind them, and run back to the Poet.

A. Oh, don't! Don't interfere!

B. Nonsense, darling, we're here to be helpful.

She picks up the black cloaks, and they all utter a cry of amazement.

C. Oh!

D. Good heavens!

E. Mercy!

They bend over and raise the limp form of a young girl who has been lying there, concealed by a coverlet of some

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sort, in the blue shadows. She is apparently lifeless and is clad only in a chemise.

B. Gracious. Is she asleep or drunk or what?
A. Don't, don't. You'll hurt her.
C. But what's the matter with her?
D. She's ill, she needs treatment.
E. She's got scarcely any clothes on, the huzzy.
B. Lying around in underclothes, right inside a man's mind. Disgraceful!
C. Really, my dear. You allow this sort of thing?
A. Don't be silly. She hasn't been finished yet.
D. Hasn't been finished?
A. She's only half written. A rough draft.
B. She looks it. Wearing only one stanza.
A. (*Comes over to them.*) Poor dear! Isn't she lovely? He was crazy about her, but I think he's discarded her. He said her cæsura was all wrong.
E. Really, my dear —
A. (*Letting the lifeless form sink gently back on the floor and looking at it tenderly.*) I thought her lines were lovely but he said her assonance was too thin. (*Covers the figure.*) He may come back to her some day.
B. (*To the others.*) This is worse than I thought possible.
C. She seems absolutely blind to the shame of it!
D. It's outrageous — inviting us in here and then showing us a thing like that!
E. If a man behaves that way in his own mind, what would he do in other people's?
B. There's only one thing to do —
C. (*To A.*) Forgive me for speaking frankly. You'll simply have to occupy his mind with other things.
D. So he won't have time to go philandering with — well, what you call rough drafts.
A. (*Troubled.*) You really think so?
E. If an unwritten poem looks like that, think of an unwritten novel!
B. Yes, my dear, consider your responsibility.
C. Better he shouldn't think at all than think things of that sort.
A. (*Influenced by their certainty.*) Oh it's hard to know. We were so happy.

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D. Remember, dear, never permit anything you'd be sorry to see mentioned in the *Alumnæ Bulletin*.

E. These will help.

The visitors hastily pick up the gifts they have brought and carry them over toward the Poet's table.

Surround him with these.

She puts down the baby carriage near the table.

B. (*Placing the alarm clock on the table.*) Don't forget to set the alarm. (*It goes off with a jangle.*)

C. (*Bringing the telephone.*) This is useful too. You've no idea what a help it can be. It prevents too much thinking.

D. (*Putting the ice box by the table.*) Lots of dangerous sonnets have been averted by a visit to the ice box.

E. Now there must be some way of fixing that emptiness at the back. Have you got any screens we could put —

But at this moment there is a faint waft of music heard from behind, and the children run forward in an ecstasy of delight and begin dancing gaily. The Poet, with a gesture of triumph, stands alert, his face toward the back of the stage.

A. (*Joyfully.*) She's coming! She's coming!

The children, frisking in a wild abandon of glee and expectancy, push A. and the visitors down toward the line, and carry the alarm clock, telephone, baby carriage, and ice box over to one side of the stage.

B. What's happening?

A. She's coming. The new poem he's been working on.

The children run toward the back with arms outstretched in greeting. In the blue mistiness appears the graceful figure of a young woman dressed in a light, shimmery evening gown. The children run to her. She takes their hands and dances with them, a little symbolic dance, in which she seems now to run away while they pursue, and now to turn and draw them gladly to her. Finally she stoops and gathers them all into her arms.

1st CHILD. You *are* beautiful.

2nd CHILD. We hoped you'd come.

3rd CHILD. We've been very patient.

4th CHILD. He'll be so proud of you.

THE POEM. You mean, I'll be so proud of him. He invented me.

1st CHILD. Hurry, darling. He's waited so long.

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Laughing and looking adoringly at her, they take her hands and lead her to the Poet, who has been watching with grave happiness. She stands before him: a little wistful, a little shy, yet wholly radiant. He looks at her critically and tenderly, measuring her with his eye; touches her dress in two or three places as if assuring himself of its fit and fabric; pats her shoulder; twitches her skirt to adjust its hang. Then he opens his arms and she comes home to his embrace. The children dance merrily round them as they stand locked together. The Poet sits down and takes her on his lap and they whisper passionately together.

The visitors, standing close to the line, shake their heads with a scandalized air and look covertly at A., who is watching tenderly.

A. She's lovely, lovely! Oh, I'm so glad.

E. At any rate she's properly dressed.

A. He may want to change one or two of her adjectives.

B. Well, I hope he'll wait till we've gone.

A. Silly, he hasn't the faintest idea you're here.

One of the children runs to the side of the stage and fetches a rich, glowing cloak of flame color, which the Poet throws over the Poem. She poses in it before him; he puts his arm protectively about her and leads her off toward the back where they stand together in a haze of colors.

C. I suppose that means she's ready for publication.

D. I never saw anything so brazen.

E. Really, my dear. You actually allow this sort of behavior?

A. Allow it? I glory in it. What else am I here for, but to help him with his dreams?

She steps across the line, and the others follow her. As they come downstage, below the line, a curtain descends quietly behind them, exactly along the white line, cutting off the Poet's mind from the view of the audience. This curtain is painted with an amusingly formal and unreal representation of an interior, showing bookcases, furniture, windows, etc. There is an opening cut in it to serve as a doorway.

If this device proves too laborious for the amateur producer, it will be sufficient merely to turn off all the lights at the back of the stage at the moment when the

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ladies cross the line and come back to A.'s portion of the stage.

They seat themselves exactly as they were before, when A. began to read to them. A. again takes the book, looks at it an instant as though just finishing her reading aloud, and lays it down.

B. That was wonderful, darling.
C. Marvelous. I've always been crazy about poetry.
D. A real inspiration.
E. I'm only sorry not to have seen the Poet himself.
B. But we've had this little look into his mind.
C. Isn't it extraordinary how they can invent all those things.
D. You really ought to give public readings. You made that seem so *real.*
E. It's been sweet to see you and find you so happy.
B. And now you're settled you *will* send your address to the *Bulletin?*
C. So some of the others can come to see you —
D. Well, dear, we must run along.
E. I'm one of those very rare women who really *do* go when they say they're going.

The Poet appears at the opening in the curtain. Behind him the children are seen mischievously peeping out, but they do not come through.

POET. May I come in?
A. Oh John, I'm so glad. They were just going.
POET. (*To each of the visitors in turn, politely.*) How do you do?
B. I hope we haven't interrupted your work.
C. I've always been so crazy about your books.
D. A real inspiration.
E. We've just been reading something of yours. It made me feel as though I really knew some of your innermost thoughts.

The children giggle shamelessly in the opening.

1st CHILD. Tell them to beat it.
2nd CHILD. We want to go on with the game.
B. Are you engaged on anything very special?
POET. Oh, no — there's a poem on the way, but —
C. Do you like it?
POET. I do, rather, but it's not finished yet. There are always such a lot of unfinished things lying about.

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D. (*Primly.*) Dear me.

E. We really must go.

They utter a little babble of good-bys, to which A. and the Poet reply only perfunctorily. The children in the doorway wave good-by derisively. The visitors, having bustled toward the exit, L., pause a moment, realizing that their hosts are no longer paying any attention to them.

POET. (*To A.*) She *did* come. She's wonderful. Come and see her. *And as they are about to go through the opening in the curtain, he adds:*

Of course, every woman is an unfinished poem.

They go off into his mind. The little group of visitors look at each other. They hurry off, L., saying:

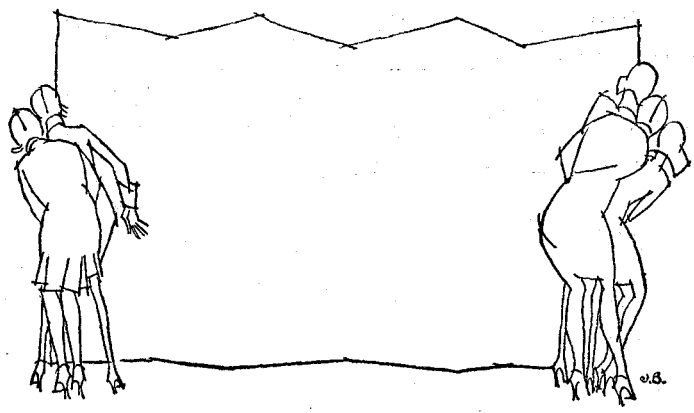
B. Well of all the queer —

C. Perfectly outrageous —

D. The *Alumnæ Bulletin* —

E. Really, my dear —

CURTAIN



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THE JEWS IN AMERICA

ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER

IN modern America, anti-Semitism among the Jews themselves is no mere paradox but a very real thing, due to the varying backgrounds of different types. What these differences are, how and why they exist, Mrs. Levinger tells in a tolerant and sympathetic article, carrying on a discussion begun in a series which appeared in the FORUM *from March to June, 1926. Though friction may exist among Jews, she reminds us that stronger than any friction is the ancient bond of a proud tradition.*

THE gentleman from New Harmony, Indiana, has come up to New York. A Jewish newsboy sells him a paper published by a Jew. On the first page he discovers through the headlines that Dr. Wise has officially recognized the Jewish prophet, Jesus; that Samuel Untermeyer is defending certain Jewish striking garment-makers against their Jewish employers, or vice versa; that a mass meeting has just been held in Carnegie Hall to welcome the Jewish Longfellow, Mr. Bialic; while the picture and the foreign-sounding name of a gunman, condemned to deliver up the Mosaic eye and tooth at Sing Sing's death house, strike him as being suspiciously Jewish. Arrived at Times Square, he submits a play his daughter has written to a Jewish play broker; he buys a clean collar for himself at a Jewish department store, a set of smutty postals for his brother-in-law at a hole-in-the-wall presided over by the cousin of one of our leading song writers. Failing to obtain a seat for one of the musical comedies, written, directed and produced by Jews, he wanders into the Theatre Guild to scowl over the programme as he searches for a non-Jewish name. The play, of course, is written by a German Jew.

The gentleman from New Harmony, Indiana, is bewildered. He has always heard that New York is overrun with Jews, who will eventually elect their own president and open all the movie shows on Sunday; now, thoroughly convinced, he hurries home to join the Ku Klux Klan.

The gentleman from Indiana need not be alarmed. New York does hold over a million and a half Jews, a considerably larger Hebrew population than King David ruled when he sang psalms and lusted for Uriah's wife in high Jerusalem. Sometimes these American citizens of Jewish persuasion seem to total three times that number to the unscientific gentile eye, and it must be confessed that while your Methodist or Catholic may escape un-

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noticed in a crowd the Jew seldom does. But the Jewish invasion of New York is only partly duplicated in other sections of these United States. Ten cities hold seventy-five per cent of the Jewish population of America; seven states, all with large industrial centres, account for eighty-one per cent of all the Jews who call this country their home.

Now why do three million, six hundred thousand Jewish neighbors bulk up so prominently, numbering as they do about a fourth of all the Jews of the world, for the scattered sons of Israel total only fifteen million, less than one per cent of the human family? Why does the gentleman from Indiana declare that they are always underfoot?

Perhaps because the Jew is conspicuous not only in appearance but occupation. He is prominent in the theatre where the shrinking violet soon fades under the glare of the footlight. He dominates the needle trades with their spectacular strikes and lockouts. While to many Nordics of an older immigration it seems that as soon as the Jew sticks his nose into the door of a college the sons of the Mayflower breed jump out of the windows. This may be because the Jew is the only immigrant parent who sends his children to college, although the Italian and the Irish occasionally give theirs the benefit of a higher education in one of their Catholic seminaries. Others may send their sons into trades, their daughters into department stores, but the Jew, who had carried his Book hugged to his ragged breast through the long years of his exile, is glad to starve behind his pushcart, while his offspring carry off scholarships.

Whence and Why?

How did all these Jews get here and why did they come? They are not newcomers, for, if tradition may be credited, the first of his tribe was Luis de Torres whom Columbus brought over in his flagship as interpreter to the natives of golden India. Luis was a New Christian, one of that unhappy Jewish company forcibly converted to Catholicism by the Ku Klux Klan of that period, the Spanish Inquisition, so perhaps he does not count. By the year 1800 there were already three thousand Jews on our shores. The next forty years brought the number up to forty thousand. Forty years more and we find two hundred and fifty thousand of this tribe which Governor Stuyvesant had so prettily likened to "a plague of locusts," while in this year of 1928, fairly accurate

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estimates show a Jewish population numbering over three and a half million.

Why did they come? The same motives impelled these immigrants as those which stirred the hearts of stout Cortez and the Pilgrim Fathers. Many Jews sought economic gain in what they called the "golden land," a sordid motive which, however, also influenced Columbus and Drake and other gentleman adventurers. Others were seeking, to use the phrase of Mrs. Hemans, of our school reader days, "freedom to worship God." To feel forever free of religious persecution, to be allowed to send their children to a public school, to sit in an East Side coffeehouse and discuss Socialism without fear of Siberia, such Utopian hopes led many of the hunted tribe of Israel to follow the Light of the "Mother of Exiles" shining to them across the sea.

But — and this cannot be emphasized too strongly to the non-Jew and often to the American-born Jew as well! — these Jews did not come from the same place or the same conditions. Nor could they all have the same attitude toward American life. There was and still is a vast difference between the German scholar or small business man, the hunted refugee from Eastern Europe, the elegant Spanish-Jewish families who were among the social leaders of Revolutionary days. A difference which all the fires of the melting pot have not yet been able to burn away.

First to arrive, the Spanish or Sephardic Jews are a small and ever diminishing group of our "first" families. For a while they looked down upon the upstart Ashkenazim or German Jews with contempt. They would not worship together, and intermarriage between the two groups was frowned upon. (The curious reader may find the situation handled in a delightfully farcical manner by the late Israel Zangwill in his *King of Schnorrers*.) Now, except for several synagogues in the East, this group which traces its descent to certain proud houses of Spain and Portugal, is entirely merged with the two groups of the later immigrations.

From 1840–1880 came the German group, still accounted the most influential by virtue of wealth, organization, and leadership; although the wealth and influence of the German wing, like that of the entire Jewish population, has been greatly exaggerated. Many of these first German immigrants were poor peddlers, though few as wretched as the East European Jews who were to follow. A solid, not overimaginative group, with all of the virtues and a few of the faults of the Fatherland.

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Never having known religious persecution, they were without religious fanaticism. Family loyalty, as strong in the German as in the Jew, rather than religious prejudice has kept them from intermarriage with the gentile Americans whose culture and civilization was so akin to their own background. Never having known real absolutism, they shuddered at the soap-box radicalism of the Russian Jew. Thoroughly at ease in their Zion of the west, they soon erased from their prayer books petitions for the restoration of the Zion and the Temple of their ancestors. Their Russian cousins might get up at midnight to weep over the destruction of Jerusalem; the German, self-conscious and with little imagination, slept through the night and on the Sabbath hired a rabbi to pray for him, all Israel, and the president and officers of the United States. He seldom knew he was a Jew on week days unless he tried to buy a house in an exclusive suburb, doubly attractive to his eyes, because he would be the only Semite in the neighborhood. He never hated the gentiles for their snubbing; he seldom disliked even Russian Jews.

Jewish Anti-Semitism

A comfortable person all around both in politics and religion. Even though he soon became a radical in the latter, accepting Reform — or as some of its adherents prefer calling it, Liberal Judaism. Although born in Germany, Liberal Judaism was so American, and these newcomers were so anxious to be thoroughly American. A kind of Unitarianism, as it has been called, it imposed few restrictions on these rapidly Americanized citizens. They need not keep their own Sabbath, they could forsake the dietary laws and dine — should they be fortunate enough to be invited — with their gentile neighbors. Without the intensive Hebrew training of the East European Jew it was so much easier to pray first in German, then in English, then as seldom as possible. Hence the paradox of the conservative in economics and politics, turning radical in religion.

But there is a greater paradox of Jewish anti-Semitism. Once when I was on a visit to a certain Jewish settlement, a shrewd little inhabitant of that section, which newspaper men call often and erroneously the Ghetto, expressed her racial philosophy in a nutshell. "Are you a German Jew or a real Jew?" she asked.

No wonder the Russian Jew, coming from the mediævalism of Eastern Europe, views the German Jew with feelings dangerously

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close to hatred and is regarded in turn with a half-amused contempt. To this group, by far the largest in numbers, although not in wealth or social standing — since the Russians began their mass migration as recently as 1880 — the thoroughly Americanized Jew from Germany is a mere man-of-the-earth, an ignoramus, a heathen. To the Russian Jew, his faith — grown dearer through persecution — was never a garment to drop at the threshold of Ellis Island.

Take only the matter of sacramental wine, which existed long before it became the theme for the prohibition humorist: no orthodox Jew will drink wine prepared by a non-Jew. But why? Because in the old days the heathen used to profane their good liquor by spilling it before idols in their abominable rites. Then what pious Jews dare the contamination of tasting from a keg which may have been so polluted, even if the wine had been prepared, as in the pre-Volstead days, in California, by a respectable church member, who had never even heard of the orgies of the fertile gods of the Hittites and the Ammonites? Such a pietist is consistent when he refuses to join the Zionist party. The Messiah, he believes, will bring him back to Palestine: then why worry about such lesser lights as Lord Balfour with his proclamation?

Among this orthodox group we find the tragic contradiction of the father praying three times a day in one of the dingy little synagogues which spring up around the east side like mushrooms, the house-mother separating her milk and meat dishes with old-world piety, while the sons and daughters, forced by economic pressure to desecrate their Sabbath with toil, soon learn to mock the practices they no longer understand. Some of these young people "go radical"; they become Socialists, or if caught early enough, Zionists. It is doubtful whether they would deny their Judaism even if they could. But the prayers in a language they cannot understand fall on deaf ears; if they attend the synagogue it is usually to repeat the Kaddish prayer in respect to the dead parents whose creed they could not follow. Others, especially when the parents have relaxed somewhat in their old world piety and have turned "conservative" (the conservative congregation being the half-way house between the rocky road of strict orthodoxy and the primrose path of reform) accept this compromise with American conditions, shaving, working on the Sabbath, but insisting that their wives serve the kosher meals of their mothers, their children attend the Talmud Torah (daily Hebrew School)

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which their fathers once found sufficient for all educational needs, religious and secular. Still others drift toward the Reform Temple as soon as their economic condition secures a place for them in the coveted heaven of German Jewish society. In fact, so closely are the spiritual and social graces linked that in many cities no Russian Jew is admitted into the sacred precincts of the (Jewish) country club until he has first joined the Reform Temple. "A man with an accent can't play golf," said a third-generation American Jew recently when blackballing a recently arrived Russian.

We have spoken of the "radical," who to some outsiders seems to predominate among New York Jews, chiefly because radicals usually insist upon being noisy. He is generally an idealist, not enough at ease in the commercial Zion of America to forget the oppressions both religious and political which well-nigh broke his spirit in his European home. For the mad Russian, it cannot be repeated too often, is just as much the result of his early environment as the smug German is of his.

Last of all come the drifters. Many of them begin by changing their names and calling their youngsters Jack (after Grandfather Jacob) or Shirley (after Grandma Sarah) unless they meet gentiles who prefer the now fashionable Bible names. They issue cookbooks for charity in which recipes for cooking "ham à la Southern" are not lacking; sometimes they even resort to facial surgery, but not often, for as some ribald Hebrew wit recently put it: "You may not believe in Moses, but you cannot change your noses."

But every one of these brethren, from the gentleman who recently donated that ancient symbol of his people, the menorah (seven branched candlestick) to the Cathedral of St. John, to the lady who actually gives up her Wednesday night bridge club because she can't miss her testimonials to Mother Eddy, are bound by a chain they cannot or will not break. Sometimes they forget — when the world permits them — but let them be attacked as a race, and even the most disloyal or careless Jewish heart is stirred.

Besides this blind loyalty, there is one great unity which binds Israel to-day. It is not loyalty to his church, for the Jew has never had a church in the sense of the Catholic, the Methodist, the Baptist. Spinoza was a Jew, although denounced as a heretic by the Fundamentalists of his day. Only yesterday the bones of Max Nordau, who kept no Jewish rites, who married a woman of an-

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other faith, were reverently interred in the sacred soil of Palestine. Or did Heine, despite his baptism, ever cease to be a Jew? Was it membership in an alien, hunted race that kept so many of them one with their unsympathetic people?

The Bond of Prejudice

In a greater part prejudice from outside, to a lesser degree the bond of charity keep this people a unity. This is especially true in America, where no German, however he sneered at the Russian Jew, ever failed to provide settlements, hospitals, orphan asylums for these later immigrants to America. The Senator who announced at a Jewish banquet that he had never seen a Jewish beggar may have told the truth even in an after-dinner speech. The Jew has his beggars despite that lying proverb of "rich as a Jew," but he prefers to coddle them outrageously rather than have them appeal to non-Jews.

Just what "race" is I leave the puzzled anthropologist to define; but the Jew has not the racial tie which binds Frenchman to Frenchman, German to German, since in the superficialities of race the Jew may vary from the Slavonic blond to the thick-lipped, black-skinned Felashah of Abyssinia. The Jewish people were once a nation; they may be again if the hopes newly planted in Palestine ever blossom and bear fruit.

Yet though bound more closely by racial memories than by doctrine, the Jew must be counted as one of the living religious bodies in America, small in number, but rather formidable in influence. He has his dogma which separates him from the Catholic and Protestant faiths, even as his racial inheritance sets him apart no matter how thoroughly Unitarian his soul. To the average gentile, the Jew is a man who will not eat pork, and who if he keeps the Sabbath, prefers Saturday to Sunday. But to paraphrase Kipling, "What do they know of Israel, who only Israel know?" Since Judaism in America to-day is a circle, broken into circles, which divide again into still tinier circles, each surrounded with a circumference of prejudice or misunderstanding.

On the question of the destiny of Israel, the Jews are divided, but not enough for heresy trials and excommunications. One group insist that the Jew was scattered over the face of the earth not as a punishment but for a purpose, to bear the prophetic message of his people to the nations still in error.

The Zionists declare that Israel is still a nation; that Israel

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should struggle for home rule, make Palestine the homeland once more. If the Jew has a mission, say these nationalists, let him cultivate and cherish it where Israel first rose to glory. But Zionism aims for more than racial self-expression. The political Zionist dreams of a modern Jewish state; the cultural Zionist declares that Jewish art and literature will attain new heights on the home soil; and the influence of this comparatively new movement on American Jewish life cannot be exaggerated.

In these post-Dayton days one cannot ignore the frequent question of the gentile: Have you Jews modernists and fundamentalists? To the Jew the conflict between religion and science is rather amusing. Your truly fundamentalist Jew has no science but, unlike the cracker of Tennessee, is willing to mind his own business. The Jew who has become a modernist is just as untroubled. And the Jew has an amazing freedom in his pulpit unless he meddles too frequently with economic problems.

So much for the Jew in his "church"; but what of the Jew outside the synagogue, yet not entirely cut off from Israel? We have him in comparatively small numbers, but he is conspicuous and a thorn in the flesh of his conforming kin, chiefly because he is so largely herded together in New York. Like the orthodox Jew he is the result of foreign oppression as surely as the Liberal Jew is the result of American toleration. But the young Jew who has grown up in the midst of American freedom, who has not been repelled by a mediæval creed within his own home, is still faithful.

The Jew is taking his place in American life, aping his fellow citizens in all things from country clubs to Sabbath breaking. Will he lose his identity and follow them in all things? Fortunately for the antiassimilationists, there is still enough prejudice even in America to keep the Jew where he belongs. But such prejudice is not powerful enough to be helpful. It lacks the fiery potency of the torture chamber, which made many a lax Hebrew a better Jew at heart out of sheer human "cussedness."

Will the Jew in America, then, gradually drop his objectionable characteristics and become merged with the Christian Science or the Unitarian Church? Or will he insist upon remaining "an American of the Mosaic persuasion"? Or will he continue to turn his eyes to Palestine as he prays, keeping his own group life, in externals at one with his gentile neighbors, yet still set apart as a Jew? Who knows? For the Jews have always been what their God called them — a "peculiar people."

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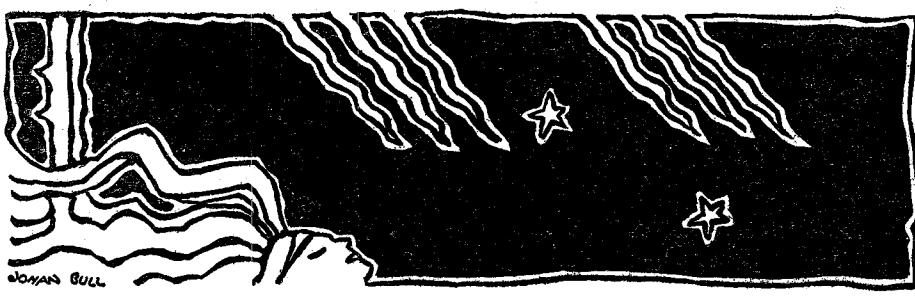

SLEEP

Part I

D. F. Fraser-Harris, M.D.

SLEEP is one of the world's daily miracles. When one comes to think of it, it is really very remarkable that once in every twenty-four hours we should lie down in a horizontal position and deliberately become unconscious for the next eight. We "leave the world to darkness and"—the policeman. We cast our responsibilities, ambitions, and worries entirely aside and plunge into a condition of sensory oblivion. We forsake the familiar world of our half century or so of experience and memories to enter a fantastic world of our own, a realm shared by absolutely no other human intelligence.

This world of dreams has few or no links with that we have just quitted and the few, when present, are erratic and unpredictable to an amazing degree. Our darkness, if illuminated, is lit by a light quite other than the "light of common day."

> Sleep hath its own world,
> A boundary between the things misnamed
> Death and existence.
> — Byron: "The Dream"

It might be interesting to discuss exactly what the conditions are leading to healthful sleep; to relate normal to abnormal sleep; to investigate the origin and content of dreams; and finally, to forecast the place which will be assigned to sleep in the enlightened community of the future. The hygiene of sleep is almost as important as that of air or food but it has not hitherto been made a subject of extensive study.

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Our daily lives are interpenetrated with references to sleep. We cannot wish our guest greater nocturnal happiness than "sound sleep and pleasant dreams." We ask him in the morning whether he has slept well. The infant asleep is the incarnation of innocence, the "sleeping beauty" has a unique charm, and the lover implores the river not to disturb the dream of his beloved. "Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream," sang Burns, greatest of lovers.

In the Roman Pantheon, Morpheus was the god of dreams. The word, derived from the Greek *morphe*, a form, alludes to forms, shapes, or images seen by the sleeper in his dreams. Thus when the sleep-producing powers of poppy juice were found to reside in a substance extractable from that plant, what more natural name for it than "morphia"?

The savage in the remotest ages considered, as does the savage of our own day, that the state of sleep is full of significance. The primitive man thinks that his soul or spirit actually leaves his body and travels in the land of dreams. On awaking the two are again reunited. The unphysiological-minded savage sees a great similarity between sleep and death, the main difference between the two being for him that in death the separation of the spirit from the body is final.

The sleep-producing power of drugs is a matter of very ancient knowledge. We date anæsthesia from the discovery of the hypnotic power of nitrous oxide, ether, and chloroform before the middle of the nineteenth century; but there is not the least doubt that drugs of vegetable origin have been used from the very earliest times for the purpose of allaying pain — which cannot be done without the more or less perfect induction of sleep.

Homer in the Odyssey tells us how Helen of Troy cast the Egyptian nepenthe into the wine for Ulysses. Nepenthe is from two Greek words *ne* and *penthos* signifying grieflessness.

The sleep-producing powers of the mandrake (*Atropa mandragora*) are mentioned by Theophrastus and by Dioscorides. The latter was the first medical man to recommend the wine of mandragora for surgical anæsthesia.

In Genesis (XXX: 14–16) we have an explicit reference to the mandrake, which Rachael asked of Leah, it has been suggested, for aphrodisiac purposes; but the passage is far from clear. Celsus, Pliny, Apuleius, Paul of Ægina, and Avicenna all mention the mandrake. Allusions to the human shape of its roots, its shrieks

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when uprooted, the necessity of hitching a dog to it in order to uproot it are found both in early English and in German folklore.

A Chinese physician, Hua, is said to have used hashish in surgery in 200 B.C. The neurotic power of Indian hemp (*Cannabis indica*) and of henbane (*Hyoscyamus*) seems to have been known from remote antiquity. Henbane was used both by the Hindus and Arabs, as Sir Richard Burton tells us, for centuries before chemical anæsthesia was known in the West. Indian hemp as "bhang" figures in the Arabian Nights. A knowledge of the soporific powers of hemlock (*Conium*), of the poppy and dewtry (*Datura stramonium*) dates back to the earliest records we have of Oriental peoples.

As we might expect, we find in Shakespeare several references to the sleep-producing plants. A notable allusion to opiates occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act IV, Scene 1, where Friar Laurence is speaking:

> Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
> And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
> When presently through all thy veins shall run
> A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
> Shall keep his native progress but surcease:
> No warmth, no breath shall testify thou liv'st;
> The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
> To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall
> Like death when he shuts up the day of life,
> Each part deprived of supple government
> Shall stiff and stark and cold appear like death;
> Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
> And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

It is quite unnecessary to say that modern medicine knows of no such drug as Friar Laurence's which could bring about so many different physiological results at the same time.

What is Sleep?

The English word "sleep" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *slæpan*, and is akin to the German *Schlaf* and to the Gothic *sleps*. Our word "sleep" always refers to the natural unconsciousness of a healthy person, a condition in which the eyelids are invariably closed and in which other physiological features are discernible. Some of these will be referred to later.

When, in the course of time, the curious condition of artificially induced sleep was discovered amid the chaos and charlatanism of mesmerism, a new name was required. James Braid, a Scottish

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surgeon in India, in 1843 coined for this state of artificial sleep the word "hypnotism" from the ordinary Greek word for sleep, *hypnos*. From the original word, "neuro-hypnotism," "neuro" was dropped, for all sleep is neural in that it belongs to the nervous system. A "hypnotic" is, therefore, a drug which induces sleep.

The medical term for sleeplessness is "insomnia," derived from the two Latin words *in*, not, and *somnus*, sleep.

Sleep is the resting time of the brain. The brain cannot be active all the time any more than any other organ. When the brain is active, the result is consciousness; when the brain is at rest, the result is unconsciousness. We really do not understand how this interdependence comes about; in the present state of our knowledge we have to take it as an ultimate fact of life. The brain seems to require to rest about eight hours out of the twenty-four. All organs work and rest alternately, though the times of their rest are all much shorter than the time of the resting of the brain. The heart, for instance, rests only about four-tenths of a second each second.

In so far as sleep is disturbed, the mind is not absolutely at rest; and this, as we shall see presently, is the essence of dreaming. The object of sleep, therefore, is to rest the brain. It is almost certain that during our waking hours certain substances tending to poison the brain accumulate in the body and can be got rid of perfectly only during sleep.

These substances are the result of bodily fatigue, and they are of such a nature as to make the brain less and less active until at last sleep sets in. This is the biochemical basis of fatigue. Fatigue, as we all know, is the chief condition tending to bring on sleep. We cannot sleep unless we are sufficiently tired, and if we are tired enough we shall sleep in spite of everything.

This sleep-producing factor we may call the chemical; and sleep of chemical origin can be extraordinarily profound. Thus in bygone days on board the "wooden walls" of old England, members of the gun crews, absolutely tired out by serving the guns, would fall down alongside the cannon and sleep through the rest of the bombardment. Exhausted sentries have fallen asleep on their feet in spite of the fact that this is a crime worthy of death, according to military law.

In the old coaching days, postillions sometimes fell asleep on horseback and did not roll off. Even the driver of the coach might be found fast asleep, still retaining his seat on the box. De Quin-

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cey has left us a vivid description of being driven at thirteen miles an hour by a coachman fast asleep.

Cross-channel swimmers are sometimes so fatigued by their prolonged exertions that they have been discovered to be swimming asleep, when, of course, they are taken out of the water. A friend of the author's, being on one occasion exceedingly fatigued by the exertion of attending the great Scottish Volunteer Review of 1881, walked home in his sleep for several miles along a familiar country road. This is not what is meant by somnambulism, a term applied only to a particular type of walking in sleep.

We have thus far learned that though the brain is at rest, the remainder of the nervous system is awake. Indeed, it is physiologically incorrect to say that any part of the nervous system lower than the brain proper goes to sleep. The part of the nervous system, for instance, which has to do with the movements of breathing never sleeps. It continues to send out impulses to the diaphragm and other muscles of breathing only a little less vigorously than in the waking state.

Dreaming

A dream is the result in consciousness of the activity of a *part* of the brain. It should be remembered that the brain is composed of what are called "centres" — regions devoted to certain mental activities such as sensations, movements, memories, speech. The brain is the organ of the mind as the stomach is the organ of digestion. One of the best known centres is that for seeing, the visual centre, without which the eyes can see nothing. Now the commonest sort of dream consists in a part of the visual centre's becoming active. When the rest of the centre and of the brain is inactive, there is activity in the visual centre of such a kind that objects, persons, or scenes are presented to "the inward eye" with more or less verisimilitude.

In the waking state, nerve impulses ascend to the visual centre from the eyes. But in sleep the eyes are closed, the retina is at rest and therefore not transmitting impulses to the visual centre. It is clear, therefore, that currents originating somewhere else than in

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the eyes must be gaining access to the centre. These currents may arise virtually in any part of the body except the eyes — in the ears, skin, muscles, or internal organs — and they gain such easy access to the centre for seeing just because the ways into it are so many, so well worn, and so long established.

Strange as it may sound, it appears to be true that impulses originating, say, in the skin, the heart, or the stomach can produce a vision — a dream of seeing something. Thus when the famous Dr. Gregory (of Gregory's mixture) fell asleep with a too hot bottle at his feet, he dreamed of walking on the burning lava of Mount Etna. When the bedclothes fall off, we may dream of being at the North Pole, and so on.

In certain cases where the irritation from the internal organs is severe, the resulting dream may take on a disagreeable or even horrible character, the visions becoming "nightmares" or incubi. An attack of indigestion following on a particularly indigestible supper or an attack of pain in the heart or lungs may thus produce a dream so very unpleasant that the sleeper may be awakened by the violence of the emotions to which it has given rise. He may awake with a start, and sit up in bed, his heart palpitating, his skin flushed and perspiring, his muscles trembling — these being the results of the overflow of impulses from the visual centre to other parts of the nervous system.

When the dream is more or less coherent, the motor overflows may be into the speech centres and the sleeper talks (somniloquence), or into the centres for walking and the dreamer walks (somnambulism). These are acted dreams, the action being the talking and the walking, respectively.

When from any cause, unpleasant dreams occur in children, they give rise to "night terrors" — which are a sign of a somewhat unstable nervous system. Such children need watching. Often "growing pains," which are really of rheumatic origin, are the source of these night terrors.

Of course, other centres in addition to the visual can dream — for instance, the centre for hearing. Dreams of sounds, voices, and music are doubtless rarer than visions, but they are not unknown.

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Sounds in the outer world cannot be excluded as can light, for we cannot close our ears as we can our eyes. Thus noises can give rise to auditory dreams which as a rule involve the centre for vision as well.

The following is an excellent illustration of this: in an hotel a lady fell asleep at a time when in a neighboring garage the sounds of hammering were quite distinctly heard through the open window. After a few minutes the sleeper awoke and at once reported that she had dreamed she was one of a party dining in a restaurant where she had been annoyed by a lady at a table near-by who allowed her bangle to strike repeatedly against her plate. In another similar instance, a young man staying at a country house was being awakened by a maid knocking in a slow, stupid, regular fashion on his door. When at last he woke up, he said he had dreamed of the bombardment of Alexandria, and of seeing and hearing the guns. In this case the auditory centre had been aroused first of all and then had implicated the centre for sight.

Now and again one dreams of odors, usually of perfumes, and of touching things, usually soft and pleasant like satin or the human skin.

Dreams of tastes are very rare.

The dreams of persons born blind are particularly interesting, for they cannot be built upon the activity of the visual centre. Congenitally blind persons dream in terms of their other centres. Thus a blind boy dreamed of the Day of Judgment by imagining he was being drawn up to Heaven by a rope and there heard trumpets sounding. A blind man dreamed of his mother who was dead, by being conscious of touching a cold corpse.

Conditions Allied to Sleep

Sleep is allied to one or two conditions of considerable interest, the first of which is the hypnotic trance. This state differs considerably from the healthy, dreamless sleep in that in hypnotism only a part of the brain is asleep, the rest being awake and, indeed, abnormally so. In the hypnotic state, the eyes may be open; and, as is well known, the suggestibility of the person is very high indeed. This suggestibility constitutes the value of hypnotism in the realm of the healing art. In the hypnotic state the automatism of the individual becomes predominant. Not only will he do what he is told, but he will continue to do it until told to do it no longer.

More nearly allied to ordinary sleep is the condition of trance

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or "narcolepsy." This term comes from another Greek word for sleep or numbness, *narke*, and means a falling into sleep, usually of a very protracted kind. The person in a trance may lie for a week, a month, or many months like a paralyzed and unconscious person. Trance in human beings resembles the winter sleep or hibernation of some of the lower animals. We are quite familiar with the winter sleep of frogs, tortoises, bats, dormice, marmosets, and bears — how they disappear into their hiding places on the approach of winter and remain there until the next spring. The trance is human hibernation, and hibernation is one of the expressions of that condition known as "latent life," in which all the vital manifestations are reduced to a minimum. The word "trance" is the English form of *transitium*, a "going over" from *transire* to go across — a late Latin, but quite poetical, expression for dying.

Well authenticated cases are known where fakirs have allowed themselves to be shut up in sealed boxes which were buried for six weeks or more in tombs guarded by sentries day and night. The graves being opened, the men have been found alive. These cases of prolonged trance are cases of latent life in man. The breathing ceases and the heart alone is active, at minimum vigor.

The Meaning of Dreams

In the vast majority of dreams, the critical and intellectual processes are in abeyance, so that we have no sense of time and none of relative historical sequence. Persons long dead appear before us, and we are not the least surprised. Scenes not visited since childhood are made manifest to us, and we are not astonished. Persons, events, and epochs are mixed up in the most fantastic juxtaposition, and we evince no amazement. But occasionally quite rational trains of thought have occurred during dreams and, when reproduced on waking, have been found to have literary or artistic value. Mathematical problems have been solved in this manner, pieces of music composed, and poems written such as Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*. According to the commonly accepted story, Tartini composed the Devil's Trill in a dream, and on waking recollected it so well that he was able to commit it to paper.

Finally, the dream has of recent years come into prominence in relation to the theory and practice of what is called "psychoanalysis." While the word merely means analyzing the mind or

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soul, the expression nowadays is restricted to the system of mental diagnosis and of psychic healing evolved by Dr. Sigmund Freud, of Vienna. With the system as a whole we have here no concern, but merely remark that Freud has laid great stress on dreams. Here the most recent theorizing is in accord with the most ancient beliefs about dreams of which we have any record.

Dreams and their interpretations play a very large part in all early literature. In the Old Testament, sleep and dreams are full of significance. We cannot forget the outcome of that "deep sleep" of Adam, during which was performed the first surgical operation — resection of a rib — under complete anæsthesia.

As all the dreams in the Bible were held to be susceptible of interpretation, their meaning was at once sought for. It will be remembered that Joseph's success at the court of Pharaoh was entirely due to his acceptable interpretation of the dreams the king had had. The well known dreams about the butler and baker are given in considerable detail in the fortieth chapter of Genesis. The whole of the next chapter is taken up with another of Pharaoh's dreams, that of the lean kine eating up the fat ones. "I told it unto the magicians;" the king complains, "but there was none that could declare it to me." Then Joseph said unto Pharaoh: "The dream of Pharaoh is one: what God is about to do he hath declared unto Pharaoh." So Joseph took it for granted that the dream had a significance and a prophetic one. Joseph then explained that the fat kine were years of plenty, and the lean kine years of famine which would soon overtake the land of Egypt.

The case of Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar is an exact parallel. The entire second chapter of the Book of Daniel is concerned with a dream the king had and with its interpretation by Daniel. It is interesting that the expression, "visions of thy head," occurs frequently throughout the narrative. It is the vision of the famous composite image with the head of gold and the feet of iron and clay, the meaning of which Daniel alone could impart. "Then the king commanded to call the magicians, and the enchanters, and the sorcerers, and the Chaldeans, for to tell the king his dreams," because it seems that Nebuchadnezzar shared, in common with

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all less exalted persons, the inability to recollect on waking what he had been dreaming. Daniel's promotion repeats Joseph's: "Then the king made Daniel great, and gave him many great gifts, and made him to rule over the whole province of Babylon, and to be chief governor over all the wise men of Babylon."

This dream of the image is not the only one which troubled Nebuchadnezzar, for in Chapter IV we have the dream of the great tree "whose height reached unto heaven . . . and upon whose branches the fowls of the heaven had their habitation." In this dream was foretold the sudden and complete change to a vegetarian diet which the king was to undergo. Daniel himself in the next place dreams, and the rest of the book is taken up with his dreams and their interpretations. It is certainly curious to note that in all these dreams of the Old Testament a certain symbolism is taken for granted. It will be recalled that in the latest system of dream-interpretation — that of Freud — symbolism is very important.

Freud regards the dream-consciousness as belonging to the order or level of the subconscious which in sleep, being no longer under the restraint of the normal waking consciousness, emerges on to the level of the latter and becomes for the time being the content of the mind. Thus in dreaming, all sorts of forgotten events may recur to the mind, suppressed desires rise to their fulfillment, as well as many ideas and emotions which had to be repressed by the conventions of morality in the interests of society.

Of course subconsciousness is not the invention of Dr. Freud; it had long been assumed to be the explanation of multiple personalities and other curious phases of mental activity. It may account for persons' remembering where they have hidden a lost object, and for the power some people possess of being able to wake up at a given hour. We believe in subconscious cerebration during our waking hours, so that it does no outrage to any psychological canon to hold that the dream is a particular case of the intrusion of the subconscious self into the conscious realm.

Part II of Dr. Fraser-Harris's article on Sleep will appear next month.

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FOR AN EFFICIENT CONGRESS

GEORGE FREDERICK HENSHALL

CRITICISM of the Congress of the United States is heard all over the land. Much of it has to do with politics. Quite popular is the idea that most of the Honorable Members act, speak, and vote with more consideration of their chances of reëlection than of anything else. It might be said, in fact, that contempt for Congress and for all elective offices is shown by the number of citizens, a startling proportion of the population, who decline to vote.

A remedy for the distressing conditions in Congress would be to elect Senators and Representatives who will not need to devote their time and abilities, after election, to campaigning for re-election. This can be accomplished by a constitutional amendment providing that no Senator or Representative shall serve two successive terms. To many this proposal would be startling. They have been taught that there is something far out of the range of ordinary mentality in legislative work. There is not. They have been led to believe in the great value of having in office men of long experience in law making. The contrary is true.

Our Senators and Representatives appear to be in the attitude of running for office all the time. We are accustomed to this. Our press accounts of debates in the national legislature very rarely report a speech or a vote in that body without quite distinctly describing the voting of the members, and their speaking, as designed to get the home vote, rather than to discuss in earnest and act upon a pending measure with regard to public welfare. This would be shocking were we not so accustomed to it.

But representative government means that elected members of the Senate and House shall represent their constituents and their country. Under a system of trying to represent what the next vote may be, many become almost clerks, taking orders from one clique or another at home.

The proposed system would give us a Congress more national, collectively, in the sense in which, to most observers, the British Parliament seems to be. A little more explanation of the change proposed should here be given, before further prediction is ventured regarding its effects.

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The term of Representatives should be extended to four years, and one-fourth of the House should be elected every year. Similarly Senators should be elected for terms of six years — one-sixth of the Senate each year.

A Congress of American citizens, of the sort likely to be elected, could organize and meet for business with more efficiency than is shown now. Party lines would remain. But there would be no newcomers frantically holding on to the hands of veterans, to be led through mazes. In the process of organizing, the best men would naturally rise to the top, not those who happened to have lived longest keeping control of the vote at home.

The "old-timer" system is indeed unfair to the new man. He is likely to find that he cannot get anywhere through the intricacies of an organization formed long before he was elected. It has been said, and with much truth, that the average new member of the House is nothing. He takes what is handed to him by the old-timers and the organization. Is that fair to his district? Why not keep the whole body in a state of moving organization and reorganization?

Is it fair, to put the matter another way, for some large and important district, whose member is the Honorable X, who may be a very able man, to have less power than some small insignificant region that may be represented by an incompetent Honorable B, who has served so long that he is possibly chairman of an important committee, high in others, and has his political and other machinery so well in hand that his chances of "putting over" a measure are twice those of X?

It has been indicated that the new plan would give us a working Congress — devoted to student-like consideration of matters properly before it. Its members would have little other concern. There would be, of course, payments of political debts, by legislation if possible. But these influences would have no such power as the present politics.

Here it might be asked, by what callousness or indifference the American people have grown to take as a matter of course adjournments of Congress dated, no matter what matters may be pending, to allow the various members time to get home and campaign? The honorable gentlemen are paid by the year. It appears to have become a well recognized and honorable practice that, on full pay, they shall devote about a quarter of the time to electioneering for themselves.

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The new system might enlarge the national vote, by enlivening interest in public affairs and increasing respect for Congress, whose constituents now think that once elected, a Congressman is in politics for life — and out to hold his job at all costs.

The system applied to every state legislature and every municipal board in the land would tend to restore government by the people. Ask the average intelligent non-voting citizen why he does not take the trouble to register and vote, and his answer will be something like "What's the use?" He has a feeling that there is some sort of invincible gang entrenched, in real control, that the issues, platforms, and arguments thrust upon his notice are "bunk" — that no matter how he votes or who are the winners the entrenched ones run the government anyhow. There is more in his view than there ought to be. Rotation in office, as here proposed, would quickly bring the necessary change.

AN OLD KODAK OF MY WIFE

YOUR friend has given me this photograph
Of you, my darling, taken long ago
Before I knew you. Your contagious laugh
Smiles on me here with all its girlhood glow.
The pines enlaced behind your tossed-back head
Entreat of out-of-doors and romping plays,
Until my wakened memories are led
To unremembered, bright imagined days.
O, might some law of Einstein bring me here
To meet you so beneath the swaying pine —
Your girlish laughter rippling fresh and clear!
And might your mood but once to me incline
As does to-day your radiant womanhood!
For heaven allures us not alone with hope
Of that which is to be that we have willed,
But opens backward vistas, where we grope
With past infinities as unfulfilled.

— *William Goddard*

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MODERNISM AND THE NOVEL

SHERLOCK BRONSON GASS

IN previous issues Mr. Paul Elmer More and Professor Irving Babbitt called to accounting the modern trend in American literature and criticism. Here Professor Gass narrows the discussion to the novel. All who read are aware that something has happened to the novel. Compare a novel by Dreiser with one by Dickens or Thackeray and the difference is at once striking and profound. The essence of this change is the rise of a new and purposeless attitude toward life, scientific and morbid, sometimes called modernism.

THE finest jest, as Max Beerbohm somewhere remarks, is cumulative, point upon point, each thrust opening out a new vista for the fancy to sweep through in breathless flight. Circumstance has been playing such a jest upon some of us for a score of years or more, and though I for one can smile at the cumulative irony of its strokes, I suspect that the smile is, as the phrase goes, on the wrong side of my mouth. The jest has been played with the novel as pawn. For almost precisely a century now, the novel has been our chief way of expressing our temper, and the mirror we have looked into to see ourselves — as drama was for Elizabeth, satiric verse for Anne, and lyric for the Romantics of a hundred years ago. We have drama and satire and lyric, of course, for the change of temper and outlook are matters of proportion and emphasis, and not total displacements. But the novel has been our chief expression and reflection, and its changes record our profoundest symptoms.

For my own part — and I hope I am not quite so lonely as I feel — my aggrieved amusement lies in the discovery that the novel has failed me. One after one the things that gave me my old delight in it have been banned, till it has come to pass that the acclaim of a new novel or a new novelist is sufficient to prove that it — or he, or perhaps especially she — is not for me. There are the old novelists, to be sure, and I go back to them gratefully. Still, since I, too, have lived on into this new world, what I long for is the novel that does for us what the Victorian novel did so eminently well for the Victorians. And nothing in contemporary letters, prose or verse, has come to take the vacated place.

I speak broadly. The older novel, indeed, is still written, and still popular. When, the other day, I discovered Mr. Paul Elmer More saying that he had a sneaking admiration for Harold Bell Wright, I shuddered, but I knew what he meant. That reverend

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gentleman does write novels of the older type. And there is something significant in the hold which that sort of novel has on the eternal rudiments of human nature. For rudimentary both he and his audience clearly are. But the livelier intelligences among the novelists have departed from those pastures. That is my grief.

Now all this, of course, may be sheer inertia on my part, an inability to move with the times, an impossible nostalgia for a vanished world. This is a suspicion that I dare not despise. But the fact remains that a change is not always for the better. Literatures have decayed, and civilizations themselves have vanished. I do not mean that we ourselves are in this parlous state, but that in these matters we are forever thrown back upon a critical reëxamination. And I should like, for a brief moment, to give as intelligible an account as I can of the heresy I have just confessed.

Gone the Old Gayety

Delight in the older novel was a different emotion, certainly, from delight in the new: at all events it was a delight in different things. I say delight in the new, but when I think of *Ulysses*, *The Time of Man*, and *The Narrow Room*, I am not sure that delight is the right word. The new novel takes itself with the tense solemnity, as Mrs. Gerould has suggested, of the patient closeted with the doctor. The old, on the other hand, comported itself with a kind of gayety. It wore a touch of motley. Its author sat a little aloof from his creation, and he and his reader caught each other's eyes from time to time and smiled frankly.

What the reader felt about it — if he thought about these matters at all in the days before art escaped from the workshop and crept into the lay conscience — was that the novel blended three very excellent things — the tale, the drama, and the essay. Sometimes one and sometimes another of these elements predominated, and every reader had his favorite blend. He recognized it as a blend, however, and if he had his literary austerities, he saved them for the unmixed *genres*, feeling that austerity was a little misplaced here, where in their genial coöperation each element must give up something of its special perfection. And he found in this blend something of his own modern complexity as he looked out on an increasingly complex world, forced as he was forever to watch it, and interpret it, and keep his own objective in it clear to his own eyes.

Now it is just these objects of my own old delight that the

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novel has one by one pitched overboard. Comment, plot, and character — each in its way was a mode of interpreting so much of life as the novel chose to depict. The comment spoke for itself, a sort of Greek chorus, Thackeray stalking through his own pages with his hands in his pockets, saying his say as the situation moved him. The plot made a cosmos of the novel, giving prospective significance to each detail and retrospective significance to the whole. And in character — not the bare externals of feature and manner, nor even the internals of mental idiosyncrasy, but the humanizing touch of the inner conflict between instinct and intelligence, between animal desire and elective principle — here above all, appeared the critical intent of the older novelist. And it is just this critical intent that the "new" novel, in varying degrees, has foregone.

But is it Art?

This banishment was accomplished ostensibly at the behest of art. And I pause for a moment upon this decree because it seems to me that in just this matter of art we have been very egregiously fooled. In one very real sense, art has had nothing to do with it. We would never have foregone interests that were still real at the dictates of a theory of literary composition. Art is, after all, a servant and not a master, though naturally it will strut in its master's waistcoat when its master is from home. For art is simply the best way of accomplishing an end. With the end itself it has nothing to do.

None the less, one of the liveliest battles of contemporary criticism has centered here. In Matthew Arnold's time it could be said without cavil that literature was an interpretation, or as he put it, a criticism of life. To-day, in the age of Spingarn — what a fall was there! — the critic who proceeds to criticize the substance of a piece of literature, the thing said, the value of it as an accomplishment, is assailed with scorn.

I cannot help feeling that there is something priestly, something hierarchic, in such an attitude. It is still wholly legitimate for a critic to confine himself to the field of art — that is, to the problems of literary workmanship. The professor of rhetoric is confined to just that aspect of literature. I am one, and I know. But it is also legitimate, if literature is an art, and art is occupied with the attainment of an end, to judge as discriminat ngly as possible the end itself. Really, the artist is not a sacred being.

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And in whatever measure literature is an affair of human importance, in just that measure is a free and lively, and if necessary, acrid criticism of literature — end as well as means — a fine and salutary thing.

The misfortune of this dominance of art is seen very strikingly, I think, in the work of Miss Cather, whose fine talent, apparently in direct response, has gone all to the service of a theory of literary effect. We smile at the great to-do made by the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries over the three unities of classic drama. But I doubt whether in all that Battle of the Books there was as much sheer worship of artifice as we are seeing in our day.

Miss Cather's theory has apparently prescribed that a picture of some intense experience should be made to emerge, as though inadvertently, from the casual observations of some colorless and trivial bystander. The results have been, inevitably, a picture as seen by a trivial and colorless mind. But of what Miss Cather's own vision, or sense, or feel of life is, I have no inkling.

Once, in *The Professor's House*, she abandoned her method, and began a story — rich and simple and direct, the events revealed through the mind of her protagonist, and he a man of luminous intelligence. But her art failed her; halfway through, with a significant action brewing and ready to boil over, the novel abruptly ended. The protagonist picks up an irrelevant manuscript, and — Miss Cather filled up the required three hundred pages with it. Even so, her art was praised — called experimental; but I suspect that her laudators squirmed before they found salvation in the adjective.

Progression to Chaos

I speak with genuine grief of Miss Cather, for I suspect that her mind is far more than a sensitive film. Superficially she would seem to be a victim of the artistic fallacy. Her fear of having something to say as from herself, her dread lest she reveal some vision of her own, lest she seem to judge, however tacitly, the segment of life she depicts, are orthodox artistic doctrine. But the causes lie deeper than any vision of art. Art, the arbiter of means, as I have said, would never have come to meddle with ends if, outside the workshop, the sense of ends had not grown dim, or vanished. A change has occurred in our tacit philosophy.

This is the change which, vaguely, we call modernism. That in literature it has lagged so far behind the modernism of physical

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science is natural. For the findings of the intellect, even in the individual, seep only slowly into the cosmos of his mind. It is amusing to see how easily even the giants of the modern movement in its early stages — Bruno, Galilei, Descartes — were able to hold naïvely in one hand the great bulk of their mediæval theology while they laid with the other the foundation of so hostile a structure. That it should be still slower to permeate a whole civilization is inevitable. The spectacle of fundamentalism, still bulking formidably on the lower levels, indicates how far from saturated is society as a whole even now. But the dramatic events of the mid-nineteenth century have borne their fruits among the literary public. And the novel, which reflects for us our way of feeling our intellectual outlook, has come at last to respond to the change.

By the modernist I do not mean the slightly parochial foe of the fundamentalist, but the plenary heir of the last three centuries, who, if he has lost his status as least of the gods has won a status as chief of the beasts. I say this not in irony but with sober and simple intent. For this change marks the essential difference between the old state of mind and the new. In the older dispensation the individual had a sense of something beyond him by way of a pattern for his guidance. Now he stands at the uttermost frontier of his universe, the last word in evolution, a pioneer facing an uncreated future.

The Stream of Consciousness

His former attitude, as we look back on it now and see how deviously he came by his patterns, and what diversity the patterns of divers men revealed, has its comic aspects. He did, none the less, just by virtue of his interest in the pattern as he envisaged it, have a sort of standard for his judgment of the aspect of life that literature deals with. In imagining it, and thinking about it, his mind played in the region between life as he saw it and life as he conceived it in idea. And however he held himself to painting it as he saw it, the comparison was latent. To depict it at all was a tacit criticism of it.

Life, in other words, had a significance. However widely men differed in their sense of the perfection toward which it aspired, there at all events was the centre of their concern. And literature answered in kind.

Here, then, is the pivot of that change which has come about now that at last the intellectual adventure of modern science has

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come to affect our inner sense of life. We stand at the frontier, without a goal, and our habits of thought have taken color from the science that has brought us there. For the man of science in his laboratory, the objective is a picture of the universe with man as an organic part of it. This universe is an accomplished thing. His concern, therefore, is limited to apprehending what is. With this attitude and habit of thought, what was left for the novel to do it has done — it has described with intense vividness the sensation of life.

The scientific ideal of a direct and intense and clear vision of *what is*, whatever it is, so that it is utterly authentic, and the utter avoidance of any personal bias in relation to the observed facts — this in terms of literature has eventuated in what we call the modern novel, of which the latest phase is the depiction of the stream of consciousness.

The stream of consciousness is an interesting phenomenon from the point of view of science. In evolutionary theory it is the normal state of the sub-human mind, or, more specifically, of the hypothetical human mind before it evolved into humanity. The transition of the pure fluid of the stream to its articulation for the selective and directive use of the reason *was* the evolution of humanity. Now that we are articulate, we can never quite attain to the purity of the subhuman mental state; still less can we represent that state in articulate symbols. But we can try.

Why we should try is a graver question. The yearning backward, however, is a logical development of the movement away from significance. For significance implies a sustained relation to something. At its last stand in the mind, it implies a culling of certain flotsam out of all that drifts by on the stream — of just such flotsam as, for a sustained purpose, may be built architecturally into a planned structure however humble. That is the essence of sanity. To scavenge all that floats by is, simply, insanity. I speak literally and not invidiously. At all events, whatever in its evolutionary struggle mankind has made of itself and for itself, and above all its very science and its literature, it has done by just this selection from the stream.

This yearning backward to the brute — seen notably in a Joyce, a Cummings, an Eliot, a Gertrude Stein, and symbolized there very obviously by certain inarticulate barkings spelled out for the consciousness of the silent reader — has had its exemplar in the men of science themselves. Since Darwin, despite the

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hypothesis of evolution, they have been much more concerned to assimilate man to the brute than to celebrate the specific difference which makes him human. But the scientists have escaped the insanity of this last phase of the novel by the great inconsistency which will prove, I venture, their ultimate salvation. By taking for granted the human intellect, though the assumption played hob with their theory, they have tided it over. They have ignored it among their data, but they have used it sedulously among themselves.

All science, in fact, is nothing but the enlightenment of this intellect, either for its own satisfaction or for the sake of other desires. The value of this knowledge is as great as anyone cares to esteem it, but the fact that it is pursued because it is valued and esteemed a good, and would not be pursued if it were not so esteemed, points to the conclusion that science itself is subordinate, in the actual economy of life, to a more fundamental order of thought; that science, in a word, is sanctioned by our moral philosophy. Science may give us knowledge of profound significance in framing our moral philosophy; it does not give us one. It makes a map of the country; it does not provide the motive of the journey or prescribe the route.

This vigorous sense of living first, and then, because it is a good thing, pursuing science, is one way of putting the point of view of humanism. Humanism offers a solid ground for those who cannot brook fundamentalism with its mediæval mythology, nor be content with a modernism that, for all its youthful promise, can never do more than describe the scene. It takes no jot or tittle from the glorious adventure of science. But it sees that the central problem, and hence the central interest, of life — since life and intelligence are given — is what to make of it, that is, what values to pursue in it.

Science and Literature

Now it is just the happy division of labor between science and literature that the one turns its intelligence upon the material universe, curious to build up and express an understanding of an accomplished fact, while the other turns its intelligence upon the human drama, curious to build up and express an understanding of a process forever incomplete. Each at its best adjusts its intelligence to the nature of its task. The one ponders the given data in relation to causes that lie behind. The other

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interprets the given data in relation to objectives that lie before. It is just by its imagination projecting ends and by its intelligence finding means to gain them that human life differs from biological life in the swamp and the kennel. And literature, when it knows its task, responds in kind.

In sheer facts, whether of the outer world or of the inner stream, there is no humor, and no pathos, and no significance. Hence a certain monotonous gloom in the novel of the day, and a certain futility. But in the incongruities and inconsistencies, the successes and the failures, that strew the interval between actuality and aspiration lie both comedy and tragedy, and all the significance that life has.

When literature shall have learned the genuine lesson of science, not to ape it but to adjust its intelligence to the nature of its subject — so runs my dream — the novel will regain its full human sanity. And it will call back from exile its old collaborators to work together at their old task of building up and expressing an understanding of the drama of aspiring mankind.

HOROSCOPE

HOW, in the sordid lees of fortune, we
Accuse the sun, convict the moon and stars!
The plumed sidereal aristocracy
Is fellowed to our guilty calendars:
Thus, we are fools or knaves, haggard and pale
In the world's aspect, hoofed and horned like goats,
Because beneath the sweaty Dragon's Tail
Our parent sowed a sorry crop of oats.

We sigh like Tom o' Bedlam; thus and thus
Vent our uncouth complexion on the Bear;
And to the athletic Sagittarius
Ticket the satin that our neighbors wear. . . .
Hatched under Bethlehem's most private Star,
We should have been no happier than we are.

—*Joseph Auslander*

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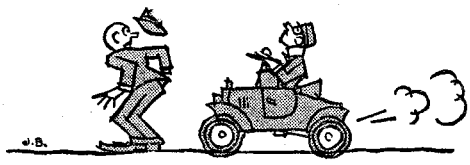
FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

WALKING THEN AND NOW



IT was almost an "act of supererogation" for Hazlitt, a century ago, to write of the merits of walking. It is true that people rode in stagecoaches and post chaises when they could, but most people walked a good deal from force of necessity. To talk to them of walking was taking coals to Newcastle; and to have told them of the figurative equivalent, mental pedestrianism, would have been teaching your granny. But there seem to be no longer any coals at Newcastle; that is, a venture in favor of walking, especially mental walking, would seem nowadays almost as necessary as formerly it was superfluous. Let me recount a recent experience.

Last autumn, while waiting for a train, I dropped into a motion-picture palace. I had been wondering how I should kill an otherwise perfectly good evening; I soon found that I had hit upon the very best method, bar none; — I murdered it. It was some years since I had suffered a similar experience, so that my impressions, indescribably keen, were not unlike those of the bewildered author of "Madeleine of the Movies."

Like him, I had some difficulty in following the story, for it seemed to oscillate rather than proceed. First, a lady trying to tear an indestructible letter and making faces — enter a young man with long hair — they sit down — she makes mouths at him — he appears to be trying to destroy the furniture with one hand — placard: "What have you done with the score of my opera?" (either the young man says this to the lady or the lady says it to the young man; I could see that much) — close-up of the young man, rolling his eyes (I judge the lady says something too strong to put on the placard) — sitting scene back again, young man still working at chair — lady pushes bell — flunky shoots into the room — placard: "Tell Lord Darnley that I shall not attend the party this evening" — etc., etc. After a while I realized, in spite of the placards (which the operator, in moments of unusual hesitation, left on the screen long enough for

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me to learn them backwards), — even I took in the drift (or, rather, dash) of the story.

Before many seconds the heroine bolted across the stage (the first lady was only a vamp — a revamp in this case, I think), the villain still pursued her, his accomplice pursued him, and then came the also-rans: the indignant father of the heroine, cruel but subject to change without notice, a great many overdressed people, who dashed thoughtfully out of the way, and several overstuffed flunkies, who never failed, in case you began to suspect realism, to move with a grace and dispatch which took the whole piece into the world of unbelievable romance. Whenever these flunkies appeared, I felt moved to cry, "Ta-ran-tara, ta-ran-tara!" — to the discomfort, I fear, of the steady patrons in my part of the house.

The evening had been pretty well mutilated, but out of the blur of impressions, as I rubbed my eyes and started back to the station, persisted two clear images — that of the hurrying flunkies and that of the make-believe anguish of the hero, the one with the rolling eyes and the tendency to destroy furniture. Arriving at the station, I settled down for a few quiet moments before the still unopened gate. Suddenly a man rushed up, danced about before several gates and read the signs with much the same sort of nervous haste I had employed at the theatre in reading the placards. When he appeared to have learned them by heart and to have satisfied himself that my train was his train, he dashed his bag to the ground with a great show of energy and continued to move about nervously for some minutes, till he subsided into a sort of sullen oscillation, the nearest approach he made to settling down into anything that might be called waiting.

Just then it became necessary for me to move a little, to make room for a party of curiously dressed persons, who must have mistaken the train gate for the stage entrance. A few moments later the station seemed to be filled with hurrying people, for the most part marvelously and insufficiently clad. I shut my eyes for a second, then opened them to see — could I have wandered back to the theatre? — to see the fluttering throng of the screen: here the hero rolling his eyes, but now spiteful toward a suitcase; there the vamp with her "incalculable motions"; here the villain reading a time-table with incredible ferocity. But why a time-table? I looked again and saw that he was no proper villain at all, but only the oscillating traveler. Perhaps I was in the sta-

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tion after all. Somehow the absence of overstuffed flunkies gave a saving, if negative, sense of reality. I glanced up at the placard, uncertain but hopeful. It read: "Keene — Bellows Falls — Rutland — Burlington."

But the solid relief in finding that it really was the station was short-lived. Everywhere the crowd surged up and down, hilarious but mirthless, ready to dash any moment and take their parts (that is, their fragments) on the fluttering screen. I was in a fair way to cynicism. Was life really so? Was there no escape? Must we rush ever to get out of this moment into the next, with a sort of frozen, terrified grin?

When the gate was opened, everybody took it as the most unexpected thing in the world. Catching the spirit of the hour (no — of the fleeting moment), I scrambled through as if my life depended on it, a close second to the oscillating villain, claimed my berth, and flung myself into it with a noble mixture of triumph, agony, and cunning — as befitted the occasion. But soon, when the train began to jiggle and I became drowsy, the dreadful phantasmagoria of the screen returned. I started up, clutching and looking shrieks (as befitted the occasion). With a quick gesture, a sort of nervous flutter, I pushed the bell. Let the overstuffed flunkies come on! They would test the validity of the picture. But there was no response — only the roar of the train as it thundered into Concord Town. I sank back in relief. The porter was asleep; it must be a real train!

* * * * *

The next morning found me pushing afoot up the hills that turn the Winooski River northward into the Champlain Valley. On my shoulders a pack; beside me a friend, with the double gift of silver speech and golden silence; above us bright autumn weather, the blue sky dotted to the northwest with hurrying masses of cloud — squalls of clean wind and rain in them; and ahead of us the ridges of the Green Mountains leading up to Mansfield and Camel's Hump.

We had many minor delights that day before we descended into the valley of the Winooski and put up in a farmhouse at Bolton, of blessed memory. Blessed in truth, for there we found a gentle host who gave two when you asked for one. But we did not yet know the major delights of tramping. They are not discovered in a day, else your excursion tourist, your fair-weather

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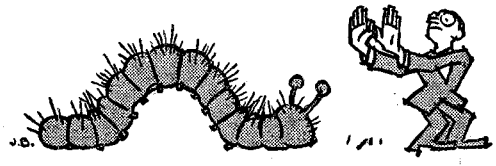
dandy, would profane the secret. It is not till your aching Achilles tendons have carried you through the third, the worst, day, till you have been lost half the night in the woods and made a "camp in the dark," till you have walked the rhythm of your stride into your soul, that you begin to get a hint of the great secret that lies behind the ranges.

* * * * *

"What is man," cried Swift, "but a microcoat!" What is mind, then, but a micromotion? So it may reflect the delirious motion of the screen (but perhaps that would be only microcomically speaking); often it takes the furious rattle of the flivver; but will it never again reflect the quiet rhythm, the sure, if slow, progress, of the footpath way? I wonder whether God, putting one foot forward and then the other as he walked in Eden, ever dreamed that so simple and useful a gesture would become a sort of esoteric mystery! Or was it just a mistake of Moses to say He walked? Would a really modern version not read, "Then God made a tour of inspection in his Rolls-Royce and said, 'Guess I'll call it a day — what'"?

Now some oscillating reader may conclude from this that the Pedestrian has a cheap and feeble sense of humor. I suspect he has; but of course that isn't the point at all. A truly pedestrian mind, as it breasts the higher slopes of Camel's Hump, is thinking that such a God would have created two women in Eden — two women and one man, and many serpents! How else predict us, the last and best, "for which the first was made"! Moses somehow doesn't appear to have thought much about us and our movie-motivated world. He seems to have been thinking that life, fundamentally, implies one woman and one man, and babies, and hard work. So he made God walk and gave us an imperishable allegory.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*



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WHAT IS THE SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE?

Forum Definitions

LAST month this department attempted to clarify the meaning of Democracy by calling attention to the assumptions which underlie democratic theory. The same approach promises fruitful results in our present consideration of the Scientific Attitude.

The purpose of these monthly definition contests is to aid in clear thinking by marking off the limits to which the terms defined may rightly be applied. In the present contest, one must begin by distinguishing carefully between three related terms: *science*, which is the classified knowledge of natural laws; the *scientific method*, which is the process of investigation employed in discovering these laws; and *the scientific attitude*, which it is our present purpose to define. Science is the result of the scientific method applied to the mysteries of nature. The Scientific Attitude has to do with the background of assumptions, the basic hypotheses, the first articles of faith which the scientist takes for granted when he sets about his researches.

Everyone knows that religion makes certain assumptions regarding the nature of the world and of man; that science likewise starts with its assumptions is not so generally realized. A battle of words has long been waged in a fruitless effort to discover whether the teachings of science conflict with the teachings of religion. Such discussions always leave the reader precisely where he started, for the simple reason that the laws of gravity or of electro-magnetism can neither tell us why we should, nor why we should not, do unto our neighbor as we would be done by.

But even though this is granted, the cleric's lamb may not yet lie down by the scientist's lion cub. There still remains something fundamental in their two natures which forbids it. And if scientist and priest really want to know how matters stand between them, let them put aside subtleties of rhetoric and examine their assumptions together. Then they will find that, although they are trying in certain respects to do exactly the same thing — namely, to exercise some control over the forces of life — they do not and cannot agree, because they have totally different and utterly irreconcilable attitudes toward life.

Briefly stated, the religious attitude assumes:

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That the world was created by some Superior Being who administers it on an artistic and business basis for His own glory and profit;

That the course of events is dependent upon His will;

That human beings and all created things live by His suffrance and may be cut off at any time by His displeasure;

That His will, like that of every good business man, may be moved by a bargain to postpone foreclosure of the mortgage to eternity and damnation;

And therefore, that such control as men may exercise over their lives consists in a complex etiquette of prayers, offerings, sacrifices, and observances performed in the proper attitude of humility — all designed to win the good will of the Supreme Being and lead to His immediate or ultimate intercession in favor of the suppliant.

These assumptions are simple, direct, and logical, and they offer an explanation of life which has satisfied millions of men and still continues to satisfy multitudes. So long as they are accepted as true, the bulwarks of established religion remain impregnable. And even though they be doubted or denied, that does not necessarily mean that religion will perish. It may mean that religious leaders will have the foresight to adopt a new set of assumptions which men can believe and upon which they will build a new code of ethics and behavior. That some such change is likely seems evident when one considers how greatly the assumptions of science have already discredited those of religion.

The Scientific Attitude toward life is based on the following assumptions:

That the universe is a self-sustaining unit in which no supernatural interference has yet been observed under controlled conditions;

That when certain events are noted to occur in regular sequences, like the movement of the moon and the movement of the tides, it is probable that one is the cause of the other;

That such recurring sequences of cause and effect point to a law controlling the relationship;

That these laws may be formulated with approximate exactness;

That such laws will continue to operate in the future, just as they have in the past;

And therefore, that such control as men may exercise over their

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lives consists in knowing the laws of nature — the "law for man" as well as the "law for thing" — and thereby directing the natural forces which are governed by them.

With this background in mind, the reader is invited to weigh the following definitions, which have been awarded prizes:

1 The Scientific Attitude is that "there is a reason in all things" such that the explanation of events may be found in their antecedents, and from sufficient knowledge of antecedents the consequences deduced; though, as Wilson says, "general statements" (laws) can be "postulated" which hold true only with a certain probability and within certain limits of accuracy. Wherefore scientific statements are never final. Anything may be doubted; but believing with Darwin that a scientific man should not be too incredulous, science doubts but to investigate and verify. (*Professor Alfred C. Lane, Tufts College, Boston, Massachusetts*).

2 The Scientific Attitude is an attitude of faith in the reality of the data given man through the medium of his senses — in contrast to the religious attitude of faith in the reality of data not received through the senses. The Scientific Attitude has opened up the whole world of material welfare, and is just now on the verge of opening up a new world of moral and ethical welfare by inducing a new type of religious attitude. (*Dr. H. I. Gosline, Pathologist, Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, New York*).

3 The Scientific Attitude — an intelligent and disciplined Missourianism, superior to prejudice, distrustful of dogma, and relying on the systematic examination, observation, and comparison of material, behavior, or phenomena for the progressive establishment of governing principles. (*George H. Mather, Victoria, B. C., Canada*).

4 The Scientific Attitude — selfless devotion to the truth, as in itself the highest of all values, yet inability to decide finally wherein truth lies; impartial skepticism toward all laws, yet unlimited belief in a world governed by law; reserved acceptance of hypotheses, with complete reliance upon them in practice; determination to build upon the battered foundation of yesterday's knowledge a monument of service to the human race, more enduring than the works of Ozymandias. (*Dr. Tracy Jackson Putnam, Brookline, Massachusetts*).

5 The Scientific Attitude — a willingness to recognize new conceptions provided they withstand unbiased scrutiny and regardless of their contradiction of older accepted ideas. (*Dorothy Calingaert, New York, New York*).

Next word to be defined: — POETRY. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by May 25. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in* THE FORUM (*value not exceeding $5.00*), *for each winning definition.*

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SCIENCE IN THE TRINITY

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

IN one of his brilliant passages Gustave Le Bon observes: "The dead, besides being infinitely more numerous than the living, are infinitely more powerful. . . . The dead are the only undisputed masters of the living." The more one reflects upon this saying, the more one is impressed with the profundity and diversity of its truth. The dead are more powerful than the living in many ways. They are more powerful, in the first place, because there are so many more of them. Whatever the ratio of potency between a dead individual and a living individual, it is multiplied many fold by the vast excess of the former. In the second place, the dead are more powerful than the living because they absolutely control our physical heredity. Thirdly, the dead far outweigh the living because it is to them that we owe our whole structure of social convention, tradition, institutions, morals, dogmas, and faiths.

Nowhere is the dominance of the dead more impressively exhibited than in the field of religion. Religion is by nature peculiarly subject to conventionalization and ossification. More successfully than any other institution does religion defy change. "It's the way of my fathers, and it's good enough for me." In fact, in the realm of religion the authority of the dead is augmented not only by numbers, but also by the mere duration of time. The longer a person has been dead, the greater is his power in matters of religion.

This iron grip of the dead hand on religious affairs has had many important and bizarre consequences, but none more notable nor more lamentable than the alleged conflict between science and religion. This is a burden that has been strapped on our laboring backs by the more recent generations of the dead. It was not always so. If you go back to a primitive stage of human culture you find no antagonism between science and religion, for both are one and the same thing. Primitive man's science is his religion and his religion is his science, both being the expression of his attempts to explain and control natural phenomena without any conception of natural law. But the progress of rudimentary learning split them apart, and succeeding generations contrived to make the rift as nearly irremediable as possible.

I desire to offer in this brief paper the suggestion that this apparent conflict, as it affects the intelligent and educated peoples of the twentieth century, is distinctly a legacy of the dead, at least as far as the Christian religion is concerned, for it is to Christianity alone that I wish to confine myself. I assert that if essential Christianity could be offered afresh by its Founder to a civilized people to-day, as a wholly novel and unheard-of way of life, there would be found no antithesis between it and science, but on the contrary that science would appear as a natural, integral, and indispensable feature of it. Furthermore, I maintain that this central place of science in the scheme of Christianity was intended by its Founder from the beginning, and is inherent in Christ's own account of his religion as he expounded it to the people of Palestine.

In brief, I propose the thesis that the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Trinity, *is* Science.

I propose to support this contention exclusively by reference to Christ's own words, as recorded in the King James version of the Bible. I recognize that this is a second-hand account, subject to error through the faulty reporting of hearers now dead for two thousand years and the mistakes and manipulations of various subsequently dead translators and copyists. But I presume it is the best we have. And I am inclined to think that if Jesus had been explaining his religion to the Board of Directors of the American Academy of Science, a dictaphone report of his conversation would have made the place of Science even more clear.

Jesus did not (according to the record) say very much about the Holy Spirit. But what he did say, as reported in a half dozen verses in the Book of John, makes a simple, consistent, and lucid story. "If

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ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; *Even* the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you and shall be in you. . . . Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come."

It is clear that Jesus' favorite designations for the Third Member of the Trinity were The Spirit of Truth and The Comforter.

Now I ask you to make this test. Try to divest your mind, as far as is humanly possible, of all preconceived ideas, of all conventionalized and traditional associations of words. Imagine a modern philosopher, who is seeking to introduce a new conception of religion into the world, trying to explain to you the basic elements of his system. Then ask yourself this question: If this philosopher should tell you that one of the pivotal factors in his scheme was the spirit of truth, what would you think he meant? Can there be any other answer than — Science?

Consider further that Jesus said that this Holy Spirit "shall teach you all things," "will guide you into all truth," "will show you things to come." Could there be a more concise and comprehensive characterization of Science in three brief sentences? Then fit with extraordinary nicety the recognized essential steps in the scientific method — observation; analysis, classification and generalization; and prediction. What license have dead interpreters to restrict Christianity forever by limiting these words to "spiritual" truth and "spiritual" things?

The repeated references to the Spirit as proceeding from the Father are illuminating. Consider the Father as the great original source of all things, the Prime Mover, the promulgator of all natural laws, whom Science has never supplanted and, by its very nature, never can supplant (for Science explains everything on the basis of something antecedent, and can never get back to origins) and it is amazing how smoothly each of these phrases slips into the picture. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Jesus said, "I and my Father are one." The commandments of Jesus, therefore, include not only his matchless ethical and spiritual precepts, but also the Father's laws, the laws of Nature, obedience to which is the corner stone of science, and the first prerequisite for the reception of the Holy Spirit, "whom the world (the unobservant, unthinking mass) cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him."

"It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." Why was the departure of Christ necessary for the coming of the Spirit of Truth? Christ, in the eyes of his contemporary followers, was the wonder-worker, the doer of miracles, the unique personality who could set at naught all the ordinary workings of Nature. But the essence of science is order, constancy, reliability. As long as the conception remained in the minds of Christians of a leader who was superior to all order, who could defy natural processes, and who seemed to encourage them to believe that by faith — not faith in the laws of Nature, but faith in a supernatural power — they themselves could remove mountains, there was no room for science. Nor is there room to-day. Such a Christ must always depart before the Spirit of Truth can come in. The Scopes trial effectively demonstrated that now, as ever, the mind that is dominated by a conception of Christ formulated two thousand years ago offers no inlet for Science.

"For he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak." In that beautiful verse that Mr.

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Osborn has taken as the text of his attack on the dead-man's conception of religion it is stated, "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee," etc. (Job 12:8) This is the true spirit of Science, objective, impersonal, detached. It does not speak of itself, but what it hears from the earth that the Father has ordained, that it speaks. "And he will show you things to come." The only predictions of things to come that command intelligent confidence are those based on evidence that is essentially scientific.

But why the Comforter? Why not? Who is the actual comforter of the present day in the manifold distresses of this mundane existence? Is it the ritualist who has nothing to offer but the vain repetitions of a moribund mysticism, or is it not rather the man of science? When a member of the family is suddenly stricken ill, who brings comfort, the atavistic clergyman who proffers nothing but a literal interpretation of "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," or the doctor, the man of science, equipped with the latest knowledge of serums, diet, and every therapeutic agency? How our ears strain for the grinding of his brakes as he stops his car (a creation of science) before our door. How intently we watch his expression as he reads the little scientific device that registers the patient's temperature! How we bless him as he steps to the telephone and dictates to the drug clerk the prescription that promises relief!

When the great liner breaks down in midocean and wallows helplessly in the troughs of a mountainous sea, comfort is lodged not in the conventionally clad cleric whose sole claim to attention is that he is authorized to read the prayer for those at sea, but in the man of science, the wireless operator, high up in his gale-swept cabin, sleeplessly and tirelessly flashing out his calls for help until he receives the answer that portends rescue. When one of the labor cogs in our great industrial machine finds himself out of a job, his family facing starvation, his household goods about to be thrown out in the street by the unpaid landlord, he discovers his source of comfort not in the Glory-Hallelujah mission hall, where he is invited to join in that most hypocritical of all hymns, "I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold," but in the scientific social agency, where his case is considered sympathetically but dispassionately by experts trained and experienced in the technique of social adjustment.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean to imply for a moment that the consolations of science are the only ones that religion has to offer. There are vast fields of human experience that Science has not explored, many of which perhaps it will never be able to penetrate. In these, the other aspects of religion may offer immeasurable comfort. Science is, after all, only the Third Person of the Trinity. But it would be hard to find a more apt word to describe Science in its application to the everyday, practical problems of our material existence than the Comforter.

By this time, I am sure, the question is insistently obtruding itself: If Christ meant that by the Comforter and the Spirit of truth should be understood "Science," why did he not say so plainly? Why did he leave so important a matter so vaguely indicated?

Jesus himself gives the answer. He states very emphatically that to the unenlightened it is necessary to speak in parables, because seeing they cannot see, and hearing they cannot understand. This is just another way of saying that no religion can rise above the intellectual level of those who embody it. It was quite impossible for Jesus to explain the place of Science in His way of life to followers who had not the slightest conception of the meaning of Science. If He had undertaken to do so the words He used — virtually meaningless to his hearers — would promptly have been sanctified. They would have been interpreted and expounded by succeeding generations of theologians until, long before the time came for the dawn of a genuine Science, there would have been established a Christian definition of Science, built upon nothing but metaphysics, to question which would have been heresy, and the split between Christianity and natural science would have been even more hopeless than it is.

If Christ intended a place to be reserved in His system for the Science which was to emerge nearly two millenniums later, the only way to accomplish it was to indicate its niche by figures, the meaning of

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which must necessarily be incomprehensible except to those whose insight into the Father's world was vastly nearer to His own than that of His contemporary hearers. Certainly there can be no question that Christ heartily approved of going to Nature for intimations of religious truth. It was His own favorite method of teaching. His discourses are replete with references to foxes, birds of the air, seeds, lilies of the field, leaven. It is inconceivable that He should have desired this expedient to be limited to the casual observations of the untutored mind, and not to be enriched and amplified by the revelations of the most recondite scientific research. What spiritual lessons Christ would have derived from the radio!

As I have said, I desire the validity of my interpretation to rest entirely upon Christ's own exposition. I do not suggest that "Science" can be intelligibly substituted for "Holy Ghost" wherever the latter phrase is found in the New Testament. As soon as we turn from Christ's statements to those of others, even among His immediate followers, we run the risk of false interpretation, and even in His own sayings as recorded in the King James version there is danger that poor reporting may have distorted His meaning. Nevertheless, it is most interesting to try this substitution in various passages. Thus the verse that says, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men," seems to mean simply that the one thing you cannot do without paying the penalty is to break the laws of Nature. Many of the most intimate mysteries of the Christian faith take on a possible new meaning in the light of this interpretation, as for instance those of Elizabeth, Anna, and Mary herself. Parthenogenesis is a perfectly commonplace phenomenon to the scientific students of some of the lower orders of life, and may be found by the science of the future to have a wider range of possibilities than we now dream.

It is needless to dilate upon the advantages that would ensue if Christian believers generally could come to recognize Science as an aspect of God. It would enlarge and vitalize both Science and Religion. It would calm and enlighten many a troubled modern heart and mind. It would permit the synthesis of all man's divine attributes into one inspiring and glorious pursuit of Truth. What a pity that dead dogmatists should have allowed the association of the name of Christ with the name of Science to be monopolized by a sect which, although it has unquestionably caught a blurred vision of a great realm of scientific truth the development of which lies with the men of the future, not of the past, nevertheless closes its mind upon the proved methods and conclusions of physical science! Christ did not design that any portion of his Father's kingdom should be excluded from the scope of his religion.

Yet so inflexible is the rule of mortmain in the domain of religious thought that I am quite sure all living fundamentalists will convict me of heresy, and probably of blasphemy, because, in all reverence, I have ventured to suggest an interpretation not sponsored by some one at least a thousand years dead.

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Scissor-cuts by Martha Bensley Bruère

HILL COUNTRY

Forum Prize Biographical Novel — III

RAMSEY BENSON

VI

Take here the mainest lesson — less from books –
less from schools —
The common day and night — the common earth
And waters,
Your farm — your work, trade, occupation,
The democratic wisdom underneath, like solid
ground for all.

THE census of 1880 found enough new people in Minnesota to entitle the state to two more members of Congress and the legislature at its next session in January, 1881, erected the Fifth District. Roughly speaking (in the words of Andy Maguffin) the Bloody Fifth reached all the way from hell to breakfast. More fastidiously, it lay between the forty-fifth parallel of latitude or thereabouts on the south and the Canadian border on the north, the head of the Great Lakes on the east and the Red River on the west. The apportionment being on the basis of population, the vast extent of the new district meant that it wasn't much settled as yet. There was Duluth at the eastern end, a fringe of counties along the southern end had emerged from the pioneer stage of development, and the Red River Valley was filling up; but the rest was primeval wilderness untrod by man except for hardy hunters in pursuit of big game or adventurous cruisers looking for pine timber.

Gumbo County was in the Fifth District and while St. Louis and Crow Wing and Otter Tail and some other counties were more populous, the political strategists had an eye on Gumbo.

The first general election was held in 1882 and sooner than the sluggish floodwaters of spring had backed off the fat wheatfields of the Valley it was known that the contest for the seat in Congress lay between two Republicans — Charles F. Kindred of Brainerd and Knute Nelson of Alexandria.

Kindred was a Yankee. Nelson, though born in Norway, was rated a Swede. Kindred was known to be wealthy in his own right — a capitalist with heavy investments in a number of large enterprises, among them a gigantic waterpower in the Mississippi near Brainerd. Nelson, on the other hand, was a poor man — a country lawyer.

The contest displayed singularities from the start and as peculiar a thing about it as any was the way interests wholly outside the district were drawn

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into it, mostly in Kindred's behalf. Newspapers especially. Though it wasn't properly their fight, they were as active in it as if it had been. Several of the big dailies in St. Paul and Minneapolis, more than a hundred miles away from the nearest confines of the Fifth, pretty much forgot the contests in their own districts while they filled their pages with broadsides for Kindred.

The most obvious inference, whether right or wrong, was the inference commonly drawn. If these newspapers hadn't been hired to exert their influence in furtherance of Kindred's ambitions, no less was believed of them; and the cry went up that the Brainerd man with his millions was trying to buy the seat. By way of counterblast, the adherents of Kindred brought out the charge that Jim Hill's millions were behind Nelson. Kindred, they reminded the world, spent his own money like the good fellow he was; and should he be elected, he would still be beholden to no man improperly. Whereas Nelson — if you took their word for it — had sold himself out in order to procure the money he was spending. Was anybody so simple as to think Hill would finance a proposition of that sort if he wasn't well assured of his return? There were plenty of ways by which a member of Congress could be made to pay back what he cost.

A daily was started in Brainerd and it became Kindred's immediate mouthpiece. It led the band, and a large and noisy band it was, too. The *Gumbo Voice* played in the band. J. Cardigan Clewel hadn't been making a hit in his own country — so much, at least, he had in common with the prophets. Yankees thought he truckled to the Swedes and his truckling won him no favor. Neither Swedes nor Yankees liked him. But with the announcement of Kindred's candidacy, Clewel was straightway flush of funds, so that when he raised Kindred's flag to the masthead the why and wherefore were no mystery.

The *Voice* gave back no mean service. Clewel had a real talent for sophistry and every week he printed a fresh and breezy, if not always convincing, argument for his cause. Kindred was a man of affairs — Clewel harped on that string without ceasing. Did the great and growing Fifth District want an obscure country lawyer representing it in the nation's councils when it might have a man of affairs?

Andy Maguffin was for Kindred. Andy would not vote for a Swede if he never voted for anybody, and he had other reasons.

"I know Charley Kindred," he boasted. "I've worked for him and I can tell you he's the salt of the earth. I call him Charley and he calls me Andy. He's that kind."

The Democrats, meanwhile, were doing nothing. None of that faith stood the ghost of a show in the Fifth District. However, though the fight now returned once more to the Republican caucuses and conventions, a very different situation confronted the strategists, for now the Swedes were ready. They turned out almost to a man and they were neither dazed nor diffident. There were as yet no laws regulating primary elections. The caucus had grown up in its own way and was still free to go its own gait — unofficial and informal, governed to some extent by custom but always with plenty of loopholes left for trickery. But now, though the party machinery by dint of shrewd manipulation was in the hands of the Kindred element, the Swedes had been learning; and they insisted upon their rights. Instead of the customary voting by acclamation, which left the chairman to determine whether the ayes or noes had it, they demanded a show of hands and kept watch to see that the hands were counted.

In Gumbo Pick Overturf was precinct chairman and likewise clerk of the board of education, with the key of the schoolhouse in his keeping. There was nowhere else to hold the caucus and Pick, an ardent Kindred man, was not too scrupulous to give his cause the full benefit. The caucus was advertised to be called to order at half past seven in the evening, and by seven the Swedes were gathered about, waiting for the doors to be unlocked. The building was dark and silent. It might have been five or ten minutes after seven when Pick came up with a barn lantern.

He got his keys out after some fumbling and, having opened the door, led the way into the schoolhouse. "Hello — who's here?" he exclaimed, pretending to be greatly astonished when the dim light of the lantern revealed the front seats already occupied by Kindred men. They had climbed in through a window under cover

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of the darkness and were massed up forward, filling the benches and the aisles between.

Their little subterfuge didn't gain them much, however. John Wall, son of ancient Vikings and himself a sailor before the mast on many voyages when a seaman wasn't a seaman unless he could mount aloft, scrambled nimbly up over the desks and, if they were in the way, over heads and shoulders as well; and in a jiffy jumped down in the space left open in front of the chairman's table. Wall showed his countrymen how, and there were half a dozen right behind him and half a dozen more behind them — so many altogether that though Andy Maguffin and his fellows rallied promptly and resisted strenuously, they failed to hold their ground. The caucus had been "packed" for Kindred but the Swedes unpacked it.

The issue was never for a moment in doubt after that. The Swedes were unanimously for Nelson and there were more than twice as many Swedes as Yankees in the town. Chairman Overturf repeatedly gave his decision to the ayes when the noes certainly had it, or the other way around — he was there to serve. But his services went for nothing. Always somebody called for a count and always the count was in Nelson's favor.

Moberg and Ingbretson were chosen delegates to the county convention to be held at Delray next day and they were instructed to vote first, last, and always for the nomination of Nelson delegates to the district convention.

But the Kindred partisans weren't giving up. When Moberg and Ingbretson duly presented their credentials at Delray, they found that they weren't the only delegates claiming to represent the town of Gumbo. Pick Overturf and Andy Maguffin were there and presented credentials likewise. Of course their credentials were not valid, but that fact didn't make the least difference — they would be seated notwithstanding if the Kindred forces should control.

Indeed, that was exactly what happened — though Moberg and Ingbretson had been elected by a large majority in the caucus. In other towns the Swedes had either not been on hand in such numbers or else they had been outgeneraled. Anyhow, they failed to control the county convention at Delray and the result was that the delegates to the district convention chosen there were Kindred men. But two could play at the shady game and when, presently, the district convention assembled, there was not only the Kindred delegation claiming to represent Gumbo County but a Nelson delegation as well. Furthermore, the shoe was on the other foot now. The Swedes had the whip hand and they saw no reason why they shouldn't conform to the established usages. The Nelson delegation from Gumbo County was seated.

The district convention wound up the series. It nominated Nelson to be representative in Congress and the way the lines of battle had been drawn, its action couldn't be called anything but a victory for the foreigners. To that extent J. Cardigan Clewel, who had burned his bridges behind him and couldn't gain anything further by truckling, might justly exclaim, as he did exclaim, in italics for vehemence, that the Fifth District of Minnesota was given over to be a province of the kingdom of Sweden.

But the end was not yet. The clans were gathering for another battle still noisier and smokier.

It was in the hour of defeat that the good party man proved his quality. Kindred failed to measure up.

His string of newspapers hadn't a word to say the first day after Nelson's nomination; but they couldn't keep still forever and the language they held when they spoke at length, sufficiently indicated what was about to happen. First and foremost they wished it understood that they were Republican newspapers; and in so saying they meant to deny having abated by so much as a jot or a tittle the cardinal article of the faith, which declared that party differences should be threshed out and adjusted within the party. But a general doctrine had its exceptions, as every practical man knew. Of particular importance in that connection was the circumstance that there was no common foe to figure in the reckoning. Whatever happened, a Republican was going to be elected to Congress; and that being so, the interests of the party were not put in jeopardy by factional contests.

They openly confessed that they were

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not satisfied with Nelson's nomination. No figures could be quoted in proof of their contention. Nevertheless the Kindred newspapers had advices which convinced them that if the voters of the Fifth District should be given the opportunity to choose once more between Nelson and Kindred, there would be another story to tell.

Why not, since the voters were practically all Republicans anyway? How was the party going to suffer any injury by regarding the election in November as a supplementary caucus, only with the difference that each and every voter would cast a printed ballot instead of merely shouting his preference or holding up his hand to be counted? Such was the song sung by the Kindred press from the big dailies in St. Paul and Minneapolis down to the *Gumbo Voice*.

Of course it meant that Kindred was going to bolt. He did bolt, and more vials of wrath were poured out. With a regularly nominated Republican candidate and a bolting Republican candidate who claimed every title but regularity and loudly maintained that he had been cheated out of it — with these two in the field and nobody pretending to know which way the cat would jump, the big guns of the party without exception chose to be detained elsewhere. The stump in the Fifth District had no attractions for them.

James G. Blaine, for instance — no gun bigger, Bob Ingersoll's plumed knight. Heir to the political strength of the martyred Garfield, already grooming for his renowned battle with Grover Cleveland two years hence. Blaine's silvery tongue was heard that fall no farther away than Bill King's Fair in Minneapolis but it wasn't heard in the Fifth District.

William Windom, too. Minnesota's favorite son, to whom she had given her modest ten votes for the presidential nomination in 1880, Secretary of the Treasury in Garfield's cabinet and destined to be recalled to that great post in another period of financial storm and stress. Windom wasn't known to be grooming for anything at the moment, but nevertheless he found a pretext for staying out of the Bloody Fifth.

Even Mark H. Dunnell. Not so big a gun but a figure in Congress. There was more than a chance that Dunnell might be the next speaker of the national House of Representatives. His district was the First of Minnesota, making him a near neighbor, but he conveniently found his own fences demanding his whole attention.

Kindred was without experience in public speaking and did not take the stump personally. Nelson, on the other hand, though his accent hampered his eloquence somewhat, delivered his message to the people directly by word of mouth. Gumbo had a place in Nelson's list of dates. Gumbo had never seen such a crowd. A platform had been erected for the speakers, with seats and a canopy to shade them. The Gumbo Silver Cornet Band made its first public appearance on that occasion. Its members were Swedes who donated their services. The music might have been better and it might have been worse. At least it served to fill up the gaps and make the waiting less tedious.

Ingbretson had been designated to preside during the speaking and Moberg was marshal of the parade. He rode on horseback and wore a sash.

Kindred partisans in Gumbo were outnumbered but they were not abashed. They didn't much relish the demonstration in Nelson's honor and they let their feelings appear. The parade was the part they liked least, looking upon it as a species of insult. Andy Maguffin, though not an inordinately intemperate man, started drinking early in the day and by noon he was boasting that the parade would never come off. The main purpose of the parade was to meet Nelson at the train and escort him to the platform, the pomp and circumstance being a mark of respect. The train was scheduled to stop at Gumbo between one and two o'clock, and by noon the preparations were well under way.

The marshal's place was at the head of the procession; but for the present and until the march should be taken up he was here and there and everywhere; for if order had been brought out of the confusion, it had still to be kept out — perhaps the harder task of the two. Moberg made no dashing figure, to tell the truth. He was mounted on a heavy, plodding plowhorse and the sash he wore was a shabby rather than a sprightly touch. Indeed, there was something outlandish and in doubtful

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taste about his sash. But withal he made an efficient marshal — he knew what needed doing and he got it done.

In the forefront, next after the marshal, came the band. Its members were not in uniform and presented a motley array; but they preserved at least a semblance of military formation, spreading out to the width of the street with the silver cornets forward and the drums bringing up the rear. They played several selections while they waited and were loudly cheered, though some of the cheers were tinged with an irony that boded no good.

Gumbo boasted a livery stable and the livery stable boasted a hack. The hack had seen its best days but its top could still be opened out and folded back in such wise as to give the vehicle a statelier air; and with four horses attached the equipage was by no means devoid of dignity. In this the guest of honor was to ride. Three of the four seats behind the driver were already occupied by Chairman Ingbretson and two others of the Nelson faction, forming a committee of reception.

The hack was assigned a position right behind the band, and behind the hack marched the rank and file to an indeterminate number. These undistinguished citizens bore the banners, a dozen or more of them, every banner inscribed with a sentiment. The usual device was a strip of cloth stretched between two poles.

The sentiments were in the regular political style. In none of them did you detect any attempt to spare the feelings of the enemy.

For instance:

"Is Your Vote for Sale? Then Nelson Doesn't Get It."

Another:

"A Good Sport Doesn't Bolt."

Still another:

"Every Vote for Nelson Is a Nail in the Coffin of Crooked Politics."

Most insulting of the lot, perhaps:

"The Man Who Buys Other Men's Votes Will Sell His Own."

About half an hour before the train was due, with everything set for the start, Clay, the station agent, came pushing and shouldering through the crowd and handed Ingbretson a telegram. The agent was flushed and out of breath — evidently he considered the message weighty or he wouldn't be taking so much trouble. Ingbretson's demeanor was in keeping. He tore open the telegram nervously and having read it beckoned to Moberg. Moberg drew up beside the hack and a hush fell while the two consulted in whispers. In a moment Ingbretson stood up between the seats. "Mr. Nelson," he announced, "has missed his train and cannot be with us to-day."

Androscoggin Maguffin stood not far away. He threw up his hat — a gesture of joy. "Hooray for Kindred! Nelson's licked anyhow!" he crowed. Nettled by the failure of their great plans, the Nelson element were in no mood to rest easy under taunts like that. Ingbretson and Moberg whispered further, the marshal stooping down from his horse and the chairman leaning out from his seat in the hack. Then Ingbretson straightened up stiffly.

"The marshal wishes me to say," he proclaimed in a loud voice, "that we will parade anyway."

"Like hell you will!" scoffed Andy Maguffin, almost in the chairman's face.

Moberg, grim and resolute, reined in ahead of the band. He motioned to the leader and the musicians struck up a lively tune. Ingbretson and the committee in the hack took up their position and the rank and file fell in with banners held aloft.

Loose rocks of handy sizes were unknown in Gumbo — if you were looking for something to pick up and throw it would have to be something else. But the Kindred forces were not without provision. Somewhere, somehow a bushel or so of spoiled eggs had been obtained and the command to march was the signal for a shower of these. The banners were the particular targets but the marshal was not overlooked, nor the band, nor the chairman.

The Swedes had stood much, they could stand no more. None of them wanted to parade after that — to the last man they wanted to fight. Andy Maguffin, too drunk to think of the consequences, was in his element; and when the exasperated Nelson men lowered their banners and charged, he didn't fall back but charged likewise, filling the air with oaths expressive of his savage delight. "Come on — now's our chance to clean out the damned Swedes!" he yelled.

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The upshot was a real riot. Men hadn't any weapons but their fists, or perhaps the staff of a banner clutched up. But even so there certainly would have been heads cracked and blood shed but for a strange incident — strange and wholly unexpected and of instant effect in stilling the storm.

It was never known who brought the news. Several may have had a hand in it. But however that might be, all at once the word was flying from lip to lip:

"Jim Hill's in town — his train is down to the station right now!"

There was no parade — so far had Androscoggin Maguffin prophesied truly. But on the other hand it wasn't the rowdy tactics of the enemy that broke the parade up, for the riot was almost over as soon as it began — lost and forgotten in a rush for the station, with Swedes and Yankees joining indiscriminately. No man in Gumbo had ever seen Jim Hill; and the desire to see him was so great and universal that not even in their wrath could inhabitants forget it.

A rush for the station, where they were none too soon. A special train, running wild, had halted at Gumbo for orders and, having got them, was already on its way when the advance guard of the crowd ran up. The rear end of the rear coach was a deep balcony and in it, looking cool and at their ease, some men were gathered in an informal group. They regarded the crowd with interest not unmingled with amusement — some of them, indeed, were seen to laugh as the train drew away.

Conspicuous, since he sat near the rail, was a big man with a smooth red face and a very bald head. "That's him!" somebody bawled out.

"No, Jim Hill's a sawed-off, with bushy whiskers and long hair!" bawled somebody else.

But neither with sufficient authority to carry conviction. Everybody was up in the air — even Clay, the agent, though Hill paid his wages. Clay wouldn't know Jim Hill if he saw him. Furthermore, he had been too busy with his key to indulge his curiosity; and even though he hadn't been so busy, it wasn't an agent's place to be asking whose train it was or who was aboard. In point of fact the party was made up of eastern capitalists on their way to Winnipeg. They were Mr. Hill's guests but Mr. Hill wasn't with them. Yet the magic of his name had wrought a wonder in Gumbo.

The campaign drew on to a hectic finish and ended with another victory for Nelson. From that day forth no party with its wits about it put a ticket in the field without giving the best places to the Swedes. Kindred fell out of the picture. As for Nelson, having won his first battle so handsomely, his way thereafter was easy — any office he wanted he got. He served three terms in the lower house of Congress, was twice governor of the state, and resigned that place to become United States Senator.

He was Senator when he died, full of years and honors.

VII

They say best men are molded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.

Androscoggin Maguffin's days in Gumbo were not many after the election of 1882. He had always been a rolling stone and he was too old a dog to learn new tricks. Then, too, Andy, had his especial reasons for seeking other fields.

His homestead was a government quarter, and a mile from his nearest cornerpost, Eric Odquist had two forties of railroad land. Eric didn't come to Gumbo until 1882 but for various reasons he made such rapid progress that he wasn't behindhand in point of prosperity.

Odquist's land was between Andy's and the Widow Larkin's. Andy and the widow had been keeping company more than a year and his attentions were so marked and seemingly so welcome that people were looking for a wedding almost any day. A woman had to be unmarried in order to take up land but having taken up land no provision of the Homestead Act stood in the way of her bestowing her hand and heart, for better or for worse. But when they had been keeping company a year or so, people heard that Eric Odquist was likewise paying Mistress Larkin attentions that were more than neighborly. Eric was a gigantic specimen of a race cast

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in a large mold; but he had never seemed in the least aggressive and it was the general belief that Andy would eat him up.

Of a sudden, however, and without warning of any kind, Andy Maguffin vanished, and the places which had known him knew him no more forever. A mystery, in short. Nor were there lacking the grisly potentialities that give mysteries their particular zest. Andy having "turned up missing," neighbors went to his farm to look for him. They found the horses in the growing wheat where, though seemingly forsaken, they were making out very well for the present. But except for the horses there wasn't a sign of life about the place. When they inquired of the Widow Larkin they learned nothing. They found her more than commonly reticent, though reticence was so much her habit.

Significantly so, neighbors thought. She didn't refuse right out to answer them but they were somehow convinced, by the way she answered, that she might tell more if she would. If she didn't know more than she was telling, then it stood to reason that she would have been a good deal more worked up over Andy's disappearance.

Did she know (neighbors speaking) where Andy Maguffin was?

She (Mistress Larkin speaking) did not. Just like that. Not a word wasted.

When had she seen him last?

To the best of her recollection the previous Thursday — and it was now Monday. Thursday — about nine o'clock at night.

Where was that?

At her house.

Did he say anything at that time about going away — about leaving the country?

Not to her.

Did he seem to be in his ordinary good health — nothing to indicate that he was about to be taken with a seizure or anything like that?

Not so far as she had observed.

They wanted to ask her if she and Andy had quarreled that Thursday night, but they didn't quite dare; and when they had pushed the inquiry so far in her direction they thought of Eric Odquist — why not ask him? He and Andy were known to have been rivals and, that being the case, Eric might be in a position to throw some light on the mystery. The neighbors went to Eric's house and there he was, laid up in bed and even more reticent than the widow; for he couldn't be got to say when last he had seen Andy Maguffin or anything about him.

Laid up in bed and with the look of being in a bad way. He could lift his arms but he couldn't sit up or turn over. His flushed face betokened high fever. He pretended not to know what ailed him but he expressed every confidence that he would recover. No, he didn't need any help — when they spoke of having somebody come and look after him he forbade them with unwonted energy.

A party watched that night and saw Mistress Larkin enter Eric's cabin, bringing food. They crept up to the window and peered in just as the widow, with washbasin and bandages at hand, exposed what had every appearance of a stab in Eric's back, under the shoulder-blade. She was very gentle and deft, and when she had finished dressing the wound she tidied up the room and set out the food she had brought where Eric could reach it. He ate with evident relish and not much like a sick man and after that the widow sat by the bedside and they held hands and talked and visited. If there wasn't a thorough understanding between them, neighbors watching knew not what to make of the signs.

Right away it was being asserted that Andy Maguffin had fallen a victim to foul play — Eric Odquist had done him to death and his body was buried somewhere not far away. Of course Andy had put up a fight and the stab in Eric's back was the mark of the doughty man from Maine. As for Mistress Larkin, it couldn't be doubted that she had been a party to the transaction — accessory after the fact if not before. Indeed, the talk as it concerned her grew uglier and uglier. She had played Andy false. She had beguiled him to his undoing at Eric's hands; and if she hadn't actually helped in the killing she had at any rate buried the body. She had stolen up while the men were at grips and brained Andy with a hammer. She had lured Andy to her house where Eric was lying in wait to take him off his guard. At length there was no deed too dastardly to lay at the widow's door.

Why wasn't the sheriff of the county taking some action? Was it because Eric

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was a Swede and the sheriff likewise? Why hadn't the grand jury been especially convened? Why were no arrests being made? Were such things to be done with impunity so long as a Swede did them?

You heard wild proposals. Some thought a coat of tar and feathers should be administered where it was most deserved — two coats, in fact. Others thought a lynching would be more like the proper thing.

Moberg was still sheriff and by implication biased not only as the countryman of Eric Odquist but furthermore as the known personal enemy of Androscoggin Maguffin. Of course the deep damnation of Andy's taking off wasn't going to keep Moberg awake nights. Anyhow, he made no arrests and he took no steps toward having the grand jury convened. What he did was to exercise his pastoral authority. When Moberg went to Eric Odquist and insisted that he tell the whole truth, he was prevailed upon. Anyhow he vowed it was the truth and the woman, after some hesitation, confirmed his testimony in every particular.

The story they told showed Andy up in a pretty bad light. He hadn't been murdered but he had meditated murder and he had fled to parts unknown in the belief that he had done murder. He had treacherously sunk his knife in Eric's back and left him for dead, stretched across the threshold of the Widow Larkin's door.

That Eric hadn't died was wholly due to the widow's assiduous care. She stanched the flow of blood and dressed the wound; and as soon as he recovered his senses and a little of his strength, she rigged up a kind of drag for an ambulance and took him home. Moberg was satisfied, but the Yankees couldn't rest until a Yankee, in the person of the county attorney, came out to Gumbo and went over the ground independently. But the county attorney was likewise persuaded of the truth of Eric Odquist's testimony and his findings served to ease the situation. At least there was no more talk of lynching or even of tar and feathers.

Not that Eric and the widow ceased to give offense, however. They still gave offense, and though a different sort and not so noisome, it was noisome enough in a community where Puritan ideals hadn't gone out of fashion altogether.

Why didn't they marry?

The scandal came at length to such a pitch that Justice Overturf and Parson Moberg made it up between them to see what the right kind of expostulation would do to mend matters. Overturf undertook to talk with the widow and Moberg undertook to talk with Eric.

The remonstrance of neither availed much.

Overturf's effort fell especially flat. Mrs. Larkin was plowing with a gangplow and four horses when he made his approach, and she was manifestly not pleased to be asked to knock off for a word or two. "The ground is almost too dry to break right now and no signs of rain — I got to hustle or I'll have to quit before the job is finished," she pointed out; but the justice promised to make it short and she reluctantly swung her team out of the furrow. Pick made it short and blunt — did she know that she was being talked about as no honest woman could afford to be talked about? Her face went hard and that was her only answer. If Overturf looked for encouragement he looked in vain. Nevertheless he persisted. About Eric Odquist, now — a good, sober, steady, industrious fellow — but why didn't he and she marry? Why were they holding off so?

"What if we don't want to marry just yet awhile?" the widow retorted, curtly.

Of course they were under no compulsion — so much the justice was free to confess, whether as magistrate or neighbor merely. But he ventured to remind her that it wasn't thought seemly for a man and a woman not married to be so — well, thick.

"Thick!" the widow repeated after him, scornfully, and with no word further she swung her team back into the furrow.

"Larkin used to tell," she shot back over her shoulder, as the plows dipped into the mold, "about a man he heard of that got rich minding his own business. It sounds like a pretty big story but I reckon there might be such a man."

And the only satisfaction the parson brought away from his talk with Eric Odquist was Eric's assurance, backed by nothing but his bare word, that everything was going to turn out right in the end. Eric's assurance, however, so far from convincing in the first instance, was made good in the event. But not till neighbors

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had been treated to another surprise or two — notably when, exactly a year from the day when Andy took his departure so unceremoniously, papers were filed with the clerk of the district court in Delray, wherein and whereby Lucia Maguffin brought suit at law against Androscoggin Maguffin.

It was an action for divorce and Lucia Maguffin, as neighbors in Gumbo learned to their unbounded amazement, was none other than the woman they had known as the widow Larkin.

She was, and had been since five years before coming to Gumbo, Andy Maguffin's lawful wife. The papers were filed and the trial took place as soon as the year was up and neighbors were on hand in full force to hear the testimony. From it they learned that Mrs. Maguffin had once been the Widow Larkin indeed, her first husband having been so named. She was married to Maguffin in Duluth on Christmas Day, 1876. They drifted about the country with varying luck until they heard about the railroad Jim Hill was building through to the Canadian border. It looked like a good chance to take up land and that was what had brought them to Gumbo. The fraud by which the woman pretended to be unmarried was Maguffin's idea wholly, according to her story. His purpose had been to hold the two quarters of land which they had fraudulently taken up until they should be worth good money and then sell out and decamp, with nobody the wiser.

She got her divorce and she and Eric were married as soon as they could procure a license, Parson Moberg officiating. They went to live on Eric's farm. The two quarters which Maguffin and his wife had homesteaded reverted to the government because of the false entry, but the lawyers could discover no reason why Eric shouldn't homestead the quarter which his wife had plowed and planted and he did so.

Their son, J. J. H. Odquist, inherited the two farms — the eighty acres which Eric bought from the railroad and the hundred and sixty which the government gave him. Further, young Odquist is heir to his father's strength of body and his mother's strength of mind and the two together make him an uncommon farmer. His barns are big and they are filled with stock as choice as any in the country.

His three initials? Yes, they stand for James J. Hill. It was his mother's choice. Too many boys, she always maintained, are named for Presidents. She would rather name hers for somebody who was really somebody and not just an accident.

VIII

Of Justice — as if Justice could be anything but the same simple law, expounded by natural judges and saviors,
As if it might be this thing or that thing, according to decisions.

A more neighborly feeling prevailed in Gumbo henceforth. Even before Andy went away, Yankees had begun to search their reasons for harboring animosity against the Swedes, and when he was gone about the last reason went with him. To help the good work along, the Swedes were less and less a peculiar people as the years went by. In the progress toward conformity the children led the way. They wanted to be thought Yankees — to look and act like Yankees was their constant study. They learned English and they refused to learn Swedish. The children of the two races worked together at their books and played together at their games and so, growing up together, there was no maintaining any permanent barrier between them. In time, too, they had their love affairs and Swedes were by no means left to pair with Swedes.

But among the influences tending to draw these neighbors together and make them neighbors in fact, none was so potent as the sorrows which afflicted everybody alike.

In the fall of 1883 those who had eyes to see observed a great many curious small holes bored in the dry crust of the earth, and when they dug down to see what might be at the bottom they found clusters of some insect's eggs. At least that was what they looked like. They were eggs, too — laid there by the dread grasshopper to be hatched out by the warm sun of spring. A dry, warm spring, and millions of the young insects came boiling up out of the ground — a very plague of locusts, to which everything green and growing fell a prey. The wheat no sooner thrust its brave spears up into the light than the

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grasshoppers fell on and devoured it; and the fields could not have been more desolate if a fire had swept over them.

Farmers didn't get their seed back that year.

When the grasshoppers had eaten everything in sight they flew away and were seen no more, but there were other plagues waiting to be let loose. From May till November of 1884 no rain fell, and the ground baked so hard and dry that it couldn't be plowed for the next year's crop. That wouldn't have been so bad if the winter hadn't brought such heavy snows — the deep drifts were so long thawing and the spring waters were so slow to drain off that the plowing which should have been done the year before was still further delayed and thousands of acres were not sowed until June.

That meant a belated harvest but not necessarily a bad harvest if only the frost would hold off. There had been falls in Minnesota without frost to hurt before the end of September and by the end of September wheat sowed in early June would be safe — should there be such another fall now, the crop would do very well. But there wasn't — though such a fall was never so sorely needed, it didn't come to pass. Frosts were earlier than ever. Killing frosts in August, with the wheat in the dough. Farmers got their seed back and more but it was poor stuff — a grain so shrunken that the best of it graded No. 2 and immense quantities made no grade whatever. A bitter pill for farmers who had never yet brought anything to market but No. 1 hard.

Another hook to the wind was the price. With trifling variations up and down, a dollar a bushel for No. 1 at the track side had been the prevailing figure, the poorer grades ranging in proportion; but there was a big slump in 1885 and though the farmers were better off that year than they had been after the grasshopper scourge, nevertheless they felt poorly paid for their labors.

Sorrows become grievances, and if the farmers of Gumbo County couldn't readily find anybody to blame for the grasshoppers or the deep snows, the price of wheat presented no such difficulty. It didn't take them long to make the discovery that the price of wheat was governed by the speculative bulls and bears of the Chicago Board of Trade and the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce; and that whatever tune those worthies chose to play, the farmers had to dance to it. Soon the farmers were crying out against the injustice and saying they were great fools to submit to it. If they didn't know as yet just what they could do about it, at any rate they weren't going to suffer in silence.

It was in these years of short crops and low prices that the Farmers' Alliance waxed strong in Minnesota. The Alliance was out to right the wrongs of agriculture or know the reason why. The ancient Grange, never very active so far west, had the farmer's good at heart but it wasn't so willing to seek his salvation through politics. The Alliance, on the other hand, was from the first and without apology a political adventure bent on the enactment of laws designed to ameliorate the farmer's condition. They were such laws for the most part as the old parties deemed too radical to be wise, but the Alliance had no misgivings.

In its ranks Swedes and Yankees marched shoulder to shoulder, their racial antipathies forgotten in the sense of a common cause; and if there needed an evangel to make them more and more conscious of that cause, it was ready at hand in Gumbo.

J. Cardigan Clewel was one of the tribe of journalists, perhaps more numerous then than now, who can't keep their heads above water without the doubtful income to be derived from the sale of a paper's influence. Kindred was a generous source of supply until, with his final defeat at the polls, he had no further use for newspaper influence. J. Cardigan Clewel would have to find him a new patron.

He turned to Jim Hill. Hill wasn't in politics personally, but you could understand how politics might be an interest not unrelated to his ambitious projects. That there was any public place, even the highest, which he would wish bestowed upon him nobody believed for a moment — he wasn't that kind. But that he wouldn't be averse to exercising a certain control in public affairs was being generally taken for granted.

Indeed, though Hill's purpose might not be altogether evident, it was no secret that he already had a good deal of money

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invested in newspaper property. The St. Paul *Globe* and the Duluth *Tribune*, to mention no others, were known to belong to him.

These papers had been in financial straits and it might be pretended that Hill had done no more than advance them funds to tide them over the reefs and shallows. If his object was to build up the country served by his railroads in order that the country might be in a position to swell his railroad's profits, you might say it no more behooved him to let a newspaper go bankrupt than to let any other business concern go bankrupt — bankruptcies gave the country a black eye. Then, too, it could be pointed out, as going to show how little politics had to do with these matters, that the St. Paul *Globe* was Democratic and the Duluth *Tribune* was Republican. Still if J. Cardigan Clewel in turning to Jim Hill, counted upon finding a new patron in that quarter, he wasn't exactly chasing rainbows.

In return he stood ready to do anything. He was never accused of an overly fastidious disinclination to be useful where it paid him to be so.

There was a gap in his calculations somewhere, however. He journeyed down to St. Paul but he didn't so much as get to see Hill, though he did his utmost to impress the secretaries and doormen with the importance of his business. The answer they brought out to him was to the effect, if not in so many words, that the big boss wasn't buying up newspapers that day.

Clewel wended his way back to Gumbo empty of hand and bitter of heart. Nor did he delay long to vent his resentment — in the very next issue of the *Voice* there was a blast which held Jim Hill up to execration as the enemy, if not of mankind universally, at least of such of the race as were so ill favored of fortune as to live in the territory contiguous to his railroad.

Incidentally, while it disavowed any intention to stand up for the speculative interests in Minneapolis and Chicago, the blast contended that the farmers, when they blamed the bulls and the bears, were barking up the wrong tree. Bulls and bears were doubtless no better than they should be, but it wasn't they who had the farmers by the throat. The real villain in the piece was the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad, otherwise James J. Hill.

Clewel dished up statistics showing the average difference between the price paid for cash wheat in the primary markets and the price paid at the trackside in Gumbo. Forget the bulls and bears for a moment and consider only the trader who dealt, not in futures and options and margins merely, but in the actual wheat for delivery — how did the price he was paying compare with the price the farmer got?

The showing was rather startling. Clewel knew how to make the bad cause appear good and the good cause still better and he was sparing no pains now. Why, he asked, should wheat be worth fifteen cents a bushel less in Gumbo than in Minneapolis, not two hundred miles away?

He was there to tell the world why. It was because Jim Hill had the farmers where they couldn't get out of paying whatever he chose to exact for his services, so by courtesy to term them. When he charged fifteen cents for hauling a bushel of wheat from Gumbo to Minneapolis, it didn't mean that the service was worth so much, but that he wasn't too good to resort to the methods of highway robbery. That was the long and short of it. Hewing to the line without regard to where the chips might fall, Mr. Hill was a highwayman and the farmers were his victims.

Nor was wheat the whole story. In point of fact farmers were being held up and robbed both coming and going. Wheat was the main thing because it was the only thing they had to ship out. But the things they had to ship in paid tribute likewise. Coal, for instance. So with lumber, scarcely less a necessity of life. Tribute whichever way you turned. Fifteen cents a bushel on the wheat going out and a dollar a hundredweight on the same wheat coming back in the form of flour. "The primal curse whereby we eat our bread in the sweat of our face is not enough," Clewel declaimed. "Though we are the producers of bread we cannot eat it until we have rendered unto Jim Hill whatever things he has a fancy to consider his."

Groceries, hardware, implements — everything. Whoever opened a can of fruit enriched Jim Hill. Whoever drove a nail enriched Jim Hill. Whoever brought home a new broom for his wife to sweep her hearth — he enriched Jim Hill.

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The blast made a hit — not a doubt of that. Farmers, casting about for somebody to blame for their sorrows, needed no more than a hint. So that Clewel achieved a measure of revenge and a stroke of business as well. He created the impression that he was standing up for the masses, and nothing could do more to gain him popularity. His paper, indeed, experienced something approaching a boom.

His prosperity from these sources, however, wasn't enough to save him. He wasted his resources and soon the rocks were goring him once more. No man knew better how to dodge bills but his dexterity wasn't enough to hold off creditors forever, and it wasn't many moons after Kindred stopped his subsidy before the *Voice* was taken over by the sheriff, to be sold under the hammer.

It wasn't going to fetch much. The item of good will counted for practically nothing, since Clewel had commanded so little; and the physical plant didn't amount to a great deal more — a lot of secondhand junk in the first place, picked up here and there for a song. The type was worn and broken and so far from sufficient in quantity that half of it had to be used twice in every issue. Every little while the day of publication had to be postponed because the press couldn't be started, and the paper when it came out was hardly more than a smudgy handbill.

Who, under the circumstances, would wish to bid for the *Gumbo Voice?*

Nobody, so far as the sheriff could foresee when he stood up at the front door of the courthouse to cry the sale. A little group of casual bystanders gathered about. Sven Opsahl was in the group, naturally enough — the *Voice* had employed his best energies these several years and he was interested to see what became of it. The sheriff — not Moberg any more — saw Sven among the bystanders but didn't give him a thought. He was scarcely more than a boy, whom nobody would expect to have resources.

But whether or not there were going to be bids, the sale had been advertised in legal form and the sheriff was required to go through the motions. He opened out a copy of the court's order and read it off in a mumbling, perfunctory fashion. "What am I offered?" he wound up, that being the usual form of words.

No response. The query was a mere form.

"What am I offered?" the sheriff repeated.

"I bid five hundred dollars," Sven Opsahl spoke up.

The sheriff eyed Sven doubtfully. Bystanders stared. It was a new experience for the young apprentice and he flushed consciously.

"I am offered five hundred dollars," the sheriff called out, after a moment. "I am offered five hundred dollars. Is there another bid?"

Silence — no bid.

"Five hundred once — five hundred twice — five hundred three times! Going — going — gone! Sold to Sven Opsahl for five hundred dollars," the sheriff proclaimed in a loud voice. He had no hammer but he knocked with his knuckles on the balustrade in front of him to mark the exact moment when the sale took effect.

In the sense that the *Voice* was a going concern and that a paper couldn't have been started in its place, with new equipment, for twice five hundred dollars — in that sense Sven had got a bargain. Further, he had worked so long with the old traps that he knew how to get the best out of them. The press especially — Sven had made an exhaustive study of the press and he had gained something like a mastery over its singularities of temperament.

At once the paper began to show the effect of thrift where waste had reigned unchecked. The news, thanks to a diligence such as Clewel hadn't in him, was fresher and more abundant. It mentioned more people by name and it always got the names right whereas Clewel for the most part had made a botch of them. But in its political policy there was no departure from the course charted by the first pilot of the craft. The *Voice* still laid the farmer's wrongs at Jim Hill's door.

Clewel had run the Alliance flag up to his masthead and Sven kept it there. Clewel's specialty was burning with indignation, to order; and whether or not the trick imposed on anybody else, it imposed on the boy. Sven was just at the age to take impressions readily and for Clewel he conceived a respect, not to say reverence, that blinded him wholly to the dishonesty of the cheap mountebank. That first vindictive blast against Hill —

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the glowing apprentice put it in type and when he was done he knew it by heart, so strongly had its fiery periods laid hold of him.

Though a first cousin of the lustier Populist Party, the Alliance wasn't so much interested in national problems like coinage and the tariff. Its proposals had rather to do with reforms which came home directly to the farmer, such as the regulation of freight rates by law and the establishment of a fair and uniform system of grading wheat. Swedes in Gumbo didn't altogether swallow the doctrine, so fiercely put forward elsewhere, that the free and unlimited coinage of silver would dry every tear. They had hard heads and they harbored misgivings as to cheap money and other planks of the Populist platform. But they were keen to have something done about the fifteen cents it cost to get a bushel of wheat hauled to Minneapolis and about the grades that put money rightfully belonging to the farmer into the pockets of sharks.

Indeed, the grades were at length the greater grievance. Under the free and easy methods of testing, wheat bought as No. 2 in Gumbo might be sold as No. 1 in Minneapolis. No doubt it was being so bought and sold right along, and that was the string which Sven Opsahl chose to harp on more and more.

That the farmers were being bilked was as plain as the nose on your face. That Jim Hill was back of that wrong as much as the other was not so susceptible of proof. In fact, the best that Sven could establish was a degree of probability. But he kept hammering away at that and his hammering no doubt had its effect.

He developed a knack like Clewel's for juggling figures and proved that out of every ten bushels of wheat raised by a farmer in Gumbo county, two bushels went to Jim Hill — such a tax, the *Voice* grandiloquently pointed out, as no Cæsar at the height of his power had ever exacted.

Sven became a neat workman with type and the looks of that particular squib as he set it up may have had something to do with extending its influence beyond the limits of his proper field — anyhow the tabulation was copied into newspapers as far away as Iowa and Dakota, and even the weekly edition of the Chicago *Times* found room for it.

IX

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

But though Gumbo became known as a hotbed of Alliance sentiment, it wasn't a unanimous sentiment even there. As the breach widened between the Alliance and the Republican Party, there were those who, though it should be to espouse a forlorn hope so far as county politics were concerned, chose to remain Republicans.

Conspicuously Pick Overturf. Shortly after Sven Opsahl took over the *Voice*, Pick, the indifferent farmer and small magistrate, became T. Pickering Overturf, president of the First Bank of Gumbo and by virtue of that fact, a rock of conservative reliance, so to speak, in the midst of a restless sea of subversive heresy. He was a stanch Republican and not only that — he stood up for Jim Hill, as why should he not since they were both moneyed men? The turn in Pick's fortunes came about by the sudden and unexpected death of a wealthy cousin. The cousin had made no will, there were no legal heirs nearer, and so Pick came into the inheritance. It might or might not have been as much as some thought; but anyhow it was enough to make the Overturfs easier in their circumstances than they had ever been before — if not rich, at least well-to-do by the prevailing standards. Pick sold his farm, built the largest and showiest house in town, and opened the bank.

Of the capital stock of ten thousand dollars he owned six thousand, giving him control. Several merchants and others having the funds to spare invested from one hundred to five hundred dollars each, up to a total of three thousand. The remaining one thousand stood on the books in the name of Morgan Wycherly, who at Overturf's instance was elected cashier.

Wycherly was a new man and in an especial sense a stranger. People didn't readily place him. The word "dude" was just then coming into common currency.

Soon people were wondering if Morgan Wycherly might not be a dude. Shortly they went further and decided that he was. Mostly by reason of his garb. If not otherwise particularly distinguished, his

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attire certainly marked him out. His collar couldn't be much under three inches high. His ties — a different tie every day in the week — were shaped like a leg of mutton and were not much smaller. They filled the whole opening in his vest at the neck and they rivaled a sunburst in brilliancy — gorgeously flowered silk in exotic patterns. His hat was of the prevailing derby type, only lower and flatter than anybody's else. And, as if to call attention to its singularity, he was forever snatching it off and laying it against his bosom while he bowed to some woman. He introduced Gumbo to the style of wearing shoes instead of boots when he dressed up. His shoes were always of patent leather.

He was a very young man and hearsay didn't credit him with having much money. People learned that he was a recent graduate of a business college in Mankato; and they guessed that he had been hired to show Pick Overturf how to run a bank. That the stock which stood in Wycherly's name was in reality Pick's, nobody doubted.

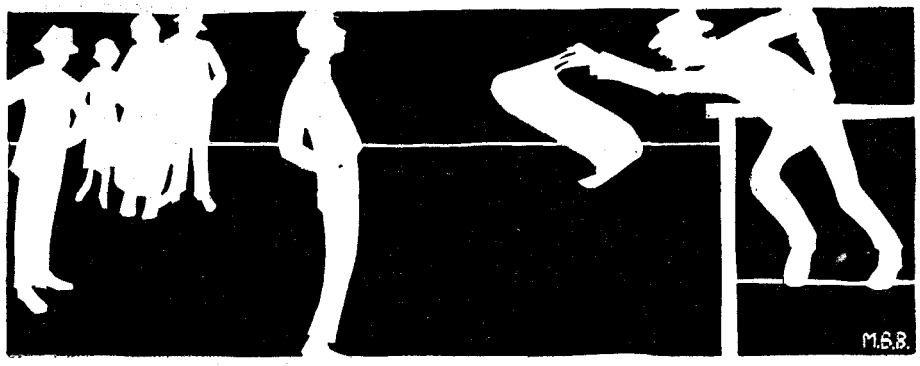
The guessing didn't stop there, however. Pick had a daughter old enough to think of marrying. Weese was bright and fairly pretty; and though she couldn't be accused of holding her head unduly high, she had an air that didn't encourage the youth of Gumbo to aspire. Neighbors were convinced that no previous attachment stood in the way. If Wycherly meditated matrimony he had a clear field. He and Weese were seen together more and more. Everything seemed to strengthen the conjecture that wedding bells would ring shortly.

Wycherly sang in the Presbyterian choir and was especially well thought of by the church element.

Weese hadn't outgrown the habit of singularity. She had to do things her own way or she wouldn't be Weese Overturf. As long as the family was wringing an uncertain living out of the homestead, she worked at home and she worked hard. You saw her driving the plow team or shocking up wheat beside the reaper. But when the family's fortune underwent so marked a change for the better, did she lie back and take life easy? She did not. Instead of that, she found her a job, first in a dentist's office and then in a store; and though the wages she earned weren't anything very grand, she paid her mother four dollars every Saturday night for the week's board and lodging, and she sent her washing out. What she had left dressed her, too — except for trifling presents now and then she would not have anybody helping her.

Independent? As independent, to recall Andy Maguffin's rough figure of speech, as a hog on ice.

TO BE CONTINUED



The "Voice" is sold at auction

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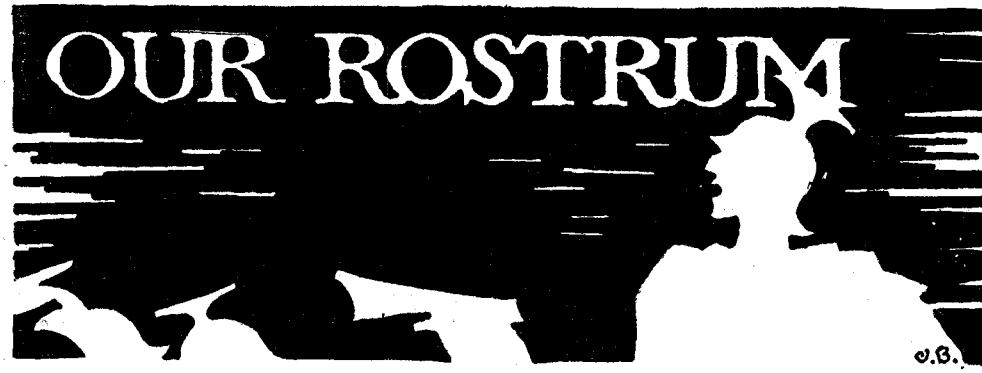

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

British Propaganda

Two of the many scores of brilliant letters inspired by the discussion of this subject in the April FORUM. *Excerpts from other letters will be found on page 798.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Victims of British propaganda? The idea comes to me with something of a shock because if an attempt to assimilate that which I find to be good in English thought and literature, to make it a part of the life of my own family, be propagandism, then I am guilty, though consciousness of any guilt has not come to me until now. For example, I have always looked upon Englishmen as being more liberal than some of their laws, as people who trust to common sense in administration to relieve the friction resulting from outworn statutes; and as here in Arkansas we do suffer to some extent from obsolete statutes, I have advocated a sort of English freedom of action.

I suppose that of the seven thousand books in our library at least five thousand of them are by English authors, nor, when we choose one for reading aloud (for we have an open fireplace and a family circle) do we consider the nationality of the author. Also, because of a certain delight in the joyous, we run up to a masthead the flag of whatever nation the day may be dear to — the Chilean flag on September the eighteenth, Stars and Stripes on many days, Norway's cross on her national day, England's union jack on all proper days. As to periodical literature, while we subscribe to newspapers national, local, and political, we find two illustrated weeklies published in England to be altogether satisfying. Also it seems not altogether unwise to admire a people who hold fast to a respect for tradition and also to a sense of the value of individual judgment, so we keep an eye on what England does politically and socially. And when eloquent gentlemen such as John Cowper Powys and Cecil Roberts are in the vicinity, I make no bones about inviting them to spend the week-end with us, just as I make no bones about doing the same with Carl Sandburg and Macmillen, the violinist, or any other man of culture and high-heartedness. Then, with a family of seven, or counting more or less permanent visitors say of nine, we occasionally discover some dramatic ability (or, if not ability, at least enthusiasm) and we give plays written by Barrie, and by Shaw, and by Wilde, and by Sheridan, not thinking to exclude them because they happened to be born in the British Isles. Furthermore, as some of the children have traveled in countries over which the British flag flies, though they were not born there, and as they have come to a belief from observation that England is a democracy in stable equilibrium and say so, I have not flown into a rage about it. And when we hope that England will pull through her present plight; and that the good sense of Americans will lead them to turn a deaf ear to political rhetoricians who would stir up needless strife; and that the day will soon dawn when our newspapers will cease to disregard considerations of decency in recording the sordid details of crime; and that America and England will agree to

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stand together in condemning war and stand for pacific settlement of international disputes; and that fools may cease their talk of international jealousies; and that a common intellectual tradition may some day be the tie that unites the English speaking peoples; and that dissensions past and gone may be forgotten or at least let lie in veteran retirement — when we hope for all that and much more we seem to be following the dictates of common sense. If that be called propaganda, then I must accept the title of propagandist. But I'll wear it like a plume.

CHARLES J. FINGER

Near Fayetteville, Ark.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I think such propaganda exists both from within and from immediate British sources, chiefly with reference to the cancellation of the war debt; but I do not believe this country is, or will become, the victim of it.

As to William Hale Thompson, Mayor of Chicago, most of us recognize him as one of those absurd cartoons of American life whose animus against Great Britain is not to be taken seriously. His effort to expurgate the schools and libraries of books containing proud references to England and English history indicates no more than the sense and taste of a designing illiterate. The people of this country have been nourished for a hundred and fifty years on this stuff and have found it inspiring. Only a gross person having the desire to garnish himself with sensational publicity would take advantage of a moment's unpleasantness between two great nations, blood kin, to attempt to defraud his own people of the heirlooms of England's glories which are so noble a part of our inheritance from that country. Every well-bred American profoundly respects the records Englishmen have made in courage, honor, and the astounding paternal fecundity they have for siring even greater nations than their own.

Meanwhile we are moving along as usual according to the rules governing human nature in strictly business transactions with recalcitrant debtors, and we are quite capable of keeping our heads regardless of the propagandists and the opposing agitators like Thompson.

Generosity and idealism are dominant traits of the American people. It is natural, without being noble, that Great Britain's statesmen and financiers should endeavor to hold us to the exercise of these expensive virtues for their own benefit by asking for the cancellation of her debt. But we know better than to show off our higher nature by defrauding our own citizens who hold bonds for the money loaned Great Britain.

Propaganda may start a war, but I do not believe any such wind of words ever had the effect of promulgating peace. Peace is an ideal, founded forever upon justice, and justice in this case calls for the payment of debts. Therefore, for one, I am in favor of a big navy and army programme, instead of canceling this debt at even greater expense — not because we shall ever go to war with England, and not because I believe in war. But in case some other nation does, I hope we shall always be in a position to command and insure peace with the best equipment for war on this earth.

CORRA HARRIS

Rydal, Ga.

Lizzie and her Fatal Ax

What are a few whacks among friends?

Editor of THE FORUM:

Why, now that Lizzie is dead, must THE FORUM reopen the case, in fact not only reopen the case but even charge Lizzie with an even greater crime than that which she was accused of? Absurd, you say, no such statements were made. But look on page 376 of the March issue and note the charge that appears there.

> "Lizzie Borden took an ax
> And gave her mother forty whacks."

This is decidely incorrect, she never gave her mother forty whacks, twenty whacks was all she was ever accused of. Why charge her with forty whacks? In fact, why make her crime just twice as bad as it really was?

You say nothing of the whacks delivered to the father. Possibly you will justify your article by claiming that total whacks are correct. However, total whacks were forty-one, twenty to her mother and twenty-one to her father.

My authority for this statement follows:

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"Lizzie Borden took an ax
And gave her mother twenty whacks;
When she found what she had done
She gave her father twenty-one."

Out of fairness to Lizzie I feel that a correction should be made, and I am sure that you will appreciate the importance of keeping the authenticity of articles in THE FORUM above reproach.

P. CONRAU PETERSEN

Mars, Pa.

First Stories

The popularity of THE FORUM'S *"first story feature" may be judged from the fact that the Editor is receiving on the average of two hundred first short stories a week. Four have so far been accepted and will be published in the summer issues.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Constantly looking at that smooth blank page in THE FORUM, I could not rest day or night until I had written my *first story* and sent it in for your consideration. After looking over it, if you think I may some day rival Victor Hugo, drop me a line to kindly quiet my nerves.

S. R. Bratcher

Centerville, Tenn.

P. S. If that Glass Eater can't get enough to eat up there, tell the poor hungry fellow there is an old brick kiln here in Centerville he would be perfectly welcome to — we want it out of the way.

S. R. B.

National Child Health Day

The American Child Health Association, of which Mr. Herbert Hoover is president, has set aside May Day as "Children's Day." THE FORUM *believes that three hundred and sixty-five days in the year are Child Health Days, but attention is being focused on our nation's need on May first of each year.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Whatever we would see in the future of our nation we must plan to realize through the children of to-day. Children are the future.

Because Labor would bring to all people opportunity for health and physical and mental vigor, the American Federation of Labor has endorsed the celebration of Child Health Day and requested the introduction of a joint resolution in Congress to designate May 1 as a national Child Health Day, and to direct the President of the United States to request the observance of this day through the consideration of plans to promote a year-round child health programme.

There can be no purpose which makes a more universal or compelling appeal than the rights of children. Certainly child health in its largest sense is worthy of a high place in our national life.

If each child is assured opportunity of development of body, mind, and spirit, the community must assume definite responsibilities, and it is well that representative groups come together at least once a year to talk through plans for the coming year. The Federation advises its local organizations to take part in local conferences and programmes for child health.

WILLIAM GREEN
President, American Federation of Labor
Washington, D. C.

Editor of THE FORUM

The women of the General Federation of Women's Clubs are invincibly committed to the welfare of children. Whereas individual women or small, independent groups work in their own narrower circle to alleviate unhappy conditions, the women of the clubs put their solid and substantial power behind movements that will affect the whole nation. Therefore, they seized upon the opportunity which May Day as Child Health Day offered.

In 1912 the General Federation helped to push through the bill that established the Children's Bureau at Washington, D. C. More recently they have been largely responsible for backing the appropriation of the Sheppard-Towner funds that, in each state where the appropriation has been taken up, have made it so much more possible for the Divisions of Child Hygiene to work out a child health programme. Four years ago the Division of Child Welfare of the General Federation asked the clubs to strive for the coördination of the efforts of all the various organizations and groups working for the welfare of children, but working independently and with a consequent over-

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lapping in some directions and omission in others.

At the very moment when this message went out to women all over the country, a means of accomplishing the ideal of coördination was thrust, as if providentially, into their hands. May Day was adopted as Child Health Day and directors of the state Divisions of Child Hygiene were appointed May Day chairmen. May Day invited and received support of every kind, support from individuals, from national organizations, from schools, churches, business and social groups. Here in the celebration of May Day was a rallying point. Here in the development of committees, first to put on state-wide May Day celebrations and next to make these celebrations a starting point for year-round child health programmes, was the beginning of coöperation on the part of organizations and independent units. A May Day machinery was developed under the direction of the Divisions of Child Hygiene. And in the May Day machinery was a strong, vital nucleus to be converted, as is happening to-day, into Child Health Councils. This was what the General Federation of Women's Clubs wanted. In the support of May Day the women of the clubs have found a very real way to exercise their influence as citizens and to satisfy, with efficiency, their desire to work for the perfection of American childhood.

MARY SHERMAN
President, General Federation of Women's Clubs
Washington, D. C.

Don Marquis

A mystery, deep as any created by Lizzie Borden, is now cleared up.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I see in the February issue of THE FORUM that you refer to my old friend Don Marquis as Donald Robert Perry Marquis.

As a matter of fact, Don is a nickname that was fastened on him at a very tender age by his too discerning family. It seems that the Marquises owned an old bulldog named Don, and a striking family resemblance was discovered to exist between this dog and the young and defenseless Robert Perry. Accordingly the latter was dubbed "Don," and the name fitted like a glove. Mr. Marquis told me the sad story himself many years ago in Atlanta, when he was editor of *Uncle Remus's Magazine*. At that time he was still struggling to recapture the dignity of "Robert Perry." But every time he used the name, it brought him bad luck; the rose did not smell as sweet to the editorial nose by any other name than Don. In other words, as surely as he signed a manuscript "Robert Perry," it came loping back.

Personally, I think that the merry gentleman is indebted both to his family and to the dog — Don Marquis is positively inspired as a name for a writer. And, judging from the very characteristic story which you have just published in your magazine, the twinkling "Don" is still putting one over on the dignified "Robert Perry."

ELEANOR RAYMOND SYKES
University, Ala.

To Our Radio Fans

In the old days (how ancient that makes us feel!) THE FORUM *had a parrot. He was a brave bird, cousin of Major Wrench's parrot, that mascot of the London* Spectator. *He was fearless in the four winds of controversy. But to-day the parrot is outmoded. A radio has taken his place. Every evening,* THE FORUM *broadcasts its controversial comments for all the world to hear. The station is WABC, New York, and 9* P.M. *eastern standard time is the ideal hour to tune in. On Friday evenings, however, 7:15 offers a special feature. Radio letters have come from Canada to the north, Pennsylvania to the west, and Maryland to the south. Are we reaching farther afield? The Radio Editor would like to know if you hear us, what you hear from us, and what you think of your* FORUM *on the air.*

Professionalism

Comebacks to "Simon Pure Athletics" by Heywood Broun in the February issue:

Editor of THE FORUM:

The stand of Mr. Heywood Broun is interesting but divergent from the spirit of intercollegiate football. I contend that there is no place for professionalism in intercollegiate sports and can prove the statement by numerous arguments.

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Coaches of football teams are professional but no more so than professors of chemistry. The teachings of coaches have a strong influence upon squad members as well as student bodies; therefore, their work is most important in school curriculums.

The spirit of American football cannot be bought, as the immense spirit and emotion manifested by individuals during a grinding football season is harder to get than by merely handing the boys a little cash. The high degree of manliness prevailing in American football teams is brought about by the high development of character in the individuals and this can only come from the heart. Professionalism in athletics could not exist if the professionals had not first acquired the splendid principles of sports acquired from previous amateur training.

There are hundreds of thoughts that could be expressed to refute Mr. Broun's statement. I am glad to express my opposition to his thought.

W. A. INGRAM
Head Coach, Football (U.S.N.A.)
Jeffersonville, Ind.

Editor of THE FORUM:

There is no place for professional athletics in our educational institutions. The fact that there are "eligibility tangles" strengthens, rather than weakens that contention. Questions and protests in regard to the status of college athletes are the only methods of keeping our college athletics on an amateur basis. The world at large is far from the stage where we can operate without rules of procedure and college athletics cannot be expected to be conducted on a standard so greatly in advance of that stage.

GLENN F. THISTLEWAITE
Head Coach, Football (University of Wisconsin)
Madison, Wis.

Confession

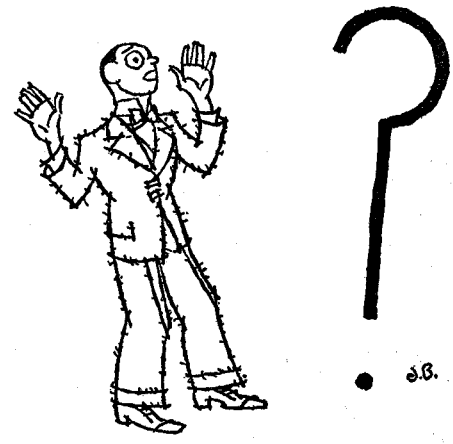
On having answered honestly the questions in a "character analysis" book:

It seems that I'm a listless man
Predestined to perdition.
A soul without a guiding plan,
A mortal sans ambition,

A silly fool whose failings vex
The people whom I cherish,
And *poison* to the other sex
Who'd gladly see me perish,

A dilettante devoid of brains,
A hopeless moron (nearly) —
And all because I took the pains
To answer these sincerely!

PARKE CUMMINGS
Westport, Conn.



The Cock

No story ever published by THE FORUM *has aroused so violent an outburst of contrary opinions as "The Escaped Cock" by D. H. Lawrence in the February number.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the current issue of THE FORUM you predict that "The Escaped Cock" will constitute D. H. Lawrence's finest short story. I will "go you one better" and predict that it will be the world's best short story of 1928. THE FORUM is an American "institution" we could ill afford to lose.

MARSHALL WINGFIELD
Pastor, First Christian Church
Moscow, Idaho

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just been reading D. H. Lawrence's "The Escaped Cock." According to the interpretation of the sketch the last sentence most fittingly is the theme and climax: "From what and to what, could this infinite whirl be saved?" (I should say, not even the waste basket.) The author understands and depicts the psychology of the cock so well, I could not

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help wishing he had confined his interpretation to the cock altogether.

E. A. EVERETT

Berkeley, Calif.

Down South in Dixie

"Over the Mason and Dixon fence" but not on it.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It will be difficult to discuss the nature of Mrs. Harris's challenge to the North in her "Table Talk" in your February issue, without being sniffed out of consideration as a Damyankee (it is just one word down South). But life is like that. I've been married over twenty years and still make just such mistakes, so if Mrs. Harris will bear with me, I would like to remonstrate.

When Mary Garden takes a curtain call after her own death scene in *Pelléas and Mélisande*, she comes out to the footlights in childish impulsiveness to tell the audience that it isn't so. But she stays in her part so perfectly that the illusion lingers and the spell remains unbroken. We know that the scenery is painted, that the actors are made up and costumed for the effect, we know that back of the dream-like picture we have seen lies hard work and much plain, unromantic detail. And Mary Garden knows that we know it, and we know that she knows that we know it. But, bless your heart, does anyone *say* anything! Certainly not!

And now, my dear Mrs. Harris, why did you do it? When we Northerners go into the South we like to step into the picture and share with our charming Southern friends the conventional illusion of the South. Of course there are many "Damyankees" who have not entered into the spirit of the thing, but THE FORUM is no place in which to discuss them. There may even be reformers with altruistic ideas about the South. We have them up here too and they won't let us alone either, but we can't call them "Damyankees" — the problem isn't so simple.

And here comes Mrs. Harris before the curtain, bursting with the pent-up rancor of the long struggle. Gone are the scenery and footlights, gone the voice of culture and refinement, gone the charm of manner, and in their stead we have harsh judgment expressed over the Mason and Dixon back fence. We know better than to answer words so uttered.

Is it possible that the South really thinks that the North has taken as true the romantic picture they have continued to present to us? We in the North have used the "land of romance" idea as an "escape" (for we, too, have our troubles), a background on which to hang our songs and stories — a popular background but as well understood and as artificial as that of the Troubadours and the Courts of Love. Surely they realize that the conventional agreement was made in complete understanding that this tradition represented the lighter moments of both the North and the South.

And now, Mrs. Harris, tell us again that it was just a schoolgirl essay, the petulant awakening from a bad dream. Sixty years *is* a long time to play ingénue parts and we don't wonder that you rebel. Certainly the spell is waning. But don't hate your audience for it. They still have a fond weakness for the tradition, but mutual respect is based on understanding. Is it possible that we have more of the social arts — including the gift of reticence — than you have realized?

F. D. ROSE

Muncie, Ind.

Our Prize Biographical Novel

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just finished reading the first chapter of *Hill Country*, the prize biographical novel which you are publishing. I can see the old days and fully appreciate that Mr. Benson lived them in the region about which he writes. I wish he would go on and write a lot more about the prairie country as it was in the early days when Hill was building that great Inland Indian Empire. No one who was not a pioneer can appreciate just what it meant. I remember the little streak of rust that ran along the Red River toward the British line very well indeed. Also the same humpy two rails that ran from Moorhead to the Devil's Lake Country. The first trip I made on it was the early Spring of 1885 when it was mostly water throughout. An old buffalo hunter told me that he had

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made the same trip twenty years before in boats with only a couple of portages. I hardly believed him then, but when I was back a quarter of a century later I well understood. I was the buffalo-bone man of the Hill days. I was the treasurer of the first fat stock show that Hill held to distribute his Poll-Angus bulls to the Swedes and Norwegians.

The history of that country has never been adequately written, and it should be done. I suppose there are few if any now living who saw that astounding transformation take place. Last time I was there I was driven across Minnewaukan in a motor car where twenty-five years before I had passed meekly across on a good-sized steamboat. And by the way, the captain of the steamer that plied the lake more than forty years ago is still living at ninety-five, for I had a letter from him only a week ago. Captain Heerman was one of Hill's good friends and was famous in boating as Hill was in railroading.

Possibly there are none now alive who were with the Indians before they began to starve after the last big slaughter by the hide hunters of '83–'84. I saw them in their original life and saw them go through the famine that followed — it was terrible to see. The buffalo-bone story has never been properly written up but should be for its historic importance. Soon it will be too late.

M. I. McCREIGHT

Du Bois, Pa.

Points of View

One nice thing about Our Rostrum — its contributors are so frank!

Editor of THE FORUM:

In "The Leaven and the Lump" I fail to see Mr. Lotka's point in criticizing Cattell for having omitted the name of Christ in his list of distinguished men. One does not thus compare the divine with the earthly. However, I would offer the criticism that the list could better have been headed with the name of Pasteur, the world benefactor, than with the ambitious Napoleon, hardened waster of men's energy and lives. Aside from this seemingly misdirected criticism this article is pregnant with thought and drives straight at the reader one of the sorest spots in our economic well-being — our false standards of "worthwhileness."

While this article as well as the one on sanitation seem so eminently worth while, "The Escaped Cock" by D. H. Lawrence does not register that way. True, it is beautifully written in a most engaging style, but the imagination is even less than uninteresting. It does not seem to me worthy of the author. Perhaps this may be an example of the "scientific attitude" on my part.

(MRS.) A. D. SEEDS

Waverly, Va.

Facing Forty

Another plea for a campaign for the "prime of life."

Editor of THE FORUM:

A thrill of anguish went through me on reading Mr. Epstein's article, "You After Forty." It is so deplorably true!

I have passed that limit, and two years ago I had a desperate struggle to place myself. The fact that I was an engineer with twenty years practice both here and abroad, that I was somewhat of a linguist, as well as specialized in the design of a certain apparatus, weighed as nothing, in many instances, with the fact that I was "too old." It was a sufficient nightmare to make me dread losing my present position, which can happen for any number of reasons other than incapacity.

I am in a position to verify the author's statements as to this age limit's not being applied abroad, and have seen many elderly engineers hired. Possibly I am more fortunate than others, for there is always the chance of returning to my beloved France from this "free" country. There I will be able to make a living. Even though it is not so good a one as America can offer, it will be at least a respectable one for a professional man who has had many years of experience. In the meantime, anything that you can publish on this subject, which threatens many with catastrophe, may delay the fatal day.

NORMAN LEE

Camden, N. J.

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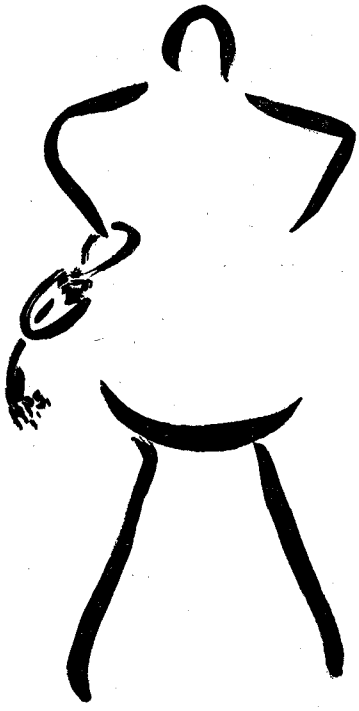

A Pioneer Woolworther

An Up-to-date Shopper

Lexicographers Take Notice

Rose Pastor Stokes

The girl who shops rarely if ever woolworths.
The girl who woolworths rarely if ever shops.
When the girl who woolworths shops
She crowds the shops unprofitably.
The counters are cluttered with many things
Too dear for the girl who woolworths,
Too cheap for the girl who shops.
The girl who shops charges it,
The girl who woolworths pays spot cash.
The girl who shops spends ninety per cent of her day spending,
The girl who woolworths spends ten per cent of her day saving.
The girl who shops says to the girl who woolworths:
"Better not buy so much than buy so much that ain't so."
The girl who woolworths says to the girl who shops:
"One diamond bracelet's worth a whole Woolworth Store."
The country's womanhood is divided
Between those who shop, and those who woolworth.
About ten per cent are shoppers, the rest woolworthers.
That is why the Woolworth Building
Is the tallest in the land —
And why the girls at Woolworth's
Rarely get time to do their own woolworthing.
Many of us shopped. To-day we woolworth.

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The Dangers of British Propaganda

In the April issue of THE FORUM, *William Hale Thompson, Mayor of Chicago, and Philip Whitwell Wilson, former member of Great Britain's Parliament, discussed the "perils of propaganda." Letters on varying phases of this subject have been received from every part of the country.*

The accusation that there is British propaganda in this country seems to me so foolish that it ought not to be dignified by any reply.

ROBERT ERSKINE ELY
(*Director, The League for Political Education*)
New York City

King George has no designs on America. I see no evidence of British propaganda any more than of Italian or German propaganda. A reunion of the United States and Great Britain is unthinkable, whether under English or American domination. What every intelligent citizen wants to see is a better understanding between all the nations of the earth, for that is the surest guaranty of peace. When nations, or individuals, face each other with suspicion and distrust, the result is apt to be fear, the end of fear is hate, the end of hate is war.

CHARLES M. BAKEWELL
(*Dept. of Philosophy, Yale University*)
New Haven, Conn.

I wish it were possible to pass a law that would make it as great a crime, in time of peace, to create a war psychology as it is to create peace ideals in war time. Ministers and so-called orators who, to-day, are noisily mouthing war propaganda or fear-rousing nonsense, are pests and dangerous citizens. Isn't there something we, as law-abiding people, can do to silence them? I sincerely believe that with England and America uniting to clarify present situations, the world might look forward to an abiding peace.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK
New York City

I have never believed in a political union of the English-speaking world or in the cultural dominance of America by Great Britain. But it is a fact that we speak the same language and that we derive our polity and jurisprudence (and much of our culture) from England. For that reason, despite our mixed blood as a nation, we are undoubtedly closer to Great Britain than to any other European country. Respect for our traditions and faith in the institutions that have made us great, and our attachment to our language dictate the fostering of close relations with the rest of the English-speaking world. But in writing history and in making addresses I feel sure that most students and college professors, like myself, have a passion only for the truth, objectively expressed. They are not propagandists in any sense of the word. But they do have a natural sympathy for and an understanding of the people and the political and cultural ideals of the British Empire.

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS
Princeton, N. J.

The world surely needs the two types represented by the Yankee and the Briton, who, having so long an inheritance in common, are yet so amazingly different. Any possible diminution of that difference is likely to result rather from Americanization of England than from Anglicizing of America. The lady will not eat the tiger.

C. H. GRANDGENT
Cambridge, Mass.

No doubt every country has a certain amount of propaganda in every other country, which is successful in proportion to the power and influence of its source, the skill of its emissaries, and the national temper of the country in which such subtle appeals are made. But it seems to me that the anti-British propaganda here is much more evident than the propaganda itself! France, Italy, Germany, Ireland, other countries, all have agents for propaganda both *pro* and *con*. As matters stand, it is inevitable. Therefore, I cannot see why one country should be selected for attack any more than another — except by the propagandists of the "anti" group. This seems to me the situation in a nutshell.

HEREWARD CARRINGTON
New York City

All this talk of enormous sums of money being spent to corrupt Americans is imaginary. Who pays it? Who handles it? Who receives it? Nobody can possibly get away from the fact that the language, literature, law, and, to a considerable degree, the science of America are built on English foundations. There are not a hundred men or women of consequence and influence in both countries together who have any expectation of "reuniting the two countries." The American Revolution was an immense blessing to mankind, because it made possible two centres of civilization and popular government instead of one. So far from union of English speaking nations, it looks as though similar independent centres were to be set up in Canada and Australia and South Africa.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
(*Professor of Government Emeritus in Harvard University*)
Cambridge, Mass.

I can only say broadly, that I consider anybody —English or American— who attempts by word or deed to create bad blood between Great Britain and the United States is guilty of an act more criminal than any which fill the front pages of our newspapers.

GEORGE ARLISS
New York City

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The February Forum

Which seems to be such a general favorite that the editors are sitting up at night reading it all again.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have never seen a corpse rise and clap its hands over the bouquets that surrounded the casket. I, therefore, make it a point to deliver my verbal floral pieces to the living.

Years in journalism, and a number of years as editor of *Success Magazine* have not failed to establish in my consciousness the ideal magazine. May I not say that the February issue of THE FORUM comes nearest to the realization of that ideal that it has ever been my privilege to read. Two weeks ago when I came through the Pennsylvania Station to take my place on the Orange Blossom Special for Florida, I bought a great assortment of current literature and settled down for a feast. Before I had reached Philadelphia I had read half way through THE FORUM and nothing else I had with me got even a thought until I had finished the last word of Brown Bros.' ad on the back page. It is the most readable magazine I have ever seen. It is beautifully balanced. It covers many fields, it provokes wholesome and constructive thinking, it is informative, it is entertaining. Altogether it is stimulating and inspiring.

So often these days one witnesses an Editor striking a ripe Camembert with a silver fork in an effort to produce a spark. How delightful it is to see you make use of steel and flint, the natural producers of fire, for that purpose. It is really effective.

Professor Babbitt has done the thing that I should like to do, had I his power of thought and his mastery of language. Dr. Cadman has done so perfect a job in his operation upon Mr. Asbury that it calls for words of admiration after I thought I had exhausted all I had upon him years ago. Our old friend, Don Marquis, has produced one of his deliciously idiotic numbers and produced a laugh and a frown of wondering.

Mr. Villard's story of the daily newspaper depicts a trend in modern journalism which we should regard with serious thought. D. H. Lawrence's contribution, I believe, *will fulfill the prediction that it will be his best story*. So I might go through with superlatives on most of the numbers between the covers. Even Corra Harris's article with its nonsensical attitude toward the North, gave me a lot of amusement.

This was intended to be simply a short note of congratulation, but I don't see where I can cut it down. I hope it will cheer you along.

WALTER HOFF SEELY

Hollywood, Fla.

New Cantos from Ezra Pound

Edtr. FORUM
Sir:

I

Since you have set yourselves the pleasant task of soothing and ministering to the national ease and complacency perhaps you wd. open the question: Why does the American people accept from its public servants, state secretaries, etc. a standard of service vastly lower than that given by the British Empire to its subjects, or by any other first rate power to the individuals that compose it?

2

As to professors of french in our "leading" universities, if they had given any sort of service whatever the ignorance of french literature that prevailed in 1914 would not have been so deserving of comment. If America has been twenty years behind the times in literary knowledge, surely some of this delay can be laid to men who get paid for initiating our youth in the knowledge of foreign and living tongues.

EZRA POUND

Rapallo, Italy

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ALONG the Bayou Teche and its tributaries are the quaint Creole folk undisturbed by the onward march of modern progress. They live in simple fashion, weaving on their own looms much of the cloth which they require. In the back country they are habitants and fisher-folk. In the settlements of New Iberia, Crowley, Lafayette, and Thibadoux one can see the Creoles foregather at the chemist shops at ten o'clock in the morning to drink the black, heavy French-drip coffee as they gossip over the sugar, rice, and cotton markets. One must never make the mistake of calling them "Cadgins." They resent this appellation and are not backward in showing disapproval. They prefer to be called Creoles.

MY ANGÉLIQUE

A Creole Ballad

WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

I

Well, she is 'bout de
  Pretties' gairl,
  Is Angélique;
Got brown eye . . . black tiny curl'
  So veree teeck;
In conduc' she is veree shy, —
It's lucky boy to win am I
  Dese gairl
  Call' Angélique.

Mak' propose wan tam
  To her, did me
  To Angélique;
But her dark eye', she's me not see —
  Wit' tear' dey're teeck.
I hear de t'ump of her warm heart,
Dose word' to her, dey's mak' her start —
  Dese gairl
  Nam' Angélique.

I'm marry now to
  Dese same fille
  Nam' Angélique;
For two year' now we happy be,
  O, Angélique!
Dat mam'oselle, she is wan rose,
An' as tam pass', mor' chic she grows,
  Does my
  Gairl Angélique.

II

Long tam before de
  Babee com' —
  De end las' w'ek —
Dere is beeg wish in heart of me
  An' Angélique.
I ask de Virgin to sen' boy;
She pray for gairl to bring her joy —
  Do me
  An' Angélique.

De answer to dese
  Prayer, it was
  De mos' unique;
De Holy Modder geeve to us
  De t'ing we seek —
A boy and gairl was com' you see
To geeve joy to de heart of me
  An' ma
  Belle Angélique.

We nam' wan Pierre,
  De odder 'course
  Is Angélique.
At Thibadoux dey'll be baptise'
  To-morrow — we'k.
Dat is good start for famal*ee;*
I hope de nex' tam dat she's t'ree,
  An' so
  Does Angélique.

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BARGAINS IN BOOKS

THE FORUM BOOK SERVICE is offering some unusual bargains for the month of June. There are several English publications difficult to get in this country of which The Service has a fairly large stock, and we are very glad to offer them at a reduced rate in order to clear our shelves.

SUMMER DRINKS AND WINTER CORDIALS

by MRS. C. F. LEYEL

formerly sold for $1, *reduced price 75c*

English drinks — indispensable in these prohibition days — every sort of hot punch for cold weather and snappy, frosty glasses for sultry, Summer days.

THE GENTLE ART OF COOKERY

by MRS. C. F. LEYEL *and* MISS OLGA HARTLEY

formerly sold for $3, *reduced price $2.00*

A book that would make Savarin's mouth water — were he alive to read it! Nineteen chapters treat every phase of cookery — the section devoted to sauces is alone worth the price of the entire book.

MARGARET MORRIS DANCING

formerly sold for $3, *reduced price $2.00*

Margaret Morris has done much to promote health through dancing, and has founded several schools in England. This beautiful book explaining the Morris method is illustrated with forty unusual studies and bound in rich blue cloth.

The Service will be glad to furnish the listed books, as well as others. Cheques and orders should be made out to:

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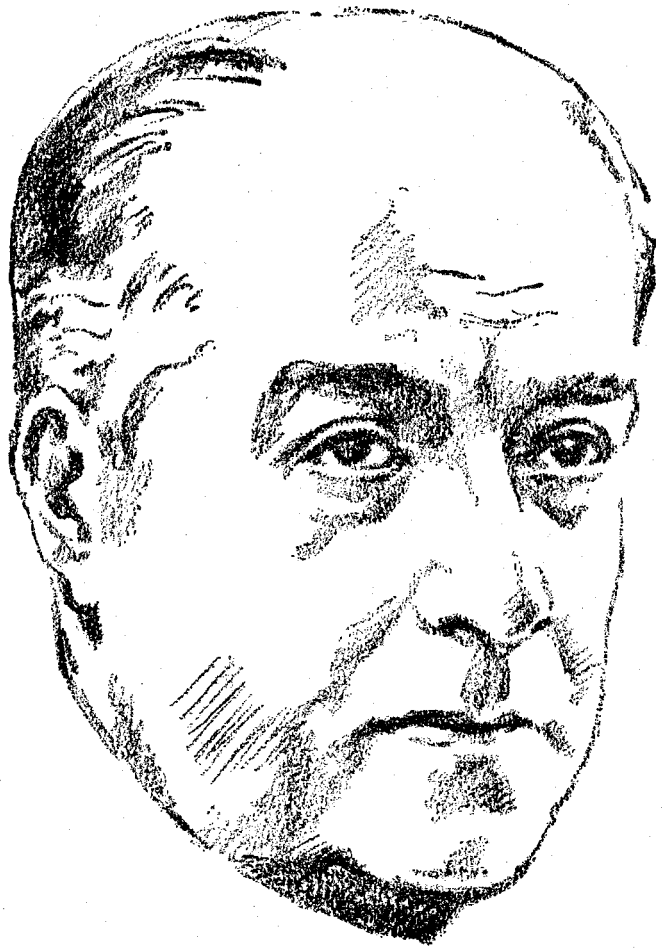

HENRI DUVERNOIS

French novelist, dramatist, and journalist, who has crowned his other distinctions by his mastery of the short story

(*See page 826*)

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HELEN WILLS

American sportswoman, who is as determined to become a professional in art as she is to remain an amateur in tennis

(*See page 844*)

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From "Lions and Lambs," caricatures by Low, to be published shortly by Harcourt, Brace

G. K. Chesterton

Noted English author, who attributes misunderstandings between nations to "intellectual imperialism"

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